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FOR AUSTRALASIA 9^d

MARCH, 1908.



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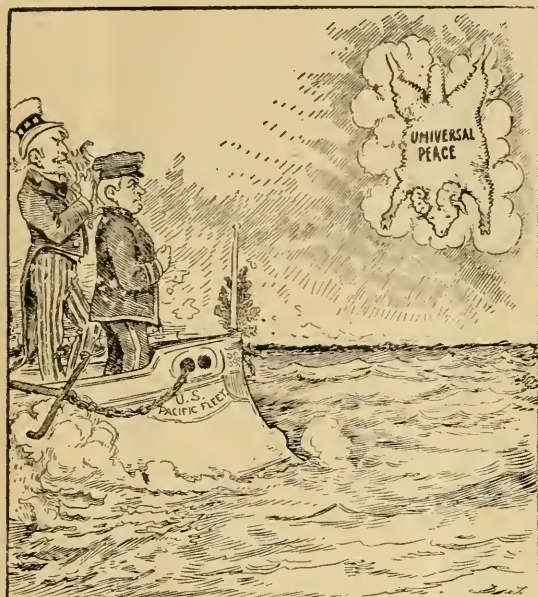
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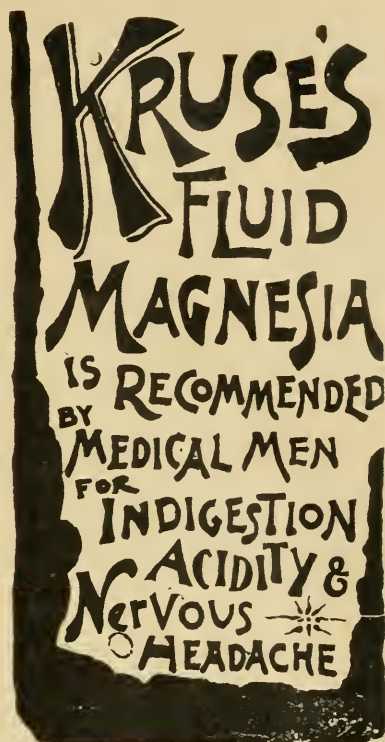
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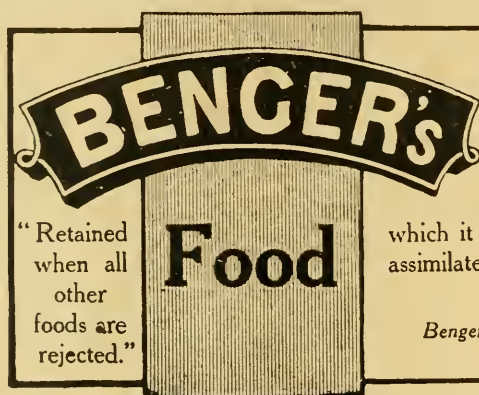
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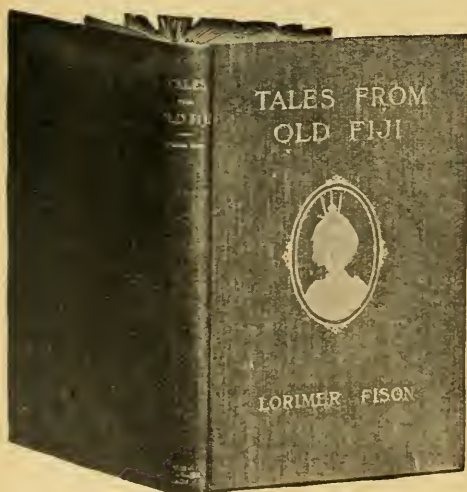
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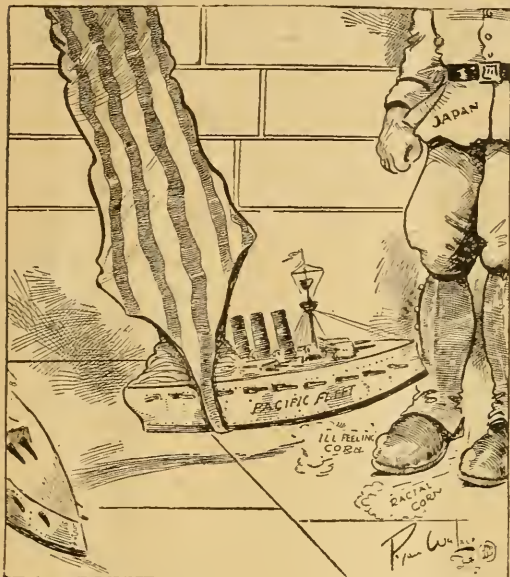
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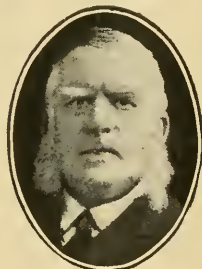
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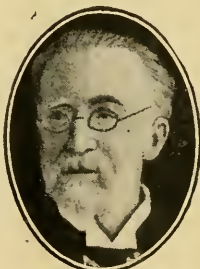
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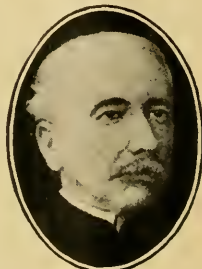
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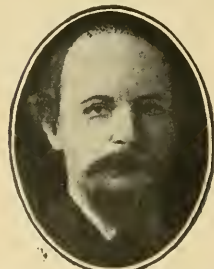


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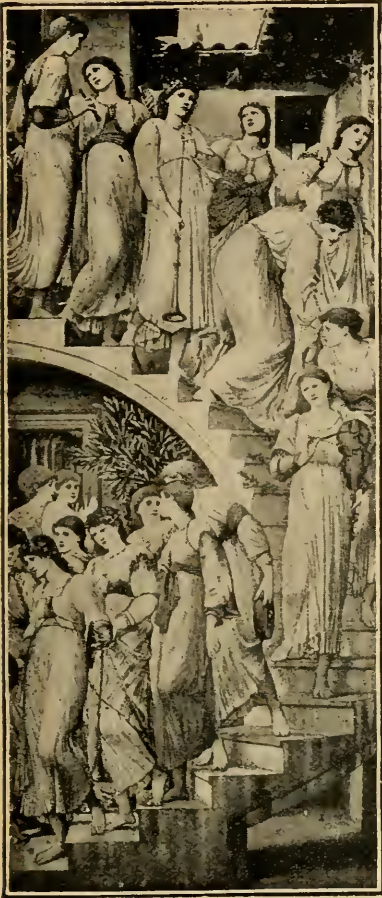
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Five Varieties of Good Non-Alcoholic Wine from the Pure Juice of the Grape, without Preservatives, retaining all the Natural Fragrance and Bouquet Unspoiled.

People have been looking for such a drink for many years, and now that this man has succeeded in making good, wholesome Wine, without the poison of Alcohol, the thirsty sons of men will bless his name, and call him a benefactor.

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GRAPES CONTAIN A VALUABLE FOOD (Grape Sugar), which ranks very high in the estimation of those who have studied the subject, and, in fact, all hydro-carbons (heat and energy-producing foods) must first be transformed into Grape Sugar by digestion, before they can be received into the blood current. THE NATURAL GRAPE SUGAR CONTAINED IN THE WINES can, therefore, be assimilated directly into the blood without any preliminary process of digestion, and can scarcely be over-estimated as a heat or energy producing food.

Now in these MAS-DE-LA-VILLE WINES (L'Arlesienne, Chateau-Peyron, Chateau-Badet and Champagne), all NON-ALCOHOLIC, you get the PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE, ALL THE JUICE AND NOTHING BUT THE JUICE.

There is no Alcohol in them, Preservatives are not used in the manufacture, for they are preserved by the process known as "Pasteurisation," and no drugs or plaster of Paris are used to fix them up.

These Wines can be used with Soda or Mineral Waters, or pure water. They are a beverage and a tonic of a fascinating flavour and character.

**They Exhilarate but do not Inebriate. They aid Digestion.
For Communion Purposes they Surpass all Other Wines.**

The New South Wales, Victorian, South Australian and Queensland Customs authorities, after testing the five varieties of these Wines, say there is no Alcohol in them.

A great advantage these Non-Alcoholic Wines have over the ordinary Fermented Wines is that practically all the Grape Sugar is retained in the MAS-DE-LA-VILLE WINES, while it is all consumed by the microbes or Alcohol in the Fermented Wines.

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"THE LANCET" (January, 1906), speaking of Mas-de-la-Ville Wine, says:—"The juice had a pleasant flavour of the grape, and was free from objectionable preservatives. It contains 16.85 per cent. of solid matter, the bulk of which was grape sugar."

L. PORTES, First Chemist of the Hospital St. Louis, in Paris; Chemist of the "Chambre Syndicate du Commerce des Vins en gros," writes:—

"CHATEAU PEYRON: The liquid, when analysed, has shown the following composition:—

Density...	1063.	Grape Sugar ...	137.19
Extract...	153.45	Alcohol ...	0
Ashes ...	3.590	Boric Acid ...	0
Nitrogen calu-		Salicylic Acid...	0
lated in albu-		Saccharine ...	0
menoid matter)	4.134		

"CONCLUSIONS: The product, on being analysed, reveals the composition of a perfectly normal must (grape juice), and fulfils all the necessary conditions to be used as a hygienic non-alcoholic drink. In fact, the proportion of hydro-carbides and nitrogenous elements give it a real food value."—L. PORTES.

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The Rev. THOS. SPURGEON, of METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, LONDON, S.E., writes as follows:—

"I have to thank you for sample of your 'Mas-de-la-Ville.' I think this non-alcoholic wine is SIMPLY DELICIOUS, and I confess to being glad that so palatable a beverage has been produced, without alcohol, from the grape. It ought to become very popular with teetotalers. I could wish, too, that wine drinkers would substitute it for the wines they are accustomed to use, though I fear that the lack of alcohol will prejudice them against it. It should have a distinct value for Communion purposes.

"Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) THOS. SPURGEON."

"Having used the 'Mas-de-la-Ville' Wines, I enthusiastically commend them.

"All Ministers who sample the still wine I feel confident will adopt it for use in the commemoration of the Lord's Supper.

"The flavour of the grape is so pronounced and pleasant in the sparkling wines that I am very hopeful they will become popular as a beverage.

"(Rev.) ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

"Sydney, 4/11/07."

"St. Paul's Rectory, City, 4th Nov., '07.

"The providing good substitutes for intoxicating drinks has ever been a matter of concern with the friends of Temperance.

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"It is very pleasant to the taste, especially I think the 'champagne.' As far as I can judge, it is nutritious, is the true fruit of the vine, unfermented, and apparently in all respects pure.

"I warmly commend it.

"I believe, further, that we are under a debt of obligation to Mr. F. Winn for bringing this excellent wine to the Commonwealth, and I trust that his action on behalf of the Temperance cause will be appreciated.

"The moderate price will place it within the reach of the mass of the people, and I hope that it will have a ready and large sale.

"F. B. BOYCE."

"Sydney, 23rd October, 1907.

"I thank you for enabling me to sample the various brands of your famous 'Mas-de-la-Ville' Wines and Champagnes.

"I have long been seized with the importance of getting a suitable drink from the grape without alcohol, and in all my experience throughout Australasia and New Zealand I have entirely failed to find it until sampling your famous wines.

"The splendid flavour of the grape present in each wine is a distinctly gratifying feature, while the large quantity of grape sugar contained therein gives a special food value.

"It is really excellent, and deserves a ready market, which I trust will be found. I recommend it with confidence to all those who want to solve the problem as to what we shall do with our vineyards.

"Yours faithfully,

"ALBERT BRUNTNELL,

"General Secretary, New South Wales Alliance."

"The 'Mas-de-la-Ville' Wines promise to fill a long-felt want. I have been dissatisfied with much of the Unfermented Wine supplied for use at the Sacramental Table, whilst a good non-alcoholic wine for table purposes has not been procurable at any cost. M. Peyron, of the 'Mas-de-la-Ville' Vineyard, in France, professes to have solved the problem, and is furnishing wines—five varieties, light and red—of a very excellent quality, absolutely free from Alcohol, and of a very sweet and refreshing taste. I have tested several samples, and can cordially recommend them.

"WM. G. TAYLOR,

"Superintendent, Central Mission, Sydney."

"Dear Sir,—

"I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of four bottles of unfermented wine. I have tasted many of the fruit juices, both imported and colonial, and I can positively say that the 'Chateau-Badet' is the first that has ever come under my notice. It is truly the unadulterated, uncontaminated, pure, unfermented juice of the grape.

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"	...	Litre size, one-third larger than Rep.	Quarts, 3 6
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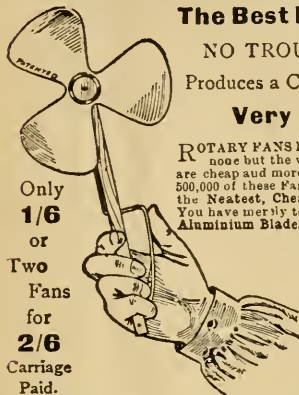
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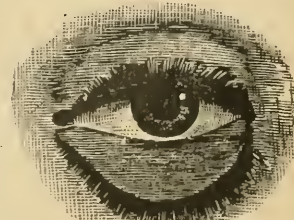
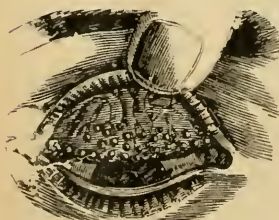
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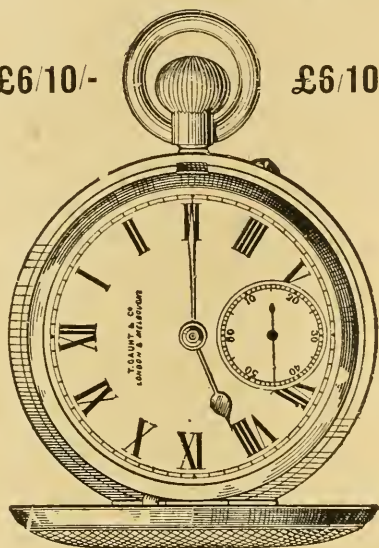
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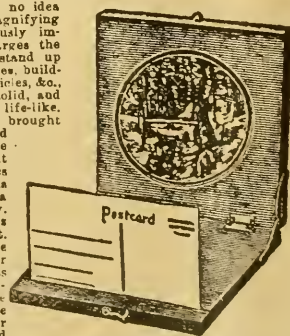
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THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

MELBOURNE, FEBRUARY 15th.

The Heat Wave.

Rarely has Australia had to pass through such a furnace of heat as it experienced during the month of January. For several days the people in the southern areas panted and gasped in temperatures that vaulted easily over thermometer marks anywhere between 100 and 120 degrees in the shade. In a few hours it did what years of evolution might fail to do, and completely altered the desires and temporary habits of thousands of people. Even in Australia there are some who bar up their houses to keep fresh air out, but even these the heat drove into the open air, and the majority of people slept under the open sky for several nights in succession. But broiling though it was, the people generally submitted themselves to it with a good grace, and good humour prevailed in spite of it all. A few it hurried off the stage a little before the time at which they would, under normal circumstances, have passed away, but, after all, the deaths were comparatively very few. The change that was effected in clothing customs was almost a revolution. In consequence of the sudden changes which the Australian climate knows, we cannot dress very lightly, but if a stranger could have visited Melbourne during the dry days he would have imagined, from the changed appearance of people's dress, that he had in some mysterious way been transferred to an island in the heart of the tropics. All said and done, however, we look back at it now as if it were a great joke, and laugh at our experiences, finding amusement in the wildly exaggerated reports and distorted details of it which appeared in papers outside the continent. One outside paper referred to Australia and its heat as "a stricken continent," a description which certainly did not accord with the heat wave, however great it may have been. A great many places throughout Australasia are, however, suffering from want of water, notably New Zealand, which, of all places in the world, generally suffers no lack. The South Island has been a great sufferer in this respect, and it sounds almost an anomaly to have to record such a state of affairs there.



Melb. Punch.]

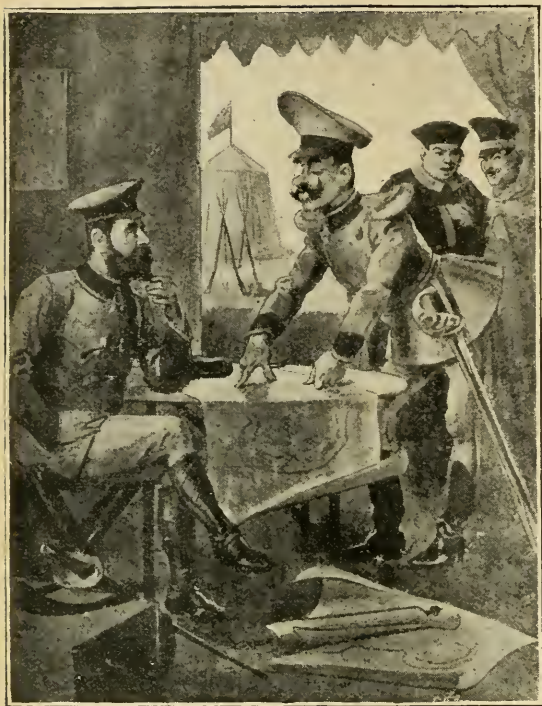
Australia's Noblest "Sun."

(The London Times, commenting on the last Test Match, said the Englishmen were cricketers, not salamanders.)

THE LION: "Pooh! No wonder I'm knocked out."

The Defence System.

The Defence scheme is getting criticism enough, and if criticism can evolve a good scheme, the one evolved is almost certain to be perfect. Mr. Deakin has done a wise thing in throwing open every avenue of criticism that is possible, although the step he took in allowing members of the force to express their opinions was a new one. There is, however, nothing but commendation for him in that respect. Everybody believes that Mr. Deakin is sincerely desirous to frame proposals which shall be in the very best interests of the Commonwealth. But the more his proposal is considered

*Melb. Punch.]***For Defence.**

(The Prime Minister, having tried everybody else's ideas might now call upon our prospective enemies to provide a scheme of Australian defence.)

ALFRED: "Good! I'll take a scheme from each of them. It will at least teach us what to avoid, and cannot be much more dangerous than some of the schemes we have dallied with in our time."

the more hopeless seems the task of forming a satisfactory national guard on the lines laid down by Mr. Deakin. The policy of compulsion in the training of youths from 19 to 21 years of age will certainly not be regarded with favour, especially as the alternative, a volunteer system, has not been thoroughly tested. It is felt it is hardly the thing to bring in a drastic proposal of this kind when other methods in other countries which have proved quite sufficient have been left untouched. It cannot with truth be said that the volunteer system in the past has ever had a fair trial. Because corps have been half starved, and the system has been bungled, little inducements have been held out to men to volunteer, and if the authorities in the past had set out with the intention of discrediting a scheme they could hardly have acted differently. But a volunteer scheme that would be workable and attractive would be easy to establish.

**A Permanent
System
Proposed.**

What is there to prevent the Federal Government from launching a scheme which will make the average Australian youth eager to join the volunteer forces of his country? It is not likely

that the scheme as propounded will go through, and it would be better to start an alternative scheme before Parliament meets. Mr. Deakin very wisely states that the proposal is only for three years—the life of a Parliament—but he also states that this term is merely an arbitrary one, and that as far as the intentions of the Government go the scheme should live. That is only to be pre-supposed; it is hardly likely that a Government would bring in such a sweeping change as this for a limited term. But this statement will open the eyes of many people that would otherwise have been closed. It is no experiment that is proposed, but a system in which an attempt will be made to lay the foundations deep and make the structure permanent. The very feeling which should lie at the bottom of an efficient Defence Force seems to be left out of consideration in the Government proposals. It is quite recognised by the promoters that the scheme to institute a citizen soldiery will be useless without patriotic feeling, and yet compulsory service is more likely to prevent patriotic feeling than anything else. It will provoke nausea. Patriotism to be effective must be spontaneous, otherwise it is a spurious patriotism, and true patriotism is best to be attained by inspiring men with such motives and presenting them with such ideals that they will be glad to offer themselves for service.

**The Queensland
Election.**

Nemesis has been pursuing the powers in Queensland. The election on Wednesday, the 5th February, never should have taken place.

When Lord Chelmsford granted the dissolution, it was evident to everybody that Mr. Philp could not possibly carry on, and that there was no likelihood of his position being any better after the election. The result is disastrous as far as Mr. Philp is concerned. It is a political earthquake, but while everyone felt before the election that it was impossible to forecast the result, no one was prepared for the upheaval there has been. It is a scathing comment on the action of the Governor. While Mr. Philp's party reckoned 32 followers before the dissolution, it now reckons about 20. Mr. Kidston's following will probably be increased from 22 to 25; while Labour will see a great increase. Prior to the dissolution its party numbered 18, but it will probably total 25 or 27 in the new House. Under these circumstances, the continuance of Mr. Philp in power is out of the question, for neither party would be willing to co-operate with him. The probability is that Mr. Kidston will return to power and with the support of the Labour Party will hold the reins as before. One very significant feature about the election is that two of Mr. Philp's Ministers have been defeated—Mr. Stevens (the Minister of Agriculture) and Mr. Leahy (Minister of Mines). It seems a disgraceful thing to allow political matters to be in the ferment they have been for four months, and to have overturned business with the

tumult of a general election, merely to convince the Governor that Mr. Philp's party was in the minority.

Phenomenal Growth.

Figures, although sometimes dead and dry, can at other times speak very eloquently, and, although skillful sophists can often twist and turn them about to suit their own ends, there can be no juggling with the figures relating to Australian trade expansion which have been issued by the Federal Government. Last year the total trade for the year amounted to £124,781,611 as compared with £114,467,269 in 1906. An increase of over £10,000,000 in one year is amazing. But it is still more instructive to look back a few years. In round numbers the total trade in pounds sterling for 1902 was 84½ million; 1903, 86 million; 1904, 94½ million; 1905, 95 million; 1906, 114½ million; 1907, 124¾ million. The totals are made up as follows:—Imports of gold (specie or bullion), £1,464,756; merchandise, £50,413,415; exports of gold, £10,897,027; merchandise, £62,006,413. The growth is all the more remarkable considering the fact that the exports of gold were about six million pounds lower in 1907 than in 1906, while the imports were also about three-quarters of a million less. The necessary increase in general merchandise is therefore most remarkable. Figures like these ought to effectually stop the croaking of those pessimists who wildly assert that Australia is going to the dogs. The fact of the matter is that we are only just coming to our manhood as a nation, beginning to understand our powers and our possibilities, and launching out in an aggressive fashion. Hitherto we have been in the days of youth and puberty; and the prospects of reproduction and wide expansion before Australia for the next few years are of a very bright character indeed.

A Starved Industry.

If there be any Federal department that needs to be kept up to the highest state of efficiency, it is the Postal Department, but the Postal Department of the Commonwealth is in such a bad condition that it will be only by a very large expenditure of money and much drastic administration that anything like efficiency can come. The telephone system is notoriously bad, and very few people will envy Mr. Mauger the work that lies before him. To his credit be it said: he is tackling the difficulty as no other Postmaster-General has done. The administration will be perfect. There is no doubt of that. The Treasurer, however, seems to imagine himself hopelessly bankrupt when any money is wanted for the Postal Department, and it is difficult to draw more than what is absolutely necessary for supplies from his closely-buttoned pocket. One would almost imagine that he retained a grudge against either the department or

the officials in it, and yet there is no department that touches more people more times than the Postal Department. It is the one department that everybody comes directly in contact with. Moreover, it is not as though it was not flourishing. It is simply striding ahead. One expects expansion in a growing community, but an increase of £85,000 for six months is a huge thing. That is the last six months' record. It is a pity that Parliament cannot take hold of the difficulty and vote a large sum to be used by the Postmaster-General to rehabilitate the department. It is most necessary to get it into thorough working order immediately, for it surely cannot be very long before penny postage is introduced. Penny postage made the Post Office in Victoria. South Australia still retains her twopenny postage. New South Wales has a partial penny post; but it is not wise that in this continent it should cost twopence to send a letter within its borders. New Zealand has set a wonderful example to us in that respect. Her horizon of cheapest postage is only bounded by the British Empire. A promise is held out that the change will take place during the next session of Parliament. It is sincerely to be hoped so.

Progress and Prosperity.

A fine proof of the prosperity of Australia is made available from the returns of the revenue paid to the States during the latter six months of 1906-7. More than the revenue which they received during 1906, New South Wales received £485,682; Victoria, £226,453; Queensland, £36,681; South Australia, £121,418; Tasmania, £27,654; but in addition to this, the States received £327,093 out of the Commonwealth's share of the revenue from customs and excise. The law as it stood at the initiation of Federation was that three quarters of the revenue should be returned to the States, and in addition to that, that the unexpended portion of the Federal Government's share should be theirs also. The States therefore benefited very considerably. Sir William Lyne, however, has his eye upon these unexpended amounts, and intends to introduce a Bill to give the Commonwealth authority to dispose of the money on the Commonwealth's own account. Section 94 of the Constitution provides that after the expiration of five years from the establishment of Federation it could make what provision it liked for the disposal of its share of revenue, but an Act would be necessary to bring this provision into force. It is about time that the whole question of the Federal Parliament taking over State debts was considered, and perhaps this will help to bring about that very much needed change. It will certainly mean a slight crippling to the States if they do not receive as much of the Federal income as they have hitherto done, and may spur them to action, making them glad to be relieved of their burdens.

Convicts and the Pacific Islands.

The cabled statement that the Imperial Party in the German Reichstag is pressing for an alteration of the laws dealing with criminals, by way of requesting the Government to modify the penal code in order to provide for the transportation to German colonies in the Pacific of criminals sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, raises a question of the deepest concern to Australasia. In practically every State here legislation is being pushed forward dealing with the habitual criminal, who yearly finds it harder to have an existence amongst us. Humanitarian legislation regarding their treatment is progressing, and it is not too much to expect that within the next few years Australia's methods of dealing with criminals will be as up to date as any in the world. The improved vagrancy laws make it increasingly difficult for people who have criminal tendencies to live in Australia, and any proposal to import criminals from other parts of the world, even to the Pacific Islands, is a matter which must receive international consideration. In these days any country ought to know better than to imagine that colonies are likely to be benefited by the introduction of criminals. The sad lessons which were learned by Australia during the last century ought to convince any other people of the folly of sending their worst types to new countries. Both on the country and on the individuals concerned the effect is much the reverse of good. Imagine beautiful Samoa, for instance, being spoiled by the introduction of such men! Imagine the effect on the merry-hearted, peaceful Samoans from seeing a convict system in full work in their midst! The Pacific islands are so cosmopolitan that no one nation can claim the right to carry out any policy that it pleases.

A Reassurance.

In view of the proposal, it is reassuring to receive the assurance of Dr. Irmer, the German Consul-General, that the party which has made the suggestion is a small and insignificant one, and not at all likely to influence the German Parliament. Dr. Irmer speaks very unequivocally when he says that such a thing as the deportation of criminals to the Pacific Islands is impossible because of an agreement entered into between England and Germany on 10th April, 1886, which expressly provides that neither Government shall establish any penal settlement in, or transport convicts to, the western Pacific Islands. All of which is very comforting. Nevertheless it ought to be impossible at this day for such a proposition to be made, and the idea should be killed at its birth. We are on much too friendly terms with our German neighbours in the Pacific to regard with friendliness any proposal to disturb the existing harmony.

Public Parks and the People.

Although a matter of local interest, the question which it raises is quite of sufficient value for us to discuss the proposal of Mr. Bent, the Victorian Premier, to alienate part of public lands set apart as a park reserve for the purpose of establishing a new Melbourne Hospital. For the question of the retention by the people of their rights in public parks is one of universal interest. It has been generally agreed that the present site of the Melbourne Hospital might be improved upon, and a proposal was made that the pig market at Royal Park should be utilised as a site for a new building. This proposal generally found approval, as the site is almost an ideal one. Mr. Bent, however, proposes that part of the Domain site, just at the south of Princes Bridge and between it and Government House, should be robbed of 15 acres to provide for the new Hospital. Against this proposal a huge uproar has been raised, and it is to be hoped that it will prove so effective that the intention will be frustrated. The question which is raised is one which affects every State. In a good many instances, the early promoters of our great cities were fairly liberal in providing public parks for the people. By the growth of population, these have come to be breathing places and recreation grounds that are inestimable boons. For instance, Adelaide, in her park lands, rejoices in one of the most magnificent parks which any city in the world can boast. Once or twice efforts have been made by Governments to rob the people of part of their heritage, but so far these have been sternly resisted. As our population increases, the utmost jealousy should be manifested to save every foot of space of open lands. For future generations it means health and happiness. There are other reasons why the intention of Mr. Bent should be fought, but being of a local character they do not concern Australasians. But the principle at stake regarding the alienation of park lands does concern the people of Australasia, and this autocratic effort on the part of a Premier to rob the people of what is their natural right should stimulate friends of social reform everywhere to closely watch their interests. In these days when better housing, wider streets, comfortable tenements, up-to-date drainage, children's playgrounds, kindergartens for the poor, and a thousand and one other philanthropic designs are healthily budding, it savours of ridiculousness to talk about alienating public lands when there is no need for it. The great open space which stretches beyond Government House to the south, to Fitzroy on the north, is the wonder and admiration of visitors from all parts of the world, and to take any of it away, especially under such circumstances as those proposed, would be little short of crime.

Clasped Hands.

It is not often that relations between employers and employes are so amicable that they find expression in resolutions of sympathy the one with the other, but that Utopia is nearer than some of us sometimes imagine is now and again made evident. Little gleams of sunshine slip through the clouds, giving us the promise of brightness to come. Never perhaps was the industrial sky in Australasia so rent and torn, for during the last few months we have had all the possibilities of a huge and distressing strike, conflicting parties now brought near and then flung apart, promises broken, Arbitration Courts derided, till it has sometimes seemed as though rack and ruin were likely to enter in to an irremediable extent. Permanent industrial peace has appeared in some quarters of the sky to be a very long way off, but right in the midst of it all, when in New South Wales the crises over the coal strike always seem to be recurring, and in New Zealand the Premier intervenes to prevent trouble, there comes from a mining township in Victoria, where industrial troubles have not been unknown, a sight of the promised time when opposing parties shall live quietly together and the weapons of industrial war shall be changed into implements of peace. A few days ago, at Jumbunna, under the auspices of the Victorian Collieries Employes and Owners' Federation, a mass meeting was held under the open sky—fit place for a meeting where enmities seemed to be forgotten and harmony and good-will to reign. In his speech the President of the local branch of this body told of the strife and bitterness that had formerly existed between employers and employes in the Victorian coal industry, a state of affairs largely engendered by the attitude adopted by the now happily defunct Coal Miners' Association. The old order of affairs had spelled disaster to both parties; so to prevent such miserable repetitions of quarrel and strife a Federation of both employers and employes had been brought about, one in which each was pledged to work for the mutual prosperity of the industry. The result was that industrial peace and harmony were coming about. The Jumbunna employes were quite satisfied with work under these new conditions, and were determining to put an end to the previous order of things and to work in concord with employers. In this way, but in other words, spoke representative speakers from both sides—employers and employes. Resolutions were passed strongly objecting to outside interference in the affairs of coal miners. This is a case which might well be quoted all over the world, and wherever industrial troubles exist; and this that the Jumbunna and Outtrim miners have done might always be spoken of as a proof of what is possible. Judged by some of the utterances of labour men, it would seem impossible for harmony ever to be established, but the joint action of these workers proves that the

heartiest co-operation and good-will are possible. Truly the industrial Utopia seems to have been reached at Jumbunna.

**Changes in the
N.S.W.
Cabinet.**

A change has been made in the portfolios of the Wade Ministry. There is no alteration in the personnel of the Cabinet, but the reallocation provides for Mr. Berry becoming Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Woods Minister of Mines, and Mr. Hogue Minister of Labour and Industries. This makes the Department of Mines to be administered in conjunction with the Chief Secretary's Department; while the Minister for Public Instruction takes over Labour and Industry. This separates the Departments of Agriculture and Mines, a result which has been loudly clamoured for in some quarters.

**Miners
and
Gold Stealing.**

One of the greatest industries of Australasia is gold-mining. Millions of pounds have been spent in this industry. Millions of pounds' worth of treasure has been extracted from the soil, and there is no reason to suppose that the supply is exhausted. Continually new fields are being opened up. In the good results from the industry, no State has shared more than Victoria. Her rich goldfields have always had the effect of luring on speculators to try the unprospected fields where wealth is supposed to rest, and that lie hidden from the sight of man, waiting for its discovery. But, to take it all in all, the return to investors has not been what it ought to have been, and, many have felt, what it might have been. Lately there have been strange rumours of gold-stealing, and some time ago they crystallised in a fine outspoken utterance by the Rev. Henry Worrall, of Bendigo, regarding the stealing going on by some miners. Instantly a great outcry was raised, but everything which Mr. Worrall has said has subsequently been proved to be justified by the successful prosecutions for gold-stealing which have been brought before the Courts. Mr. Worrall deserves every commendation for the manly stand he has taken over this matter. It is hardly to be wondered at that a good many miners have sneered at his utterances and have tried to discount them, for the prevalence of the crime has been proved to be so extensive that it is quite possible that those who utter tirades against him are endeavouring to escape the scourges of wounded consciences. Both the stealing and the refusal of other miners to inform have been the subject of wild attempts at justification; but those who have put their money into mining ventures, and have thereby assisted so vastly towards the development of one of Australia's greatest industries, will feel under an everlasting debt of gratitude to Mr. Worrall for exposing and denouncing the evil as he has done. The incident, by the way, throws rather a lurid light on the relations of employer and employé just at the

very time when they are so complicated generally, and when every effort is being made to secure an equitable adjustment; but if the spirit manifested by many of the miners be that which inspires workers generally (and we devoutly pray that it may not be so), it is impossible for harmonious relations to be established between employer and employé. It would be well if a branch of the Jumbunna Association were established in gold mines, when gold-stealing would be impossible, and employé would join with employers in procuring the very best results for all concerned. This would necessarily put a stop to gold-stealing, and make every honest miner determined to do his best to rid his mine of the sneak thief.

**Understanding
v.
Discord.**

The Victorian and South Australian Governments are to be congratulated upon their successful attempt to settle the long-standing border-land dispute between the two States. For many years the press of both States has done its best to keep this old-standing quarrel open, but whether it be the result of Federation or not, it really does look as though the States are doing their best to come to an amicable understanding about some of their outstanding grievances. Perhaps it is a thought of combining before a common enemy, for, as such, many of the States insist on regarding Federation. It is really amusing to see how interesting is the bogey which some of them create. It is successively an octopus strangling the States, a Frankenstein which they have created, a grim visaged monster which discovers State rights only to trample on them. All this to the average elector is very funny. Politicians must show something for their money, and this is the high plane that suits many of them as a field in which to display their worth. However, it does not very much matter how the State Governments regard Federation if it will lead to the settlement of divisions which have kept them separated for so long, and which have been life and death matters to several of the State newspapers. Let them settle their differences; the squint-eyed vision of Federation will be set straight afterwards. Well, for very many years there has been a thin section of land between Victoria and South Australia which has been the cause of much strife. It seems that in 1836, when the province of South Australia was created, its boundary was declared to be the 141st meridian. The surveyor who did the work, for some reason or other, failed to locate the 141st meridian, but hit upon a line two miles further west. This line carried up to the Murray meant about 350,000 acres lying between it and the meridian, to which South Australia laid claim, but which Victoria also claimed by right of possession. At any rate, since then the trouble has presented itself to successive Premiers, each of whom has tried to settle it. But in vain. South Australia

said the land was theirs; Victoria held it, but could not grant a title to it. And then a new complication arose. Victoria spent a lot of money on a railway line on the border between the two States, under an agreement that South Australia was to pay half the cost. This she subsequently refused to do when money became due, on the ground that Victoria should settle up over the land question. So the whole thing has been hung up for years, but the Governments and the Railway Commissioners of each State have taken the matter in hand, and it has been agreed (subject to Parliament) that Victoria should pay £107,500 to get legal possession of the territory, and that South Australia shall pay £50,000 of arrears over railway matters, and also the whole cost of certain works which have been carried out by the Victorian Government at Serviceton for the exclusive benefit of South Australia, with interest at the rate of 4 per cent. upon the capital.

**Cavillers
at
Peace.**

Of course the arrangement has been cavilled at in some quarters, and the Government has been blamed for making a compromise without having the claim tested before the Courts, but Governments should set a good example to their people in the way of adjustment of claims without recourse to law. An arrangement of this kind is miles beyond any legal decision, even if one State has to pay a little more. The very principle of mutuality, of give and take, is worth very much more money than the Government has paid in order to get a legal right to land which other people insisted was theirs, and as far as the Government is concerned we throw our hats in the air and say "God-speed!" This is exactly the spirit in which State difficulties should be settled, and when the matter comes before their respective Parliaments it is to be hoped that not one voice will be raised against the arrangement. The matter has been settled upon right lines, and it would be equivalent to dragging an angel in the dust to subject an action like this to selfish and sordid criticism.

**Cornsacks and
the
Federal Ministry.**

It would hardly be thought that a question like the size of cornsacks would create such a wild uproar as has been done by the determination of the Minister for Customs to decrease their size from 240 to 200 lbs. This is a matter which is entirely in the Minister for Customs' control, inasmuch as he can prohibit the importation of larger sacks absolutely. The action has been taken on humanitarian grounds. It has been felt by those interested in the matter that it is hardly a fair thing to ask men to lump sacks of corn weighing 240 lbs. in a climate which, like Australia, has so much warm weather. Under these conditions it is only right and good that the size of the commodity handled

should be within such limits that the men can perform the work without the probability of injuring their health. But on all sides, especially from the farming community, there has arisen an outcry, just why, it is a little difficult for the uninitiated to perceive, for it cannot make any difference in the long run to the returns of the farmer as to what size is the sack in which his corn is exported. Mr. Chapman has stated that if the importation of a larger kind of sack does not stop the use of it he will prohibit the exportation of sacks containing more than 200 lbs. of corn. The Minister for Customs deserves the support of every right-thinking reformer in his endeavour to make the heavy work of lumping corn a little lighter, which could well be done and nobody be affected adversely by it. It is incidentally a strong hint of the latent powers for industrial reform that lie in the Federal Constitution.

**"So Many Men,
So
Many Minds."**

Mr. Chapman has been a great deal in evidence during the last month, but no one will cavil at his utterances regarding parochialism and Federation. He only voiced the feeling which makes the average elector smile sarcastically when he said that when Federation was inaugurated no one dreamt that there would to-day be 666 members and 14 Houses of Parliament, and seven Governors in power to manage the country. It is ridiculous, and the average elector if given an opportunity for voting for decreased State expenditure would hold up his hand in favour of reform without a moment's thought. We may not be over-governed as far as institutions are concerned. We certainly are overburdened with members of Parliament. The 666 members could be cut down to 150 with vast benefit to the community, and if, at the same time, the red tape of State Parliament could be burnt and State institutions conducted on lines of a great county council, legislation would be far more in the interests of the people. Somewhat *à propos* of this, when Sir Reginald Talbot was speaking at the A.N.A. luncheon in Melbourne last month, on the occasion of the opening of the Exhibition, he expressed the hope that the time would not come when local State Governors should be appointed instead of British men of title. It was, he said, the thread which bound the States to the Home Government, a kind of wireless telegraphy which existed for good. But he forgets that Australia is now represented by a Federal Governor, and that the threads mostly lie between London and the Commonwealth. He urged, too, that elective Governors were something like his Satanic majesty—a thing to be avoided—but there is no need for Australians to go in for that particular brand of local Governor. There is no reason why the Chief Justice of a State should not perform the offices pertaining to the Governorship, and the country then could depend upon getting a man who

possessed a good deal of suitability for the position, and the system of electing Governors, with all its disabilities, could be passed quietly by. There is no need to introduce that method. In this connection, it may be noted that Sir John Madden has on very many occasions filled the office with credit to himself and delight to the country, while his own official duties did not appear to be interfered with to any appreciable extent. The same may be said of Sir Robert Stout, of Sir F. Darley, of Sir S. Way, and indeed of all the State Chief Justices. As far as an official tie through Governors is concerned, the Federal Governor supplies all that is necessary.

**A Premier
and Municipal
Elections.**

A rather remarkable sign of the times is the action of Mr. Wade, the Premier of New South Wales, in addressing a manifesto to electors on the eve of the recent municipal elections in New South Wales. It is not often that a Parliamentary leader has essayed the influencing of municipal votes with a view to strengthening his party. No one, however, will question the legitimacy or appropriateness of his action. As the leader of the Parliamentary party, it is Mr. Wade's duty to influence public opinion in such a direction that the party shall be sustained in power, and he shows considerably more prescience than a good many leaders of political reform have hitherto done. He puts his finger on the spot where danger or safety lies. Municipal Councils are generally the breeding-ground of politicians, and in nine cases out of ten politicians receive their first training in public matters in these Councils. Moreover, local matters always give their complexion to Parliamentary ones. The vision of a good many voters is bounded by their own municipal needs, and Mr. Wade struck possibly deeper than he thought when he issued his appeal to electors to put into position locally the same kind of man that they want to see handling the affairs of State. It is, however, quite a new phase of political campaigning, and Mr. Wade's manifesto must have caused a pricking-up of the ears in certain circles. Here is part of it:—

ELECTORS, be careful how you cast your votes on **SATURDAY** next!

In every shire and municipality a number of Socialist candidates are in the field. The real, if not avowed, object of these Socialist candidates is the widest possible extension of the powers and functions of the local governing bodies, so as ultimately to secure the ownership and control of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange throughout the State.

In another paragraph Mr. Wade, in unequivocal terms, appealed to the municipalities not to play with or neglect their duty, but to return men of the same political view as they wanted to handle their country's destiny in Parliament. Good advice this!

The Result.

More than ordinary interest centred in the New South Wales municipal elections, because local government in that State has only just come out of its swaddling clothes. However, the results of the poll on February 1st may be considered very satisfactory. In a good many working centres Labour men secured a substantial representation, but the Socialistic element cannot be said to have scored a victory. In one instance a referendum was taken on the payment of Councillors. The new Local Government Act provides for Councillors being paid if a referendum decides in favour of the principle. The result of the referendum was that 133 votes were recorded for payment and 109 against. It is to be hoped that this principle will not extend. The services rendered by municipal Councillors involves a not very great tax on time and talent, and it is not a good thing to kill the spirit of voluntary work for the community. When that ends, in the lower forms of public service at any rate, corruption, more or less, is bound to creep in.

Federal Agricultural Bureau.

The Federal Government has announced its intention of establishing a Federal Agricultural Bureau. It is intended that it shall not clash with State Agricultural Departments in any way, but it stands to reason that there are many things which the Federal Government may undertake which the States would not be likely to. Expansion of this kind is just the very thing which will make the Federal Parliament fulfil the ends for which it is created and establish itself thoroughly among the people.

The Test Match.

The latest win of the Australians in Melbourne's Test Match will rob the final one in Sydney of a great deal of its interest. The Australians have now won three out of four games. It remains, however, for the Englishmen to somewhat retrieve their position and leave Australians with a balance of one, or go home with a very bad beating. The Melbourne match lasted for four days. It is estimated that on the last day, when the excitement was very keen, close on 11,000 people attended. To the astonishment of the onlookers, the Englishmen collapsed in their batting, and the match was won by the Australians by 308 runs. It is no wonder that the Englishmen lost the Adelaide match, but the weather conditions for the Melbourne one were perfect. Everything was in favour

of an even game. A comparison of the records shows that the defeat was almost a rout, Australia's two scores totalling 599, while England's only amounted to 291.

The Problem of Mixed Races.

I have received a letter from the Rev. D. M. Berry, formerly of Victoria, and now of Johannesburg. Writing on the Indian difficulty, he says: "Just now the subject of the hour in this place is the Asiatic difficulty. Our Dutch Government does not know what delicate handling is required for managing natives of India. I took part with some other ministers to-day in pointing out by letter to the Colonial Secretary two points which he ought to know, but apparently does not, viz.—(1) that fingerprint identification (as distinguished from thumb-print) is in India reserved for criminals; and (2) that to require an Indian to make public the name of his wife is the deepest insult that could be offered him. Recently one of our magistrates told three veteran Sepoys that they had been 'intimidated' into refusing to register. They were so wild about it that they wanted to cable to the King the insult they had received. They gravely asked a British friend whether he would advise them to cut the throat of the Colonial Secretary as a means of opposing the obnoxious law. But these are only symptoms of the increasing friction between the white and coloured races all over the world."

The Antarctic Expedition.

The "Nimrod" has arrived safely at the ice pack. The "Koonya," which towed her from Lyttelton, starting on New Year's Day, left her on the 15th January, having towed her 1500 miles, and within one mile of the ice pack. On the 14th she came in sight of the icebergs. In the midst of a raging gale the crews cheered one another as they parted company. Needless to say, news of the expedition will be watched for with the keenest of interest.

LONDON, Jan., 1908.

The New Year.

Will the New Year be an infant prodigy, or will it be as great a disappointment as many of its predecessors? To some extent that will depend upon the *maestro* at the piano. And that is why the best bit of news that has reached us this Christmas time is that C.-B., at Biarritz, has been taking a thorough rest, living *incognito* in the woods and on the seaside, and, it is to be hoped and expected, laying up fresh stores of health and strength which will enable him to pilot the ship of State



By permission of the proprietors of "Punch."
The Infant Prodigy.

through the rocks and quicksands of the approaching Session.

The Political Outlook.

Home politics have not offered much that calls for special comment last month. The details of the Ministerial measures are still obscure. Impatient Liberals threaten the Cabinet with defeat if it does not accomplish much more than any Cabinet with the largest majority can possibly achieve. The Unionists, having found in Mr. Balfour's Birmingham speech a soothing syrup in the shape of a form of sound-words which they can mutter in unison, are trying to direct attention to Ireland. Mr. Ginnell, however, having been locked up owing to his indelicate extension of his cattle-driving campaign to the estate of a ward of Chancery, it is doubtful whether much capital will be made out of the atrocity campaign. Lord Lansdowne has delighted the Scotch Tories by a speech at Glasgow, in which he put his foot down upon Old Age Pensions and relegated Tariff Reform to the General Election after the next. It seems as if the chief employment of the Unionists in the New Year will be the "smelling-out" of Unionist Free Traders. Colonel Maxse, of the *National*

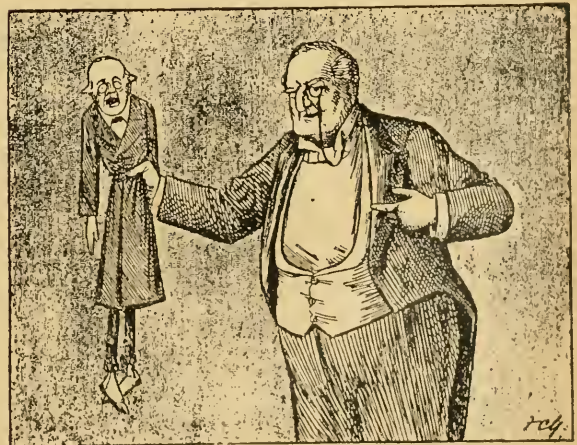
Review, is on their trail, and he is now confronting them with the alternative, "Come out or stand out!" Lord Robert Cecil and his friends are badgers whom it will be somewhat difficult to draw.

Mr. Balfour's Position.

For the moment the Tariff Reformers are protesting that they are quite satisfied with Mr. Balfour's declaration in favour of such a fiscal readjustment as, while preserving free importation of raw materials, will not alter the proportion in which the working classes are asked to contribute to the cost of government. "No party leader has ever made a more unequivocal or emphatic pronouncement," etc. All the same, Mr. Balfour, when next he opens his mouth, will probably give his friends cause to blaspheme. If only, like "La Patrie," he could keep in the air, he would be safe enough. But A.J.B., like an airship, must occasionally come to earth, and it is then that he is in peril. He will have his work cut out keeping his balance not only between Protectionists and Free Traders, but between the Socialists and anti-Socialists of his party.

Lord Milner as Tory Socialist.

Lord Milner has made another distracting diversion of the Bull-in-the-China-Shop order by boldly declaring himself in favour of the enforcement by the State of a minimum wage in the sweated industries. He endorsed the principle of the Wages Board Bill, by which any six persons in any sweated industry can compel the Home Secretary to establish a Wages Board for the industry and district concerned, composed equally of employers and employed, with an impartial chairman, with full



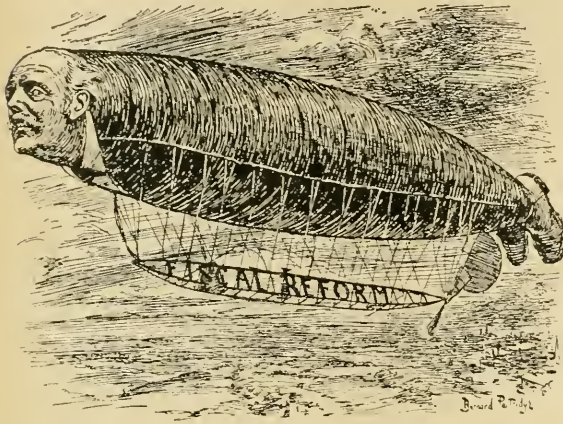
[*Westminster Gazette*.]

And he DID speak out.

PROFESSOR CHAPLIN: "You will observe, ladies and gentlemen, that he is actually speaking."

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD: "Yes, but he wouldn't if you didn't squeeze him."

discretion to fix wages which, when fixed, would be enforced by law. Lord Milner declared that he was moved by the supreme interest of the community



By permission of the proprietors of "Punch."
The Escaped "Captive."

The indirigible airship "Arthur B." (sometimes known as "Nulli Jucundus"), after touching at Birmingham and bumping, last Monday, against Devonport, has once more escaped into the nebulous inane.

in the efficiency and welfare of all its members—a comfortable formula which is worthy of the father of the Fabian Society. Lord Milner, with his German ideas and his Socialistic sympathies, is an invaluable addition to the elements which make for disunion in the Unionist party and for progress in the nation at large.

"C.-B." and His Tchinovniks.

Since the appearance of our last number nothing has been said of importance on the subject of the Hague Conference. Our military delegate has been putting in a plea that nothing could be done about armaments if Germany stood aloof, which is quite true; but that is no reason for us shirking the challenge to the nations which would have compelled Germany to assume the responsibility of pronouncing a veto on progress in that direction. Sir Edward Grey in his speech at Berwick praised the *personnel* of the British Delegation. But that is neither here nor there. No one denies that all the British delegates were honourable men; the complaint is that they were not instructed to carry out the policy to which Sir Edward Grey was pledged, and such instructions as they did receive were vacillating and inconsistent. It is no use, however, crying over spilt milk. The miserable fiasco of last year will not have been in vain if it compels the Prime Minister and his Cabinet to see to it that in the future the policy of Great Britain is entrusted to the hands of those who believe in it, and is not left to be carried out by Permanent Officials and Ambassadors who are notoriously

out of sympathy with the convictions and aspirations of the majority of the British people.

Besmirching Majesty.

One unfortunate result of the predominant importance of the Tchinovnik is the misconception which prevails as to the action of the King in this matter. I have been told again and again that it is neither Sir Charles Hardinge nor Sir Francis Bertie who is responsible, but that the blame lies at the door of His Majesty. I have even been assured that the whole foreign policy of this country is being run by a camarilla of the King's friends, of whom half-a-dozen have been named. As I happen to know, at least two of the said camarilla are as much disgusted as I was myself at the way things were mismanaged at the Hague. As for His Majesty, it was currently reported at the Hague, and I believe with good grounds, that but for the exercise of his personal influence in favour of a more decided policy in support of international arbitration the scandal of the British action or inaction would have been even worse than it is.

A Good Legacy from the Old Year.

The last legacy of the Old Year was in some respects its best. Last month the five Independent Sovereign States of Central America agreed to an informal kind of Federation by which they bind themselves to submit all their disputes to the decision of a Supreme Court, which will sit in the neutralised territory of Honduras. Although this may not technically be the constitution of a new Sovereign State under the title of the United States of Central America, it nevertheless makes an advance in that direction. Guatemala, Costa Rica, Honduras, Salvador, and Nicaragua will remain Independent Sovereign States, entitled as such to independent representation at the next Hague Conference, but for internal practical purposes they constitute a political entity. The conclusion of this arrangement reflects great credit upon Mr. Root and Mr. Buchanan, and justifies the confidence that has been expressed in the future of Latin-America.



Kladderadatsch. [Berlin.]

The United States of Central America,
or the New Lilliput.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: "Yes, yes, union
is strength."

Latin-America in the Van.

President Roosevelt remarked to a correspondent of ours last year that in the next half century he anticipated that the greatest advance in the direction of international progress would come from Latin-America. It is too often forgotten that Bolivar, the hero of the revolt of the Spanish Republics against Spain, anticipated a hundred years ago most of the ideals which the Hague Conference attempted in vain to realise. These countries have undoubtedly an immense future, and I much regret that, owing to the bereavement that has deprived me of the possibility of relying upon the services of my son as acting editor of "The Review of Reviews," I have had most reluctantly to abandon all hope of visiting Latin-America this year at the head of a company of Pilgrims of Peace.



Commander Evans.
In charge of the American Fleet
in the Pacific.

**The
American Armada
in
the Pacific.**

The New Year does not open very auspiciously for those who would give anything for a peaceful life. But those who believe that the bark of progress will reach its harbour, no matter what storms may threaten, are undismayed even by the disquieting symptoms which seem to point towards a reaction. The dispatch of the American battle fleet to the Pacific waters is an event which can hardly be regarded as a blessed harbinger of peace, and yet it is easy to see how it may operate in that direction. One sin which does so easily beset the American public is that they feel they can do and say whatever they please, without regard to the susceptibilities of any of their neighbours. They are just like ourselves in that respect, only more so. The immunity from Continental attack which is secured to us by our command of the silver streak is still more assured to the United States by the whole expanse of the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans. The temptation, therefore, to be as insolent, as we have always been, has proved too much for the American newspapers in the past, and would probably be no less irresistible in the future if the Americans had confined themselves within the limits of their own continent. But the moment they set foot in the Philippines they gave hostages to for-

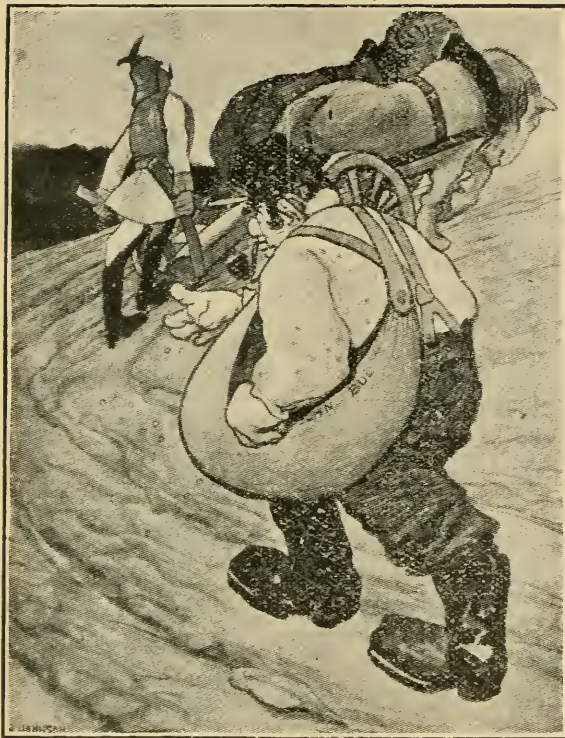
tune, and now that they are sending a great fleet into the Pacific they are practically bound over to good behaviour by the whole value of that fleet. It is of course possible that the American fleet in the Pacific may be strong enough to overwhelm all antagonists, but even the most sanguine patriots will admit that there is a chance that they might get the worst of it, and that being so it is probable the American press will be a little more civil to the Japanese than they have been in the past. It is also within the limits of possibility that the population of the Pacific coast may restrain its demonstrative hostility to Asiatics within decent limits. When the United States puts a navy on the high seas it is like a tortoise which puts its head out of its shell. It may be a very useful and necessary thing to do, but the advantages are purchased by the sacrifice of invulnerability.

**The
Competition
in
Armaments.**

Nearer home the Naval Programme of the German Government raises another cloud, which, however, is not without a silver lining. Thanks to the *rapprochement* which has taken place between Germany and England, of which the Emperor's visit was an outward and visible sign, it has been possible to discuss the fundamental principles governing the Naval policy of Great Britain without any indulgence of ill-temper or hysterical alarms. It is recognised even by the Germanophobes that Germany has a perfect right to build as many ironclads as she pleases, and that our duty is simply limited to the task of seeing to it that the Naval *status quo* that has existed for one hundred years is not altered to our detriment by reason of any slackness on our part. The expenditure on armaments is wicked waste, but it may be necessary that the working classes of the world should be compelled to realise the fact that the introduction of international peace based upon international justice is an indispensable preliminary to the achievement of those social reforms upon which they have set their hearts. You cannot both eat your cake and have it, and if the working classes of the world are not willing to join hands to compel their Governments to desist from this mad rivalry in ruinous expenditure, they will have to do without most of the social reforms for which they are so eagerly clamouring. Until they do unite to bring pressure to bear, not upon one Government, but upon all Governments, the money which might have been used for the amelioration of their lot will continue to be squandered on barracks and ironclads.

**A Good Word
for
Germany.**

No one deplores more than I the renewal of competition in naval armaments which has been begun by the sudden increase of the German naval programme. But it is monstrously un-



Kladderadatsch. In Springtime. [Berlin.
The ploughing is done, but who knows how the seed will come up?

just to accuse the Germans of any deliberate design to use their projected fleet for the purpose of a buccaneering attack upon Holland, Belgium, France, or Great Britain. If we would but put ourselves into the position of the Germans we should be the first to recognise that a desire to have a preponderant fleet does not in the least imply any intention to use it for purposes of aggression. English and American writers have for years past been asserting day and night that sea power is the dominating factor in the struggle for existence. They have also insisted upon the fact that a weaker fleet is merely a hostage in the hands of a stronger fleet. Therefore it seems logical enough for Germany to argue that a weak fleet is worse than none; she must have a fleet as strong as the strongest or none at all. If the British Press and the British Jingoës had not got on the nerves of the Germans by threatening to make a mouthful of the German fleet, there would probably have been much more readiness on the part of the Germans to acquiesce in the *status quo* of their relative inferiority to the British fleet. But as our braggarts thought fit to indulge in threats of repeating Copenhagen at Kiel, we have to put up with the German programme,

which seems to me to be much more due to a desire to insure themselves against the peril of a British attack than to any deliberate desire to make aggressive war in any direction. At the same time, as we have no army to speak of, the maintenance of our naval supremacy is for us a matter of life and death. The Germans may dislike to have a fleet on sufferance, but that ought to enable them to understand that we cannot tolerate existence on sufferance.

A Gleam of Blue Sky.

At a time when the Powers have just refused to attempt to limit the increase of their armaments and we are beginning a new and more extravagant era of warlike expenditure, it is well to find one observer to whom the future seems to promise peace and tranquillity. The Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary in his speech from the throne last month said:—

The mitigation already noticeable last year of some instances of friction in the international situation fortunately continues. The efforts of all Powers tend increasingly towards tranquillisation and towards the consolidation of general peace by the cultivation of tranquil reciprocal intercourse.

If only we had a Francis Joseph for the world as peace-maker in ordinary for 'the human race we might make more progress than we do at present.

The Death of King Oscar.

The most famous, the most charming and the most beloved of all the European Sovereigns of the older generation passed away last month when King Oscar of Sweden was gathered to his fathers. He was a good King—genial, cultured, sympathetic and wise. It fell to his fate to assent to the loss of his Norwegian crown. He faced his destiny with such grace and sagacity that he gained more renown by the sacrifice of a kingdom than most sovereigns achieve by the conquest of an Empire. His son, Gustavus V., is a man of more ability than is popularly believed. He is a staunch friend of the Kaiser, whom he regards as a veritable Friedenskaiser, in this being in agreement with his Danish neighbours. It is, perhaps, too soon to speak of Scandinavian reunion. But now that the five Central American States have come together in a loose kind of federal union, it ought not to be impossible for the three Kings of Scandinavia to bury their differences and confront the world as the triple kingdom of the North.

The Arrest of Dinizulu.

What threatened at one time to be the beginning of a widespread and disastrous native war has apparently been averted by the peaceable surrender of Dinizulu to the expeditionary column sent to arrest him from Natal. As Dinizulu from the



Photo. by]

The Late King of Sweden and his Family: an Interesting Royal Group.

[Topical Press.

Back row, reading from left to right: Prince Eugène, Prince William (the new King), the Duke of Skaane (holding his eldest son, the Duc de Vesterbotten), and Prince Carl. Front row: The late King Oscar (Princess Marguerite at his feet), the Duchess of Skaane (nursing her younger son), the Queen Mother, little Princess Martha (sitting on the floor), and Princess Ingeborg (nursing Princess Astrid).

first had declared his willingness to surrender himself for trial, it was somewhat difficult to understand why a small army was sent to capture him, unless there had been a design to provoke a collision which would have afforded an excuse for war. We are not yet out of the wood. Much will depend upon the issue of Dinizulu's trial. So far as can be gathered from the evidence adduced at his trial, the chief charge against him is that he incited Bambaata to resist the British, promising him arms. It is difficult, almost impossible, to form any judgment as to the value of such statements, and if every man is to be held to have aided and abetted the enemy because he talks freely in his cups, it is not only Dinizulu who must be hauled up for trial.

The Blacks and Whites in Swaziland.

A deputation from the Swazis spent some time last month in London pleading for the restoration of their independence and their deliverance from the concessionaires who have eaten up their country. Unfortunately their second grievance is the direct result of the first. Umbandini, their late

King, used his independence to give away concessions two and three times over to every acre of territory in Swaziland. Anyone who would give him a keg of whisky could rely upon a concession. To grant concessions is a right of sovereignty. What the Swazis need is an independence limited by a restriction upon their right to give concessions. All this, however, is past praying for. When the Swazis were in this country they were received by General Booth, who gave them good advice upon the avoidance of strong drink, which if it had been given and taken earlier might have saved the situation. Now it is too late. There seems to be no possibility of restoring the Swazis to anything approaching the independence enjoyed by the Basutos.

The Expulsion of Indians from South Africa.

The action of the Transvaal Government—supported as it is by the unanimous vote of the British as well as of the Boers—in enforcing the registration of Asiatics and in restricting the importation of Indians, is a disagreeable reminder of the difficulty of running a vast polyglot Empire



Photo. by]

[the Napier Studios.

Dinizulu, Chief of the Zulus.

Dinizulu, who is alleged to be at the bottom of the trouble in Zululand, is now on his trial by the Government.



Photo. by]

[Bolak.

General Booth entertains the Swazi Chiefs.

A picturesque group at the Salvation Army Headquarters.

on the basis of equal rights for all its citizens. If there is one privilege which citizenship of an Empire is supposed to confer upon all its subjects it is the right to travel and to trade on equal terms with all other citizens in all parts of the Imperial dominions. It is evident that the British Empire is not an Empire of that sort. Neither the South Africans, nor the Australians, nor the people of British Columbia are willing to admit their Indian fellow-subjects to equality of rights or unrestricted liberty of residence. The expulsion of the Indians from the Transvaal by the thousand is certain to intensify the existing discontent in British India, where it is quite possible we may be face to face with a somewhat stormy agitation. For the present nothing may come of it. But when the revival of China is an accomplished fact, Japan and China may refuse to allow hand-

fuls of white settlers to close vast empty continents to Asiatic immigration.

The Abortive Coup d'Etat in Persia.

The path of progress from despotism to constitutionalism is a rugged one, even in Persia. Last month the Shah appears to have grown restive under the growing authority of his new Parliament. He attempted a *coup d'état* after the fashion of Charles I. when he tried to arrest the five members, seized the Prime Minister, confiscated his property and sent him across the frontier. The Parliament, however, was too strong for him, and the incident ended for the moment in his swearing on the Koran to be faithful to the Constitution. The end is not yet. Persia has only nine millions of population scattered over a fertile territory which formerly supported forty millions. It is doubtful

whether her regeneration will come from a Parliament. Fortunately Russia and England have agreed to keep their hands off. But if the Shah and his subjects were to set up "hell within a ring fence" it is doubtful how long this self-denying ordinance would last.

The Foreign Garrisons in Peking.

The inimitable Mr. Dooley in comic horror recently declared that he feared the time was coming when we should even have to treat the Chinese decently. It may be a long way off, but I hope the New Year will make an advance in that direction by the withdrawal of the European garrisons from Peking. They are too few to be of any use in case of real trouble, and they are too many to be tolerated by any independent Sovereign State. The Chinese are waking up. A great educational movement is in progress throughout that vast Empire. Even if justice did not impel us to do to them as we would be done by, self-interest should lead us to make a concession which would be vastly appreciated by the Chinese, and which could not possibly do us any harm.

Korea and Japan.

It is reported from Japan that there is a demand for the despatch of more troops to Korea to enable the authorities to cope with the revolutionaries. If the Japanese had not sent so many troops to Korea last year, and had instead supplied Prince Ito with capable honest officials who would have administered justice and defended the Koreans against the locust horde of adventurers who descended upon the unhappy country, there would have been no revolutionaries to cope with. Japan is on her trial in Korea. She has shown she knows how to fight by land and by sea. She has still to show that she can administer her conquests justly and reconcile people to her rule by the impartiality of her agents. They are the best friends of Japan who adjure her to walk warily and wisely in Korea. The world will estimate her future chances more by the contentment of the Koreans than by the victory of Tshushima.

The Japanese and India.

Count Okuma, a former Prime Minister of Japan, addressing a meeting of the Indo-Japanese Association at Tokyo, appears to have made a speech which has considerably fluttered the doves of the friends of Japan in this country. He was reported to have said:—

Being oppressed by the Europeans, the three hundred millions of people of India are looking for Japanese protection. They have commenced to boycott European merchandise. If, therefore, the Japanese let the chance slip by, and do not go to India, the Indians will be disappointed. From old times India has been a land of treasure. Why should not the Japanese stretch out their hands to that country now that the people are looking to the Japanese?

The report has been repudiated, but there is no

doubt that Count Okuma expressed the sentiment of many of the Japanese. Although he referred to the Japanese fleet, he probably had no intention of suggesting military or naval action against the Europeans who are oppressing the Indians. What he had in his mind's eye was the possibility of exploiting the Swadeshi movement for the advantage of the Japanese exporter. Therein he is probably counting without his host. The Swadeshi movement is to give preference for Indian goods as against all non-Indian manufactures. But our difficulties in India will not be diminished by the presence of active and ambitious Japanese competitors who have behind them the prestige of victory.

The Canadian Tercentenary.

When so much is unrestful and menacing in other directions it is refreshing to turn to the proposed celebration in Quebec of the tercentenary of the landing of Champlain. Lord Grey has thrown himself heart and soul into the proposed commemoration of a great historical event which will celebrate the final disappearance of any political racial animosity between the French and English in Canada. It is to be hoped that his magnificent project of converting the heights of Abraham and the battlefield where Wolfe fought, conquered, and died into a public park will be enthusiastically taken up throughout the Empire. As New York has the statue of Liberty enlightening the world at the threshold of the Republic, so Canada is to crown the much more imposing gateway to the Dominion by a colossal statue of the Angel of Peace. The occasion affords a welcome opportunity of burying old feuds and reviving memories of ancient glories which are the common heritage of British, French, and Americans. In the days of Wolfe and Montcalm, George Washington was an officer in the British service, and in the victory which secured North America for the British the Colonial Volunteers from New England had an honourable and distinguished share. Rightly used, as Lord Grey of all men is certain to use it, the celebration will be a great demonstration of the progress of mankind towards international and inter-racial peace, based upon mutual understanding and genuine good-will.

Lord Kelvin.

Lord Kelvin, foremost of Scottish scientists, died last month, and was buried beside Sir Isaac Newton in Westminster Abbey. He had lived eighty-three years, and died in full possession of his remarkable faculties of body and of mind. He was one of the Brahmans of science who were proud to work for the pariahs of the street. He lived habitually in regions of intellectual elevation, the atmosphere of which was too rarefied for the ordinary man to breathe; but nothing delighted him more than from time to time to stoop to earth and

present men, his brethren, with some simple but subtle instrument which enabled them to do more easily their daily work. He improved the mariner's compass, rendered ocean cabling practicable by his mirror and syphon recorders, invented sea-sounding machines, tide gauges, and a host of other instruments. He was a hard worker, a modest student, and a thorough Scot.

The Nobel Prizes.

The awards of the Nobel prizes have this year excited some remark. That Mr. Rudyard Kipling should be selected as the recipient of the prize for Literature was probably due to his youth. The Nobel prize for Literature last year went to Carducci, who no sooner received it than he died, after which the Swedish Committee is said to have resolved that for the Literature prize no old men need apply. The Norwegians appear to have vied with their Swedish *confrères* in startling the world by the eccentricity of their selection for the Peace prize. There is one man conspicuous throughout the world as the promoter of international conferences and of international arbitration. M. de Martens originated the Brussels Conference of 1874;

he was the leading spirit in the first Hague Conference on the Rules and Regulations of War, and he was president of the Fourth Commission of the second Hague Conference. He has been in Russia for forty years the very Abdiel of the cause of international arbitration and of international peace. He was passed over in former years because of Scandinavian resentment against Russian treatment of the Finns, regardless of the fact that M. de Martens had exposed himself to Imperial displeasure by opposing that policy. To pass him over again and to give half the prize to M. Renault, a learned specialist and expert of great ability in international law, and the other half to Signor Moneta, the excellent Italian Pacificist, is a much greater outrage than passing over Meredith and Swinburne and Tolstoy to give the prize for Literature to the Banjo Bard of the great god Jingo. If such perversity persists the moral value of the Nobel Peace prize will disappear. The scientific prizes were awarded to Professor Michelson, a Swede, of Chicago, who discovered a new way of determining the velocity of light; to Professor Buchner, of Berlin, for medicine, and Dr. Laveron, of Paris, for his work on tropical fever, mosquitoes and malaria.



Mr. Winston Churchill's Tour in Africa.
Delivering a speech in the tent of a chief to a picturesque audience.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"AUSTRALIA'S QUESTION OF QUESTIONS."

To the Editor of "The Review of Reviews."

Sir,—Dr. Arthur's ably-written article on the above subject, appearing in your February issue, I read more than once with great interest. He brings out with unusual clearness that not Manchuria, nor the East, but Australia, is the natural hunting ground of the Japanese, and what a transformation scene would be effected if millions of that industrious race could but get a foothold in our midst. He places before us, too, with startling vividness the short-sighted policy of the Labour Party in discouraging the immigration of even their own kith and kin, and the terrible danger we are incurring from racial suicide brought about by interference with the marriage rite.

But with some of his other remarks I do not by any means agree. It is no use canvassing "every country where there are industrious and virile white people with feverish energy for immigrants," and obtaining land for them "at any cost," so long as certain conditions prevail in Australia, which are at the bottom of the declining birth rate, and which also account for the Labour Party's determined opposition to the importation of artisans. The fact is that, although Australia is such a new country, she is suffering from the very same evils that have sapped, and are still sapping, so much of the vitality of the old world. So long as no attempt is made to get rid of these evils it is very little use talking glibly about the necessity of importing virile immigrants from abroad, or of arming every Australian youth in the defence of his country. As a matter of fact only a very small proportion of the people living in Australia have any country, a large part of it being owned by a comparatively few. The great mass of the people struggle on as best they can, robbed at almost every turn, thankful if by good luck they happen to be employed, and are obliged to hand over most of what they earn to the landlord for the privilege to live, and to the Custom House officer for the encouragement of trade, which would be all the better without such artificial stimulus, and for the so-called protection of the working man, who needs no such protection, but only justice and the right to traffic freely with his brother man. No wonder that the trade unions, realising the keenness of the existing competition, should do their utmost to prevent the advent of fresh workers from abroad, and that the workers who are already here, realising the keenness of the competition among themselves and the precariousness of their employment for any length of time, should hesitate to marry, and when they do marry should decline to fulfil the obligations which marriage is supposed to entail. And this acknowledged and lamentable dilatoriness on their part is responsible for another crying social evil, which flaunts itself in our public streets, and still further helps to degrade the other sex.

It goes without saying that we want a far greater population than we have if we are to maintain our present hold on this wide encircling land, but we want first of all to be able to offer such terms and conditions as will induce people to visit our shores and stay here when they arrive. This question of questions is at bottom a land question, and can only be solved by making the land easy of access to the people at the same time that we reduce taxation on commodities to a vanishing point. Till that is done, or at any rate till a commencement is made in that direction,

every incoming immigrant will increase the competition among the workers for employment, and will make the lot of the worker harder than it already is. It is the knowledge of this fact which evidently prompts the action of the Trade Unions in belittling Australia, as they constantly do in the British press. One might almost forgive them for that if they would only show equal vigour in denouncing the evils of land monopoly and in showing how they can be overcome.

That we are face to face with a great world-wide problem no one can deny, and it is high time that Australian statesmen and men of Dr. Arthur's stamp went to the root of the matter and advocated a right policy before it is too late. "It is only by the most desperate and unheard-of measures," writes Dr. Arthur, "that we may hope to persist as a nation, and to hand on this great heritage to our children's children." I agree with the spirit although not with the terms of this remark. The raising of our Federal, State, and municipal revenue by the appropriation of land values apart from improvements can hardly be called "a most desperate and unheard-of measure," it would be simply an act of justice, and yet, if accompanied by the abolition of all other forms of taxation, it would undoubtedly bring about all, and more than all, the objects at which Dr. Arthur aims, without the necessity of running counter to the teaching of political economy by obtaining land for our immigrants "at any cost." Such a policy would be merely appropriating for communal purposes that value which has been directly created solely by the presence and needs of the community, which therefore belongs by right to the community, and which should be expended for communal purposes before any other form of taxation is touched. This policy is perfectly feasible, perfectly within the powers of the constitution, perfectly federal, and moreover it is—what the present system of taxation assuredly is not—perfectly just.

Such a policy would make land easy of access to labour; it would induce closer settlement of a right kind; it would give employment to all who wanted to work; it would cheapen commodities and lower rents; it would raise wages both directly and indirectly—directly, because labour could employ itself to such good effect that employers would be running after labourers instead of labourers running after employers; and indirectly, because, through the cheapening of commodities, the purchasing power of money would be greatly increased; it would enable everyone to make an honest living and to marry and bring up a family without fear and without restraint; and it would attract immigrants to our shores who would gladly leave their own down-trodden and landlord-ridden countries for one which would actually belong to its inhabitants, and which, therefore, they would be only too proud to defend.

But we must rouse ourselves and perform this "desperate" act of justice soon, or it may be too late. Whatever country is the first to do so, you may be sure that immigrants will flock in shoals to her shores, and that she will speedily outstrip all her rivals in population and wealth. The next time our patriotic orators indulge in high-flown platitudes about Australia's need, and the necessity for some great scheme of defence, let them pause for a while to expatiate on the still greater necessity for a policy which shall hand over Australia to the Australians,

and not to the landlords, and shall make her a terrestrial paradise instead of what she is fast becoming—an industrial hell.—I am, yours, etc.,

PERCY R. MEGGY.

Neutral Bay, February 1.

THE PURPOSE OF PRODUCTION.

To the Editor of "The Review of Reviews."

Sir,—I note with satisfaction that you propose to allow discussions upon political economy to be carried on in "The Review of Reviews." Will you allow me, through your columns, to ask a question, the answer to which appears to me to be of the most vital importance to the solution of almost all problems in political economy?

The question which I wish to ask is this: What is the aim or purpose of production from the point of view of the welfare of the community? In every community there is a certain amount of labour and capital available for the purposes of production. Clearly this available labour and capital may be employed efficiently or inefficiently. But what is our criterion of efficiency? How can we know whether it is employed, or tends to be employed, in the manner most beneficial to the community? The answer to this question is evidently the first step in the solution of all social-economic problems. Before we can hope to come to a definite and reliable conclusion as to whether any given economic law works advantageously or otherwise, we must first have a clear understanding of what is advantageous, of the end towards which all economic effort should be directed.

Of course, in a general sense the purpose of production is to produce wealth. This answer, though obviously true, is not sufficiently definite for our purpose. Wealth consists of an innumerable number of different kinds of commodities, and it is obvious that in order that the best results may be attained, the different kinds of wealth must be produced in certain definite proportions, and our answer must give expression to these proportions.

Most writers on politico-economic subjects appear to assume that the purpose of production is to produce wealth of maximum *value*. This is, I suppose, the answer which most people would give to my question, and it will be noted that this answer *does* specify that the different kinds of wealth shall be produced in definite proportions, in such proportions, namely, as will give a maximum total value to the wealth produced. I believe, however, that this answer is incorrect, and that the true purpose of production demands that the various commodities shall be produced in quantities and proportions which will not yield a maximum value of wealth.

If the purpose of production is to produce wealth of maximum value, then it follows that, always and under all circumstances, high values indicate a more

prosperous state of affairs than low values. It is easy to give instances in which the opposite is obviously the case. For example, it might easily happen in the case of a besieged city, that the total value of the food supply might increase as the stock of food decreased. The very scarcity of the food and the magnitude of the interests depending on it, would give it an extraordinarily high value. Clearly, in this case, high values would indicate a less desirable state of affairs than low values. Again, it might happen that the total value of an abundant harvest was less than that of a comparatively poor harvest. It would be incorrect to argue from this that poor harvests were better for the community than rich harvests.

It is a well-known economic fact, that if the supply of any commodity which is placed on the market be increased beyond a certain point, the total value of the commodity will decrease. If the supply be increased indefinitely, a point will ultimately be reached when the total value will sink to nil. This will occur when the needs of the whole community for the commodity in question are fully satisfied. I suppose all will admit that if the efficiency of labour and capital could be increased so that the needs of the whole of the community for all commodities were fully satisfied. This would be a very desirable state of affairs from an economic point of view, and yet under these circumstances the total value of the wealth produced would be nil.

I think I have now said enough to show that the production of wealth of maximum value is not the true purpose of production. From this it follows that money values are not reliable criteria for judging the efficiency of economic processes. To show that a certain economic law tends to produce maximum money values, does not necessarily prove that this law will tend to work in the best interests of the community, and that therefore governmental "interference" is undesirable. Before we can say this we must know, firstly, what it is that, in the interests of the community, should be maximised, and, secondly, whether this quantity does tend to be maximised by the operation of the law in question.

It appears to me that there must be something or rather some quantity which it is desirable, in the interests of the community, to maximise, or perhaps it is something which it is desirable to minimise. What we really want is a measure for the welfare of the community—some quantity which increases and decreases as the welfare of the community increases and decreases. As a matter of fact, the welfare of the community is a *quantity itself*, for it is capable of increase and decrease. All we want, therefore, is a means of measuring it. Can any of your readers tell me how it is to be done?

Yours, etc.,

Queensland.

G.W.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

MY FATHER AND MY SON.

BY W. T. STEAD.

Willie Stead, my first-born and oldest son, who during the whole of last year had been acting editor of "The English Review of Reviews," was suddenly summoned hence on December 14th, 1907. After three days' illness his spirit returned to Him who gave it, and four days later we committed all that was mortal of our dear son to the kindly bosom of mother earth at Brookwood Cemetery. He had lived thirty-three years and eight months when the Silent Messenger of Love called him away.

Since the announcement of our loss we have received from all parts of the world, especially from her Gracious Majesty the Queen, and from other readers of "The Review of Reviews," the kindest messages of condolence and of sympathy. To all our loving friends, many of whom we have never seen, we tender the gratitude of the aching hearts of the bereaved. And as letter after letter was opened and read, a consciousness of a certain communion grew up between us and the readers of "The Review," a fellow-feeling born of kindred grief linking us closer together, giving one at least a sense of the oneness of the human family, and the universality of the sympathetic interest aroused in every breast by the sudden Advent of Death.

So it occurred to me that my readers, many of whom have companied with me in this pilgrimage for nearly twenty years, would appreciate a sketch of him, if, disregarding the taunt of egotism certain to be flung by the necessarily misjudging stranger, I were to set out some account of the boy he had been and of the man he was.

But before writing of my son, my heart smote me with the thought of my father, after whom he was named, and in whose memory and by whose inspiration he was reared. So I preface what I have to say about my son by reproducing what I wrote when I was mourning my father's death.

I.—MY FATHER.

The following sketch of my father, the Rev. William Stead, Congregational minister, of Howdon-on-Tyne, was written on February 17th, 1884, the Sunday night after his death, which had taken place four days before:—

For the last hour I have been lying on the old couch in my father's study, watching the "shadows from the fitful firelight" dancing on the familiar walls within which so much of my earlier life was spent. The gloaming has given place to darkness. I have lit the gas, and I will now endeavour, before the first day after the funeral has gone, to jot down as faithfully as I can a few reminiscences of the father to whom, and to my mother, I owe all that I am, all that I have, all that I ever will be. The place is congenial for such a retrospect. Here, on the very spot where I am writing, my father taught me to read, and helped me, then a shy and timid child of six sitting upon his knee, to pick my way through the Latin grammar. Thirty years have gone by since those early days, when father's study was both my schoolroom and my favourite playground; but how little is changed! The small room with its bookshelves—which then seemed to me to be laden with all the learning of the world, but whose literary furnishing now seems so poor and meagre—is just as it was. The bed is changed, but all else is there. A little room it is, with one draughty window—a study and a bedroom in one; yet there was lived out within its four walls a noble

life of patient service for others, of humble devotion and simple piety. Oh! my dear, my patient, long-suffering father! How utterly inadequate are my poor words to express in merest outline the debt I owe to you, or to describe the image of personified goodness which dwells in all our memories!

In these reminiscences, jotted down on the day after the last sad rites have been rendered, I do not intend to speak except incidentally of my father as a minister. Of his fidelity to his conception of the duties of the pastorate all can speak whose lot has been cast for long or short time in that grimy spot, befouled and bemired, poisoned by chemical fumes, and darkened by the smoke of innumerable chimneys, known as Howdon-on-Tyne. Of his preaching and his visiting, of his teaching and his counsels, of his quiet unostentatious services on committees and on public bodies I will make no mention. Of his sermons, of which in the course of a forty years' ministry he had accumulated a store of several thousands, a holocaust was made a few days before his death, by his express request. Of all that voluminous pile of MSS., every page of which was penned with eager anxiety to benefit, to instruct, or to inspire the souls of men, there now remains not a single fragment. His message has been spoken. His sermons have gone up in flame, and such memory of them as still lingers in the minds of his hearers will soon pass away. But that which will never pass away is the effect of that spoken word,

reinforced by the example of that faithful life, on the characters of those among whom he laboured, and especially of those of his children.

It is more as a father than as a minister that I would speak of him. As a minister there have been many more popular, although none more respected; and there are many who were more eloquent and more successful, although no one could have been more faithful and devoted. But as a father, I never knew, I will not say his superior, but even his equal. My experience of men is wider now than when first I was called from Tyneside, but the wider the range of my acquaintance with the families of the world, the more deeply am I impressed by the fact that in him we had all but realised the ideal of

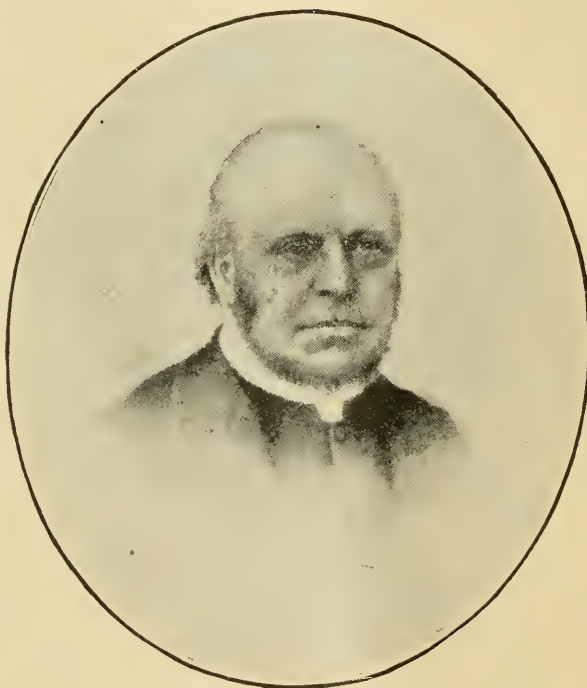
fatherhood. His life was lived for his children. Every moment he could spare from study was ours. We were always with him. One of my earliest recollections is that of constructing stables for my toy horses with Hume and Smollett's calf-bound History of England as building materials, under the table on which father was writing his sermons. One of the earliest traditions of the household is the lament that I raised when but two years old, when my father was from home, that there was "no yire in 'tuddy" (no fire in the study), and, as a consequence, being shut out from my accustomed haunt, I was miserable. My father possessed a rare gift of concentration, and could

write and study undisturbed by the noisy chatter of his children, who were making doll houses or riding a rocking-horse at the other end of the room. That rocking-horse—what memories it recalls! It was of his own making. Accustomed from youth to manual labour—he served his apprenticeship as a cutler in a Sheffield forge in the days when rattening was an ordinary incident of the cutler's life—he was never at a loss to make what he had not the means to buy. This rocking-horse was fearfully and wonderfully made, with four legs as straight as bedposts, a neck of unplanned deal, and a tail of rags; but it rocked as well as the best, and it only succumbed at last when some six of us attempted to ride it at once. Had it not been a home-made article it would have

collapsed long before. How there was ever room for it in this little room, in which even with a smaller bed there now seems to be scarcely room to turn, I cannot imagine, but it used to be there.

There was literally nothing—that was not contrary to the Ten Commandments—that our father would not have done to encourage us. Himself reserved, and humble almost to a morbid point, he fully appreciated the importance of praise as a means of encouraging to effort. Among other things he taught us to draw, and one of our earliest treasures was a box of paints, with which we used to produce some startling effects on the backs of old envelopes and letters—for paper was dear in those days, and rigid economy was a necessity in the

family of a Nonconformist minister. These early efforts of ours were pinned up in the study, until the whole wall was covered from the mantelpiece to the ceiling with our childish daubs. Seldom has a minister's study been converted into so absurd a picture gallery, but we children were as proud of it as if it had been hung with the works of the old masters, and great were our lamentations when our mother's artistic taste revolted at the patchwork of daubings, took out the pins, and consigned the whole gallery to oblivion. He taught me almost all that I ever learned, sitting on his knee at the table. I never went to school until I was twelve, and my two years' schooling, although invaluable in other things, added com-



"My Father."

paratively little to my grasp of the instruments of knowledge—except, perhaps, in algebra and mathematics. He taught us Latin almost as soon as we could read, and we were reading in the Old Testament before we were five. I learned the Latin grammar before the English, and well I remember my disgust when I first discovered that in English the substantive had only three cases, as against the six of the Latin. My elder sister and I were taught together. In every respect we were educated alike. We had the same class books, were set the same lessons, and did the same tasks. Although there were only two of us, we always went up and down in class. Top was father's knee. Bottom was a chair; and many a tear was often shed

by the eager child who, at the close of the class, was off the knee. Sharp pupils I dare say we were, but not docile; and had our good father not been one of the most patient of men, he would soon have found us insufferable.

Our school day began at six o'clock in the winter morning, when father, who down to the very last was an early riser, would hear us our spellings as we lay in bed, when he was busy lighting the fire. It was an informal class, but effective; nor did he ever allow a false spelling to escape him in all his domestic cares. After breakfast and family worship—to which morning and evening with unfailing regularity the whole household was gathered, father leading in prayer two days before he died—we had one Bible lesson, and others which kept us busy till eleven. Then we were free until after dinner, when he taught us again for an hour or two, after which, beyond learning our tasks for next day, our schooling was over. It may appear insufficient to high pressure educationalists, but it was all the schooling I had till I was twelve, and I have never had any reason to regret it. The actual teaching was, however, but one branch of our education. To be with our father day after day, at every meal except supper, to play in his study when it was wet, to go out walking with him when it was fine, to live constantly under the stimulating and inspiring shadow of his presence, this was an education in itself. We were constantly encouraged to enquire. No question was too absurd to be disregarded; no theory too wild not to be treated with kindness. Our father could not sneer, least of all at the blunders of a child. Where other parents suppress their children's questionings as troublesome or impertinent, he was ever ready to encourage. We talked to him about everything, and he told us about everything. Always studious and fond of reading, and possessing a singularly retentive memory, he was to us a perfect library, the volumes of which always opened themselves at the right place whenever we sought information. When we had to wait for a train at a railway junction for a couple of hours, he used to while away the time by weaving out of his head fascinating and endless stories of the adventures of some imaginary hero, in whose career we were soon intensely interested, who in the most natural way in the world was always visiting places or making discoveries or happening on misfortunes, which led to the imparting of immense stores of information. My first knowledge of the convict system was gained in this way, and I dare say that most of my earliest ideas as to the world and all it contains reached me from my father's lips. Few persons whom I have ever met possessed the art of making his knowledge more pleasantly available to others. He never read a book or a newspaper without gathering some facts, some incidents, some illustrations to tell us at meal times, or to serve as a subject for discus-

sion when we were out on his invariable midday walk.

But it was not merely in supplying information in a most attractive form that we found invaluable assistance in the development of our mental faculties. To educate is—philologically—to bring out far more than to pour in; and for promoting reflection and stimulating thought in his children I never knew his equal. To begin with, he made us feel absolutely on an equality with himself. No one of us ever felt the least awe of him so as to be afraid to ventilate an opinion in his presence. No one was snubbed for ignorance, or silenced for presumption. Each one was taught that his opinion was worth having. In our little commonwealth every citizen had a right to a voice, the only unpardonable thing was not to have an opinion at all. To outsiders, admitted for the first time into the vehement democracy of our household, the first impression was naturally one of scandal. The fierce young disputants showed little conventional reverence for their father. He debated with them on a footing of perfect equality. If he indulged in a fallacy it was exposed as mercilessly, and his mistakes were denounced as roughly as if he had been one of the boys; nor did he ever resent the liberties taken by his children. Oh, how he allowed us to quiz him, and ridicule his opinions, and denounce his arguments, without ever showing the least glimmering of resentment—indeed, with what mild wonderment he would have gazed upon anyone who had suggested that he should feel aggrieved at liberties which he had himself encouraged. Sometimes I fear I used to go too far, for I was impetuous beyond measure; and, in assailing a position or in defending a thesis to which I was committed, I sometimes grieved my mother, if I did not hurt my father, by the vehemence of my retorts. Twenty years and more have passed since those days, during which father was teaching his eaglets to fly, but how vivid is the sense of gratitude, how deep the impression of those hot and eager days. He never lost our respect by enduring what others called our impudence. He never asserted his right to reverence as a matter of authority, but there was not one of us who did not revere him beyond all other men.

Pre-eminent among the means by which he quickened our wits and familiarised us with dialectic was the Sunday morning breakfast. Each of us—and in those days there were six, besides father and mother, making eight in all—had to commit to memory one verse of Scripture, each selecting a chapter and taking the verses consecutively. At breakfast the youngest began by repeating his verse; every member of the family from the youngest upwards had to give his or her interpretation of the text; and so on until all the eight had said their texts, and given their explanation of their own and of each other's. Of course the very young ones did not contribute much to the polemic, but father, mother

and the elder ones contrived to raise almost all the issues of religion and morality in these discussions at the breakfast table. There were two distinct tendencies. My sister represented that of Arminianism—the gospel and the miraculous; I led the party in favour of Calvinism, natural law and rationalism. The ramifications of these tendencies were infinite, and the younger disputants waxed as hot and fierce as if they had been mature theologians discussing in a synod or general assembly. Each one had to speak in turn, but the order of debate was frequently broken in upon by youthful impetuosity not to be restrained, and then the breakfast table for a time became a miniature bear garden, until the cheerful firmness and genial good nature of our father restored peace and order into warring chaos. Whatever may be thought of the propriety of beginning the Day of Rest with so vehement a polemic, there can be no doubt as to its value as a means of stimulating thought, familiarising the mind with the practice of debate, and training the intellect to detect flaws in argument. There was no beating about the bush. Each one went to the root of the matter with a zest. Since these old days I have had some little experience of discussions with all sorts and conditions of men. I have had to discuss face to face with the foremost men of our time the most pressing questions of our day. But never in all my recent experience have I ever had such consciousness of intense mental activity, such an eager strain of every intellectual faculty, as that which I used to feel when discussing in the old family circle the great problems of the world. The experience that came nearest to it—although it did not equal it—was that of the fierce half-hour in which my late editor (J. Morley) and I used to discuss the affairs of the universe every morning before we settled down to work. But my editor was only one, whereas at home each had to hold his ground against half-a-dozen.

Another most useful habit which my father inculcated was that of remembering the leading points of whatever we heard, and repeating them over to him when he came home. Many a painful moment I have had when I forgot the heads of a sermon, but the training was most useful. Afterwards when we grew older we were set to take notes. My brother Herbert taught himself shorthand in this fashion. I, less fortunate, was confined to longhand; but the habit of taking a condensed *précis* of a speech or sermon stood me in good stead in after life. This faculty of remembering what has been said to you in order to repeat it at home has been of great use to me in many ways. In interviewing it is invaluable. I have frequently, without taking a single note, been able to dictate or write out three columns of close print report of an interview, to the accuracy of which the person interviewed has given his most emphatic testimony. The report of the interview which was the means of securing the despatch of

General Gordon to the Soudan was dictated entirely from memory at two o'clock in the morning, after a long and fatiguing day.

It would be a mistake to imagine that my only memories of my father are those of a strenuous teacher always eliciting inquiry or supplying information. He was our best, our most delightful playmate. I mixed little with the boys of the village. My sister, my father, and I were playfellows. He made us our swing. He made us our first kites; carved our first bat, and taught us how to play at cricket. It was with him that we learned to use the bow and arrow, and to fish. Almost the only things which I did not learn from him were riding and rowing. He had a nervous dread of boating, and he was never quite free from fear about horses. So deeply rooted was his antipathy to boating, and so scrupulous was the regard which we paid to his wishes, that I was twenty-three years of age before I ever handled an oar. It is very curious for one who had such an instinctive shrinking from unnecessary danger that he should have encouraged us in making all manner of chemical experiments. For years, every winter we used to amuse ourselves in manufacturing gunpowder or making squibs and in firing toy cannons. I can still see the pane of glass in the study window through which the leaden bullet fired out of a cannon I had made from an old key perforated a hole as round as a pea; but other accident we had none. There never was an interest of ours which was not his interest also. He lived our lives as well as his own, and to the last he was a boy among his boys.

That evergreen youthfulness of heart which distinguished him was a great charm to us all. His mind was always fresh. His appetite for new facts was insatiable. The last day I spent with him I read him the article on Ashantee in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and his interest was as keen as when he was in his prime. When I was in an office on Newcastle Quay, and we were too poor to take a daily newspaper, I had to bring him every night a summary of the day's news, and the retailing of this over to him when I arrived was one of the pleasures of the day. He had an abiding impatience of words and phrases. "What are the facts?" was his constant inquiry. "A phrasy body," his rendering of the French *phraseur*, was with him a term of infinite contempt. To this day, when I give a reporter instructions to convey the essence of the meeting he has been attending, I cannot do better than get him to feel as I felt when I had to describe at home what I had heard and seen. There were limitations in later years to the range of his interest, but the papers daily and weekly were read to him to the last, and one of the last inquiries he made about the affairs of this world on the morning of his death was as to the arrival of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Akin to this youthfulness of heart there was a great and unruffled cheerfulness of speech. Few but those who lived in closest intimacy with him ever knew how sore sometimes was the heart, while the face bore the same placid, kindly smile. He walked to the grave of his loved ones without betraying by a single sigh to the survivors the anguish, too deep for tears, that lay within. Oh, my dearly loved father, what depths of passionate tenderness lay beneath that calm and unruffled exterior! How little even we suspected the almost heart-breaking strain of sympathetic emotion which you were bearing, until some chance incident let loose the flood-gates of grief, and we stood amazed at the intensity of your anguish! Oh, what love was there, even passing the love of woman—so tender and true, so unselfish, so unchanging and unchangeable! He was emphatically a healthy man—healthy and whole-souled, with a sovereign hatred of shams and fine phrases, which was kept from being rancorous by a fine spirit of charity and a hearty human sympathy. I think he was the heartiest laughster I ever knew. When anything touched his sense of humour he would literally explode with peal after peal of Homeric laughter, shaking the very room in which he sat. He had a smile for everyone, especially for little children, whom he naturally attracted; and nothing was more painful and conclusive evidence of his failing powers than the fact that for the first time last summer the presence of his little grandchildren failed to rouse him to romp with them, to tell them stories, and to be once more a child among the children.

There was a fine spirit of inflexibility about his notions of duty. It was not a question of "ought" with him, but merely one of "must." He did not preach much about the obligation of doing our duty. He only made us feel that to neglect doing our duty was as flat a flying in the face of the law of the universe as the neglect to breathe. Punctual as the sun himself, he tolerated no remissness in others. Whatever might be a man's theological creed, of one thing he was sure, that whosoever did not try to do that which he knew to be his plain duty to do, that man was in the way of perdition, and would if he persisted therein come to dwell in the everlasting burnings. Yet, strong and vehement as were his feelings on such subjects, it was rarely that he expressed himself harshly about individuals. In his roughly humorous way he would deal out wholesale anathemas upon classes, such as publicans, and peers who used their position of privilege for their own profit at the expense of the Commonwealth; but towards individuals, with perhaps the exception of men who maltreated women, he was uniformly humane.

I do not remember, during the thirty years I knew him, to have seen him lose his temper once. The meekest and mildest of men, I have seen him bear insults which made me long, boy as I was, to smite

the insulter to the ground. But he never displayed any other sign of feeling than that of rubbing the side of his head with his hand. His humility was extreme. "Never think of yourself more highly than you ought to think," was a maxim ever in his mind. He carried it out by always thinking of himself less highly than he ought to think. The faculty of self-estimate is rare. We always either overdo or underdo. Our father underdid it. Modest and reserved, he never pushed himself; and what is more, he always discouraged others from pushing themselves. He always restrained; never incited to new ventures. Cautious in the extreme, he was never bold except when he saw clearly that a certain cause was right. Then all hesitation disappeared. But when of two courses neither might be right, he always preferred the more retiring. He doubted at first whether I should go on the press, and afterwards when I was called up to London he shook his head. "Why can you not remain where you are? I don't see why you should be changing." Of all things he abhorred pride. The last warning which he addressed to me the day on which I took leave of him for ever was:—"Walk humbly before God, and take care that you be not carried away by too great popularity."

Father was a man of great vigour of mind and body, but his early training had been hard. Experience had administered a cruel chill to the ardour of his hopes. Behind all the placid content and tranquil enjoyment of the delights of existence there lay deep buried—but never altogether forgotten—the mournful ghost of an unrealised ideal. He had hoped for so much, he had realised so little. Alas! it is the experience of life. He was not as useful as he had hoped, as he had prayed to be; and although he had ever striven to murmur, "Thy will be done," at times a sigh would escape him that the realities of age bore so little relation to the dreams of his youth. In his family alone were his hopes fulfilled. But even there death was busy, and ill-health was seldom absent. He never repined; but sometimes the mystery of pain and of sin and of sorrow lay heavy on him, and he began to long to go hence and to be at rest. His work was done. Why should he linger behind?

Kinder man never trod God's earth; nor a more generous soul. Nor, as I look back upon that long life now brought to an almost ideal close, can I refrain from marvelling at his courageous faith. When he began to train us, no one could have believed more implicitly that whosoever did not believe as he believed was doomed to remediless perdition. But so absolutely certain was he of the truth of his creed that he never seems to have had a single misgiving when he launched each of us upon the sea of free inquiry, with no other chart but that of always and everywhere regarding the voice of duty as the voice of God. He held back nothing from us. No books were forbidden us. We were challenged to

discuss everything, invited to question everything, and compelled to accept nothing on any other authority but that of reason and of truth. As anyone might have foreseen, the cultivation of that habit of thought in a variety of minds was certain to result, if not in the rejection, then certainly in the modification of much that he held to be essential to salvation. But when that time came, our father had himself come to recognise the inadequacy of some of his early formulas. That which to his more limited range of vision had seemed to be merely a fog of phrases without meaning, gradually became transformed into a beautifully poetical aspiration, and finally was accepted as a probable key to many mysteries.

The closing hours of our father's life were passed in perfect peace. It was almost an ideal death. He was in harness almost to the last; and then a rapid decay, with only sufficient pain to render release more welcome. Towards the close he longed to be gone and to be at rest. Yet even in these last days

of extreme weakness his spirit never flagged. One of his favourite hymns, which was read over to him many times as the moment of parting drew near, was the triumphant processional hymn of Dean Alford—

Forward be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us—
Not a look behind.

It was characteristic. With him it was ever "Forward!" even to the last. But on the morning of his death-day, when he had but a few hours to live, he asked not for the marching music of the processional hymn, but for Dr. Alexander's touching verses—

I'm kneeling at the threshold—a-weary, faint and sore;
I'm waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door.

The opening was not long delayed. "The wasted, worn, and weary" had not long to wait. After the last solemn messages had been delivered, the All-merciful bade our father rest.

II.—MY SON.

It is nearly thirty-four years since my wife and I received my son from God as the pledge and seal of our mutual love. During the first hour of agony and alarm preceding his birth we were absolutely alone in a house in the country, two miles from the nearest doctor, for whom our little maid of fourteen had been despatched in haste. As if it were yesterday I recall how his mother hovered on the brink of death in order to give to our son the gift of life. And now it is but a fortnight since his mother and I stood watching, with his wife, the last ebbing breath of our firstborn. Silently and quietly as a child falls asleep in his mother's arms he passed peacefully into the new life.

Between the fierce birth-pangs which preceded his advent and the painless rebirth into the other world stretches a span of more than three and thirty years, in which I learned all that I as yet know of the beautiful character that was entrusted to us to train and fashion for the Father's service. And although the hot tears dim the eye and our heart is sore for the absence of the visible presence of our loved one, it is not by any means with grief alone that we recall his memory. For mingled with our sorrow is a glad sense of grateful pride—I may even say joy and peace. It was a great thing to have had such a son, it was a greater thing to have had grace given us to train him to be the man he was, and it is perhaps the most comforting thing of all to feel that our stewardship, however faulty it may have been, is now complete, and that our boy, after a life, though short, full of human service faithfully performed, has now been promoted to a higher and nobler sphere as a fit instrument for further service beyond. "Call no man happy till he is dead," says the old adage, for no one can foresee the incalcul-

able chances of the unveiled Future. Our boy, happy in his life, is not less happy in his death, which opened for him the portals of a new and still more useful existence.

Of all things in this world the responsibility of parentage is at once the greatest and the least regarded. With most people it is considered only as a possible, not by any means always a desired, corollary of the indulgence of passionate desire. It was not so with us. To summon an immortal soul into being—what human act is comparable to this? A recent writer eager for polemical triumph over the believers in eternal punishment declares that the orthodox, considering the tremendous possibilities of unending misery before each soul, ought to doom themselves to childless celibacy. It is not necessary to invoke the terrors of æonian torture to justify a similar conclusion. For even if the conscious life of the individual ceased at death, the responsibility of perpetuating the existence of a race, with all its immeasurable possibilities of sin and suffering, is one from which the boldest might recoil. But the only effective way of improving the lot of man is to rear up a new generation of better stock. For the reflecting to shirk parentage is to make over the future to the spawn of unreflecting indulgence. In the world's great field of battle no duty is higher than to keep the ranks of the forces of Light well filled with recruits. It is to no holiday that our offspring are called—rather is it a combat long and stern, ending in inevitable death.

These considerations weighed much with us before marriage, and it can therefore be well imagined with what anxiety we anticipated the advent of the little one who was to carry on in the next generation the warfare to which he was dedicated before his

birth. He was the child of many prayers, not only those of his parents, for he was the first grandchild in either family. Reared in the simple faith which regarded the fruit of the womb as His reward, we both of us in all sincerity prayed that our marriage might be so blessed.

From the first Willie was destined to journalism, for which he showed an early bent. He almost worshipped me—alas! an unworthy object of such loyal devotion—and he had no greater ambition than to be an editor like his father. His mother, who brooded ever over the welfare of her children, prepared for me a delightful surprise. Procuring the necessary books, she taught herself and Willie how to write shorthand, and gave him to me as a capable stenographer as a birthday present. From that day until he left me to become private secretary to Mr. E. T. Cook, then editor of the *Daily News*, he was literally my right hand. I had, of course, other secretaries at the office. But at home, often until the late hours of the night and the early hours of the morning, Willie took my dictation with the accuracy of an automaton and the enthusiasm of a disciple.

With my absorption in the excitement of London journalism, my wife was thrown still more into the companionship of her eldest son. He was her constant helper and adviser. When she first came to Hayling Island seeking seaside lodgings, Willie, then a boy of nine, came with her, for already his judgment was far beyond his years. It was not, however, till the stormy period of the agitation for the reform of the law for the protection of young girls that she fully realised what a help and a stay she had in him. He was only eleven years old, but he went with her everywhere. One excellent lady was scandalised at the presence of the dear boy at the meetings held in connection with "Maiden Tribute." "He is all I have," said his mother, and refused to be parted from her son. It was a somewhat fiery ordeal, but Willie passed through it without even the smell of fire upon his garments. He knew everything, he heard everything, he understood everything. But a more virginal soul I never knew, either in man or in woman, down even to the day of his death.

When I was a first class misdemeanant in Holloway Gaol we had a merry Christmas party in my cell. Willie was there with his mother, and all the other children, then five in number. What romps we had—blindman's buff, puss in the corner, and all the other merry Christmas games. Never was the grim old prison the scene of a happier festival. Alas! within less than a week our joy was changed into mourning. I was eagerly expecting my wife's visit on New Year's Day. Instead I received a telegram that her mother had died suddenly in the night in Newcastle, and my wife had gone North. It was a heavy blow, compared with which my im-

prisonment was but a bagatelle. Willie was then nearing twelve years of age. None of the letters which his sorrowing mother received during that time brought so much consolation to her bereaved heart as one written by him. It was couched in the tenderest spirit of loving sympathy. He told her how deep an impression had been made upon him a short time before when in our garden he had watched a little bird die. It was the first time he had stood in the presence of death. And he bade his mother find help in the words which at that time had come to him with healing solace: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Blessed indeed are mothers who have such sons, whose love and tenderness are indeed an unfailing help in every time of trouble.

I did not send Willie to school, neither did I send him to college. He learned French and German and Russian, but neither Latin nor Greek. He was to be trained in the university of life. I was in the centre of the vortex of the movement of the modern world. He was by my side hearing everything, knowing all my aspirations, my hopes, my fears, and seconding me in everything as few could imagine was possible to a boy of fifteen. I remember when he was in his fifteenth year I parted from him—at Wimbledon Station to go to Russia on a two months' visit—as if the bitterness of death had got hold upon me. When I lost sight of his dear, loving, eager, proud face on the platform I lay back on the railway carriage and cried like a child. He was so much to me even then.

I started "The Review of Reviews" when he was sixteen years old. He was my first Helper for Wimbledon. From the first number of the "Review" he was indefatigable in forwarding every plan I put forward. I could always rely upon his sympathy and his eager co-operation. When I went to Ober Ammergau in the autumn of 1890 I took him with me, and together with him we translated the play into English and brought out the book, "The Story that Transformed the World." Before that he was one of the three hardworking secretaries to whom I dictated the bulk of "In Darkest England," which I compiled as the amanuensis of General Booth. He also had charge of our Village Circulating Library from the start to the finish.

In 1893 I took him with me as my secretary on my first visit to America. He spent three months with me in Chicago. He reported all my speeches, took down all my interviews, typed out all his notes, and then typed out what I had dictated into a phonograph. He was not so much my secretary as he was a projection from my own soul and brain. Whatever it was—politics, morals, sociology—he was ever my *alter ego*. The sad and tragic underside of the world of trampled womanhood was as familiar to him as a printed page, but the only effect it

seemed to have was to raise to a still higher pitch his chivalrous reverence for all women.

After his return his mother began to fear that his excessive pre-occupation with my work, his supreme devotion to my ideals, might make him the mere replica of myself, an echo without originality or independence of character. I knew Willie better and laughed at her fears. The result speedily justified my confidence. The first article from his pen that was printed in an English periodical was a criticism of Cecil Rhodes which appeared over his initials in the *Westminster Review*—a criticism which challenged point by point my eulogy of that great Elizabethan of the Victorian age. About this time my health compelled me to spend much of my time in comparative retreat at Hayling Island. Other interests came into his life. He was engaged with Mr. Cook on the *Daily News*, and shortly afterwards he married at the age of twenty-three.

There is often much truth in the saying, "A son's a son till he gets a wife; a daughter's a daughter all her life." Now, as in old time, a man forsaketh father and mother to cleave unto his wife, and no husband ever claved more closely or with more passionate devotion to his wife than did my son to the American lady, Lottie Royce, daughter of the late Professor Royce, whose family belong to Fulton, in New York. Nor was she unworthy of the affection which led him to leave all to follow her. A more devoted pair never lived. They were inseparable. In business and in society they lived together, sharing every thought, every aspiration. During the ten years of their married life they were only twice separated for a single day. All the tenderness and loving sympathy which his mother had enjoyed from his early boyhood were now lavished without stint upon his wife. As they had no children, they were all in all to each other. The blow of our bereavement is broken by the loving sympathy of the other members of the family. But his widow mourns alone, enduring with heroic fortitude one of those afflictions which brave old Samuel Johnson truly said "lacerate the continuity of existence."

No differences of political opinion ever made any breach in the closeness of our affection. He always continued to write for "The Review," although his connection with it was not so close as before. When he set up a house of his own he lived in Battersea. His uncle, the Warden of Browning Settlement, enlisted him in social work at Walworth, where he soon became a pillar of strength. His adult class on Sunday morning was a constant source of interest and of pleasure to himself, of profit and of moral and intellectual stimulus to its members.

When Mr. Morley undertook to write the "Life of Mr. Gladstone" he engaged my son as his private secretary, and for three years he greatly enjoyed the advantage of working under Mr. Morley's direction. Mr. Morley had both father and son as helpers

at different periods. I am glad to know that he found the son an improvement upon the father. When Willie died Mr. Morley wrote to me from Flowermead:—

"With all my heart I mourn with you at this sore tribulation. I had a real affection for him. He was full of qualities both to love and to admire. It grieves both of us in this house to the core, for we knew him at close quarters."

It was not until the unfortunate enterprise of the *Daily Paper* that I realised to the full the magnificent *élan*, the splendid enthusiasm and the indomitable courage of my brave boy. Called in to undertake the management at a moment's notice, he never flinched, and when my health broke down he put his shoulder to the wheel and did all that mortal man could do to snatch success from the jaws of disaster. It was a hopeless task. But no man on all the staff but recognised with affectionate enthusiasm the gentle loveliness of that serene spirit who never said a harsh word, but whose will was as iron beneath the velvet glove.

He took over the sole direction of the Book Department of "The Review of Reviews," which he conducted until his death. When I went to Russia in 1905 he acted as editor of "The Review" in my absence, and nothing was so grateful to me during all that trying time as the youthful enthusiasm and confidence of the letters which reached me from his pen. When in 1906 it fell to the lot of our family to undertake the detail work of the national welcome that was given to the German editors on their visit to this country, he was untiring in his efforts to make their visit a success, and few letters have cheered me more than those which I have received since his death from our German guests, who cherish the kindest memory of his unwearying assiduity and genial helpfulness.

Last year when I undertook the mission round Europe and America before the Peace Congress I made over to him full responsibility for the editing of "The English Review of Reviews" in my absence. Nobly, as always, he responded to my appeal, although, little as I knew it, the call made serious inroads both upon his business and his strength. He was always cheerful, so buoyant, so delighted to help that I little knew at what a sacrifice I was being helped.

He was not robust, although for the thirteen years before last spring he had never once consulted a doctor. There was a resiliency about him which misled those who only met him occasionally, a joyous spirit of laughing humour which seemed to render the idea of ill-health absurd.

But he suddenly sickened and passed away after only three days' illness. The doctors say it was a bad case of blood poisoning affecting the heart. I had come up to town on Saturday to meet him at night, when the temporary appointment of Acting Editor was to have been made permanent, and he

was to have been formally appointed as my successor in the editorial chair. I did not hear of his illness till a quarter past eleven in the morning. Down to a quarter to eleven at night I was absolutely incredulous that his life was in danger. At a quarter past eleven I saw him die.

His was a noble life, brief in span, but full of service from his boyhood up. Of all those who knew him as a boy or man no one ever heard him say an unkind word or do an ungentle action. As one said who had worked with him, he was the ideal of a gentleman. Lovable he was and loyal, chivalrous and true in every phase of human life. "He was the one man," said his widow to me, "who perfectly lived out all the ideals of which you have ever written."

Mazzini was a great inspiration to him, and he owed much to Russell Lowell and Thomas Carlyle. When he was eighteen years old he wrote in a small family Christmas souvenir as the saying which had most influenced him, after Prov. iii. 5, 6, these words from Carlyle's "Past and Present": "To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed."

In the spirit of that aspiration he lived to his last days on earth, and in that spirit he is living still.

These reminiscences recall more of the childhood of the boy when he was constantly with us than of his manhood, when he had a home of his own and was making his way in the world. The child was father of the man, and only his mother and I can speak of these early days, whereas many knew him in later years. As I recall the bonny, curly-headed laddie whom I carried so often on my shoulder, I feel a strange sense of the unreality and the evanescence of the body. In the thirty-three years of his life his soul was incarnate in so many bodies, which blended imperceptibly one into the other. I remember him more vividly in some of these earlier incarnations than in his last. But the invisible spirit was ever essentially the same. Yet it was not until it had departed that I quite realised what he had been and is.

The canonisation of Death is a phrase which is often more fitly applied to the memory of those who have lived than to the outworn casket after it has been deserted by the spirit which gave it life. But in the case of our dear boy something of the glory of the change that had come over him seemed to linger round his earthy tenement. Never had his features appeared to me so instinct with power and with the eager spirit which strives ever forward than when I saw him on his bier. When the third day

of death had fled there was no trace of the touch of "Decay's effacing fingers."

We mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,

but there was no languor on the placid cheek nor "cold destruction" on "the changeless brow." There was all "the loveliness in death, That parts not quite with parting breath"; but in place of the "gilded halo hovering round decay," we saw with wonder and with awe the presence of power in repose. There was no sadness in the shrouded eye. His face had all the old sweetness, but added to it a certain radiant keenness and consciousness of will to aspire and of power to achieve which to me had but been rarely revealed before. Youth, faith, confident joy of life triumphant never found more perfect expression than in the Seal which Death stamped on the features of my son.

I conclude this all too imperfect tribute to the most perfect human character I have ever known by quoting some lines expressive of the joy that comes in a father's heart from the knowledge that his son is with him still:—

. . . . I heard a Voice:
"My father, here am I!
Close by thy side—closer because I died,
As men do call the passage into life;
And henceforth I am ever by thy side,
And death, instead of parting, doth unite."

"Who speaks?" I cried.

"Who speaks?" the Voice replied. "I am your son,
And not the trace of death upon me.
Death!—there is no death! Death is no more.
Death is the portal through which timid men
Do enter into life. Death is no foe to love,
But rather love's best friend, for it unites
The lover and his mistress, father, son,
The mother and her children. Life is full
Of sighs and tears and sorrows. Parted friends,
Severed by time and space—love's enemies—
Find in the grave the union long denied
By envious fate. Life—what you call life—
Is full of parting; the great uniter—Death—
Undoes the wrongs of life, and brings to each
Their loved and lost. The union here
Is ne'er undone; we live and love; but part
No more for ever. And oh, father, I
Am with thee now, never to leave thy side."

. . . I bowed my head
And worshipped—worshipped Him who gave,
And gave yet more when taking. "Oh, the love
That makes the grave the gate of comfort,
Bringing together those who love
Once more. And thus in life—this life,
Maketh the heart—the mourner's heart—
Glorious with conscious knowledge of God's love."

So prayed I, praised I, with bowed head.

Thus the stern, grim-visaged Death,
Which seemed to slay with envious hate, was but
The sweet, good angel of the love of God.

III.—HIS WORK IN WALWORTH.

By HIS UNCLE.

Perhaps nowhere was the blow of my nephew's death more keenly felt than at the Browning Settlement. In his own quiet way he had grown into the position of one of the principal pillars of the work. Only when he was removed did we begin to realise how much had depended on him. He was officially connected with the Settlement for eight years. In 1899 he became Secretary of the Browning Club and Tavern Building Fund. In the *Daily News* in 1900 and in "The Review of Reviews" in 1903 he wrote descriptions of the work and aims of the Settlement, which showed his grasp of the whole field of social work. In 1903 he took charge of the senior group of the Adult School, and made it into a conversational class in Christian Sociology. He always began by writing upon the blackboard some notable saying, which he made the text of a short lay sermon. It was taken from any or every source of help, in ancient or modern literature, scriptural or non-scriptural. Philosophy, poetry, sermons and romances, the wisdom of Jewish, Moslem and Pagan saints, were all laid under contribution. The note-books of the men make a fine anthology of ethical and religious lore; and the liberal education thus conveyed in the criticism of life may be readily inferred. One of the last sayings of his choosing was this from Russell Lowell, and illustrates the principle that lay behind his selections:—

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone:
Each age, each kindred adds a verse to it:
Texts of despair, or hope, or joy, or moan

The very last couple of sayings may be quoted. They are characteristic of the man and of his method:—

Dec. 1st. "If we cannot strew life's path with flowers we can at least strew it with smiles."—*Dickens*.

Dec. 8th. "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."—*Emerson*.

When December 15th came he had joined "the choir invisible" whose messages he had so often passed on to others. These sayings I have transcribed from a working man's note-book, itself a pathetic but inspiring document of educative achievement. After the Great Saying had been written and spoken about, the course of study was proceeded with. A short talk from the conductor is followed by a general discussion in which all members are free to take part. Among the subjects of his eight sessions were: "The Waiting World" (The preparation of the world for the coming of the Christ), "The Awakened World" (the first centuries of the Christian era), a series of "Model Employers," "Great English Prose Writers," "The Poor Law Past and Present," "Great City Problems" and "the topic of the week" preceding. His

last course was on Adam Smith and the Wealth of Nations

Another important feature in the work of the group was the Saturday afternoon ramble to places of historic or other interest. This supplied an opportunity for the men, their wives and friends to become well acquainted with one another, and also for real first-hand knowledge of things in the laboratory of history. So useful has this method proved to be that it was adopted by the Walworth centre of the London University Extension Board as an adjunct to their lectures, and has now passed into the general curriculum of the Board and of the London County Council. A much enjoyed "ramble" of the Adult School was to his home, in Clapham Park. The effect of all this intermingling of life and thought may be imagined.

The boon was far from one-sided. He described the group as "a live body of men keenly interested in the study of everything that concerns their daily life, and how to improve it": and four years with such men was, to say the least, a most valuable training. Every Sunday as he returned home he would talk over with his wife the doings of the Adult School: what each man said: who were absent, and so on. They were not confused items in the blurred gaze of an abstract philanthropist: they were, to him, personal friends: they were brothers. No wonder the class steadily increased in numbers and in interest.

When the Settlement magazine *Fellowship* was started two years ago he became manager, and characteristically made co-operation with him a pleasure to all concerned. He made this tiny publication the concentrated distillation of the life of the Settlement and of the many movements which radiate from it. He also served as Secretary of the Finance and General Purposes Committee, which the steady expansion of the Settlement made a more and more useful body.

Both in committee and in council he was a perfect comrade. He understood the Settlement down to the ground, with a sympathy equally fundamental: and he was absolutely loyal. He made of self-suppression a fine art. The service that he did for others, no matter what it cost him, was always cheerfully rendered: it was as unobtrusive, as selfless—and as sure—as the law of gravitation. His self-denial was not of the grim ascetic kind, nor of the flabby, pusillanimous sort, but firm and strong and beautiful with smiles. Most of all to be remembered is the self-diffusive influence of his personality. He shed around him an atmosphere of sunlight. Whether he was silent or spoke, you could not but feel his effluent gentleness and kindness.

I never remember him once losing his temper or

saying an angry or unkind word. The nearest approach that I have seen to irritation or wrath was a slight darkening of the face, as though the sun had gone for a moment behind a cloud. You always felt better in his presence. It made you unconsciously come to think better of yourself and of everyone else. He was never discouraged; or at least he kept his discouragements to himself. So he was a pillar of hope and calm faith, on whom we were glad to lean.

Our experience of him entirely confirms his father's verdict: "He was the nearest approach to a perfect character that I have known." This is not the hyperbolic language of passionate bereavement. I said the same nearly a dozen years ago. At his twenty-first birthday I stated that of all the men I had ever known he had shown least trace of original sin. I have repeated the remark again and again during his life, and with growing reason.

So men ripened under his influence as the peach ripens under the summer sun. Never will I forget what happened when I conveyed to the men of the Adult School, awaiting him to come and speak to them, the news of his sudden death. The request they made that they might carry his body to the grave came from their very hearts. And as the coffin was carried from the church on the shoulders of the strong men who had loved him with the man's deep love, his widow said, "This would have pleased him more than everything else, that his body should have been carried to its last resting-place by these men of his class."

We buried him in Brookwood Cemetery on December 18th, beside his aunt. At the funeral service in the mortuary chapel I was asked to pay a parting tribute to his memory, and after reading the lesson from the Burial Service I said:—

These great words of Christian faith shine into our hearts to-day with light from the very Face of God. They turn the dark mystery of our sorrow into a cloud of glory. But a cloud it remains. We cannot pierce

through it or understand. It all seems so strange. We see a noble career, nobly begun, abruptly ended. We see a nobler character, radiant with the serene gentleness that wins and leads and saves, plunged into sudden night. The tower of hope on whom so much depended, the promise of wide and wise service on press and platform and in council chamber, the prospect of victorious effort on behalf of them that labour and are heavy-laden, have been smitten to the dust. Why? O why? We know not. But God knows. And we know God.

We know Him in the beauty and the strength of the life which He has just withdrawn. His was

"a spirit that to all the poor was kind as slumber after pain." His presence made summer whatever winter reigned. So fair a soul attests its Maker.

We know Him in the highest experiences of our own lives. We, too, can say—

I know Thee, who hast kept my path and made
Light for me in the darkness, tempering sorrow,
So that it reached me like a solemn joy;
It were too strange that I should doubt Thy love.



Photo. by]

The Late W. Stead

[Elliott and Fry.

Best and clearest of all we know Him in the Man who bore our sins and carried our sorrows and opened up to us the Life Eternal.

The wild world of hostile circumstance may dance around us, trampling on our plans and shattering our hopes, the grim spectre may strike his dart through the treasured dreams of years and stab anguish into our hearts; but not all the crowding tragedies of life or death can shake the central certitude imbedded deep within the core of the soul. We cannot doubt the Love which has woven itself so wondrously with the very texture of His life and of ours. We may not know the reasons of this strange providence. But we know God. To that our souls recur, and in our certainty of Him we believe that all is well; all is for the best. So securely fixed at the very base of our being in this confidence that the worst heart-wrench only makes us the more aware of the Divine tenderness:—

Through the clouded glass
Of our own bitter tears, we learn to look
Undazzled on the kindness of God's face;
Earth is too dark, and Heaven alone shines through.

And from that opened Heaven has there not fallen upon the past a light that tempts us to adore? It is an abiding consecration to remember that there has dwelt with us in the home, in the office, and in the Settlement a soul of rarest beauty, a gleam of God's own heart, a character outlined and illumined by the Christ. There has lived with us all these years an unflinching witness to the calm unselfishness, the sublimity of purpose, the lowliness of service, the sweetness and the gentleness of love which make up the Eternal Life.

As we recall the singular flawlesseness of his life, we begin to feel why he must go. It seems as if earth had no more to teach him. The whirl of mortal experience had finished its work and rounded off his character.

Thou Heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou of earth's wheel?

"Other heights in other lives" unfurl before him. The portico finished with such elaborate care by the great Builder suggests the splendour of the as yet Hidden Temple to which it leads. The career seemingly cut short has but entered on a fuller course:—

Somewhere, surely . . .
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Can we not look up and say—

Thou art not idle; in this higher sphere
Thy spirit lends itself to loving tasks;
And strength to perfect what it dreamed of here
Is all the crown and glory that it asks.

One instinctively uses the words of the poets he loved so well.

Early and swift is the promotion which our comrade has won, and shall we not cry—

Go up and on! Thy day well done,
Its morning promise well fulfilled,
Arise to triumphs yet unwon.
To holier tasks that God has willed.

And let us ask ourselves what is to be the first task of his unseen ministry? Is it not to win us from ourselves to the service and the faith in which he lived?

Through such souls alone
God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light
For us in the dark to rise by.

His life is intertwined with ours. Innumerable links of memory and of love bind him to us, and bind him to us never so closely as now. Are they not drawing us upward? Is not the very wrench of bereavement but the tug of his soul on ours to lift us to a nobler life? He has risen, and he would fain have us rise with him. I cannot help but feel that he is hovering over us wistfully and wonderingly and fosteringly as ever, bidding us rise out of the night of doubt and dismay into the Light wherein he dwells. He is still as ever, nay more than ever.

Cheerful and helpful and firm.

I appeal to the comrades of his staff, to workers in his office, where the relation was not that of employer and employed, but of friend and friend.

I appeal to the men of Walworth whom he loved and served, of whom he was proud with the pride of father and brother in one, on whose shoulders his body has been carried hither and will be borne hence to its last resting-place.

I appeal to all who have known him, loved and admired him, here and now to respond to the impulse of his purpose, to the strong desire of his love.

Let every dark grudge, every bitter remorse, every coward fear of noble life and strenuous service, be buried in his grave.

Let your souls rise out of the dark prison of low or sordid ambition or selfishness. Dare to strive as he strove, to serve as he served.

Who will fill the gap that he has left in our ranks?

Who will take up the work from which he has been torn?

Who will vow now in the presence of the dead to see that the work to which he gave freely of time, love, life, shall not suffer?

Who will be baptised for the dead? Above all, who will, in the glory of the memory of this life, born for Christ, baptised into Christ, nurtured for Christ, devoted to the high ends of Christ, hearken to the Great Voice saying:—

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me."

THE COMING REVOLUTION.

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR AND ITS EFFECT ON THE WORLD.

Is it evident that the airship is to be the sensation of the New Year. The misfortune which befel the "Nulli Secundus," which was saved from utter ruin by slitting up the gas-bag, followed as it was by the catastrophe which led to the loss of "La Patrie," have not impaired in the least the confidence which is entertained as to the conquest of the air. Both the "Nulli Secundus" and "La Patrie" perished not in the air, but on the ground. Even in a hurricane, if they had been in the air, and manned by a competent crew, they would have probably survived the fury of the tempest. It was when they were tethered to the earth that the immense expanse of their cylindrical balloons offered such resistance to the gale that rendered it impossible for them to be held down. In the case of the "Nulli Secundus" the prompt action of one of the attendants by splitting up the bag averted the complete catastrophe which subsequently led to the destruction of "La Patrie." The moral of both these incidents is that airships of the gas-bag description are never to descend to the earth unless they can be sheltered from the fury of the wind. It ought not, however, to be impossible to provide every such aerial vessel with a network with innumerable ends by which they could be tethered to the ground securely enough to enable it to defy the worst fury of the wind. It is with airships as with seagoing vessels: for one ship that founders in mid-ocean there are a hundred that are destroyed on the coasts. So far from these untoward incidents deterring mankind from pressing steadily forward on the conquest of the air, they will probably give an impetus to the enterprise of the inventor.

THE EFFECT OF AIRSHIPS ON THE NERVES.

An incident which was reported from France a week before Christmas brings forcibly home to the popular imagination the world possibilities of aerial navigation. The people of Nancy, it is said, were startled by a sudden apparition of a brightly-lighted aerial vessel which remained high in mid-heaven above their town for some considerable time. At first they imagined it was a meteor, but afterwards they came to the conclusion it must have been an airship. But what airship? The ships of the world can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The French have only one, and that was safely in storage, and the suspicion grew that the Germans had been making a nocturnal reconnaissance. But as the mysterious visitor departed as it came, in the silence of the darkness of the night, no one knows whence it came or whither it went. It is easy to

imagine the jumpy state of popular nerves if in a period of strained relations with Germany, for instance, a similar mysterious visitation were to be reported from Portsmouth or Devonport. The immense potentialities of this new factor in warfare are now dimly beginning to be observed by the popular imagination. The difficulty of hovering, and what has been regarded by some as the still more insuperable difficulty of preventing a sudden upward rush of the balloon when an aerial torpedo with two hundred pounds of gun-cotton is suddenly launched upon a slumbering ironclad or the powder magazine of a great fortress, will be soon overcome by the ingenuity of mankind.

"THE WAR IN THE AIR."

Under these circumstances it was only natural, and indeed inevitable, that the more imaginative romancer who has inherited the scientific imagination of Jules Verne should have selected aerial warfare for the exercise of his ingenious fancy. In the *Pall Mall Magazine* for January Mr. H. G. Wells begins his new serial, entitled "The War in the Air." The full title of the story is "The War in the Air, and Particularly How Mr. Bert Smallways Fared While It Lasted." Mr. Bert Smallways is a young man, the son of a market gardener, living in the Kentish village of Bunhill, six miles from the Crystal Palace. He is a somewhat degraded type of the human being generated in the age of motor-cars, developed in the atmosphere of petrol, and he attains manhood at the time when men were beginning to fly. Mr. Wells describes how the practice of ballooning became so popular and they multiplied to such an extent that their ballast became a serious inconvenience to the inhabitants over whose lawns and gardens they emptied their gravel. Everyone began to talk of flying, and some began to fly in machines heavier than the air, which occasioned disaster. Sometimes they smashed the machine, sometimes they smashed the aeronauts, usually they smashed both. Then there was a slump in flying, and the mono-rail gyroscope became the craze for many years. Mono-rail cable standards bristled all over the country. The English Channel had been bridged by a series of great Eiffel Towers, carrying mono-rail cables at a height of one hundred and fifty feet above the waters. Then heavy motor-cars began to run about on a couple of wheels, and as if this were not sufficient to upset everything Miss Patricia Giddy, a submarine prospector, made a discovery of auriferous rocks under the sea on the coast of Anglesea, which rendered seventeen ounces

of gold to the ton. Under the influence of this strong excitement interest in *aéroplanes* subsided, only to revive again, no one knows how or why. The War Departments of the world were busy building flying machines, and expectation was on the *qui vive*, when suddenly, without warning, Mr. Alfred Butteridge, an Imperial Englishman, who was living with another man's wife, of Scotch descent, who was reported to have stolen the secret from a dead inventor at Cape Town, appeared with the machine which settled the problem of *aërial* navigation. It was a small business-looking machine that flew as well as a pigeon. Starting from the Crystal Palace at six o'clock one summer morning, he circumnavigated London, reached Birmingham at half-past ten and Glasgow at one o'clock, returning by Manchester, Liverpool and Oxford, and he was back at the Crystal Palace in nine hours after he started. The following is Mr. Wells' description of this machine of destiny:—

Mr. Butteridge remained in the air altogether for about nine hours, and during that time he flew with the ease and assurance of a bird. His machine was, however, neither bird-like nor butterfly-like, nor had it the wide, lateral expansion of the ordinary *aéroplane*. The effect upon the observer was rather something in the nature of a bee or wasp. Parts of the apparatus were spinning very rapidly, and gave one a hazy effect of transparent wings; but parts, including two peculiarly curved "wing-cases"—if one may borrow a figure from the flying beetles—remained expanded stiffly. In the middle was a long rounded body like the body of a moth, and on this Mr. Butteridge could be seen sitting astride, much as a man bestrides a horse. The wasp-like resemblance was increased by the fact that the apparatus flew with a deep booming hum, exactly the sound made by a wasp at a window-pane.

Mr. Butteridge had no sconeer achieved this astonishing flight, which set the world agog, than he took his machine to pieces and devoted himself to prosecuting everybody who refused to pay him the bonus offered for the first successful flying machine. He was also interviewed extensively by the newspapers, to whom he confided his determination to have his mistress recognised as a stainless heroine. In his negotiations with the British Government he demanded her rehabilitation, in addition to exorbitant financial terms. Whatever was the cause, the British Government refused to rise to his terms, whereupon Mr. Butteridge shakes the dust from off his feet against his native land.

"I came from the end of the earth," he said, "bringing my Motherland the secret that would give her the empire of the world. And what do I get?" He paused. "I am sniffed at by elderly mandarins! . . . And the woman I love is treated like a leper!

"I am an Imperial Englishman," he went on in a splendid outburst, subsequently written into the interview by his own hand; "but there are limits to the human heart! There are younger nations—living nations! Nations that do not snore and gurgle helplessly in paroxysms of plethora upon beds of formality and red tape! There are nations that will not fling away the empire of earth in order to slight an unknown man and insult a noble woman whose boots they are not fit to unlatch. There are nations not blinded to Science, not given over hand and foot to effete snobocracies

and Degenerate Decadents. In short, mark my words—*there are other nations!*"

The story breaks off at this point with this vulgar boulder Butteridge departing to Berlin or Washington for the purpose of selling the secret which carried with it the empire of the world to our rivals. It is to be "continued in our next."

So much for Mr. Wells, who has at least made an effective opening for his story, the continuation of which will be looked for eagerly next month.

WHAT AIRSHIPS CAN DO IN WAR.

Mr. Oakley Williams, in the same number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, contributes an illustrated article on "The Airship as a Destroyer." His article is very interesting and suggestive. The first French airship "Lebaudy I.," with one hundred successful ascents struck a tree stump and collapsed. "Zepelin II." broke down in mid-air, and a few weeks after her first ascent came down with a crash in the heart of a forest, where a storm broke her to pieces. "Nulli Secundus" had to have its throat cut to save its life at the Crystal Palace. "La Patrie" has sailed away to destruction, leaving her machinery as a souvenir in Ireland. The most interesting part of Mr. Williams' article is the quotation which he makes from Major Moedebeck's estimate of the use that could be made of airships in war time. Major Moedebeck is a member of the German Balloon Corps, and Mr. Williams declares he is one of the sanest and soberest of critics:—

He postulates an "ideal" airship able to do 54 kilometres (say 35 miles) an hour, to carry a ten hours' provision of petrol, and to raise 500 kilogrammes of "fighting ballast" torpedoes or other disagreeable missiles. At the outbreak of war it will be the business of the airship fleet to discover the plan of the enemy's mobilisation as no other spy could do, and hamper them by the destruction of telegraph lines. Then it will discover the strategy of the enemy's advance, and disconcert it by destroying railways or blowing up bridges as occasion may arise. Further, the major thinks, if the airship were to accompany the march of the hostile army, and by day and night drop an occasional bomb among its ranks, the soldier's nerves might be on raw edge long before he had come within sight of the enemy. Further still, it might make itself felt by an occasional dash for the chief depôts in the enemy's country, in the amiable endeavour to set fire to its stores.

Once the armies are in the field, three main duties fall to the airship—reconnaissance, attack, and the harassing of the lines of communication. For the purposes of attack it might help to decide the issue by devoting its attention to the headquarters staff, and thereby paralysing, or at any rate seriously interfering with, the brain of the army. Further, it should be able to take in the rear any batteries in action, and distract the attention of their gunners. The convoys and supply columns in the rear would be at its mercy. It needs little imagination to conceive the moral and intellectual damage, quite apart from material hurt, which an airship, floating over a crowded town, herself removed above reach of reprisals, scattering explosives impartially, might inflict on the defenders. A couple of well-aimed torpedoes would without difficulty account for the gas reservoirs or electric light works, and add darkness to the horrors of a siege. For the ugly work of incendiarism, more especially when the fire brigade stations have been wrecked, the airship has peculiar and horrible qualifications. Similarly, by keeping the attacking force continually

on the move, and by endangering their lines of communication and transport, an airship on the side of the besieged might prove a valuable asset.

The carrying capacity of any aërostat must be determined by its lifting power, and its muniments of war must always serve as its fighting ballast. But the ideal airship should be able to carry a fighting armament of 500 kilogrammes (say roughly something under 10 cwt.), in the shape of light aërial torpedoes or other explosives, and she would then in all conscience be terribly formidable. Major Moedebeck is of opinion that at the height of anything up to 5000 feet the fire of an airship should be effectively aimed, because the aëronaut as he drifts hundreds of feet above has a view of his target such as no gunner could hope to obtain.

Some very ingenious experiments carried out by Colonel Templer with the free balloon, before the Hague Convention agreed to impose a close season of five years (it expired in 1903) on aërial missiles of all sorts, showed that the effect of explosives dropped from above was very drastic. A pilot balloon carrying a charge of gun-cotton was launched from a captive balloon and directed to drift with the wind over a given target. At the right moment the charge was dropped and fired by electric current from the captive balloon. The results were said to be startling and devastating.

Dockyards and harbours too lie at the mercy of the airship. Moedebeck's "ideal" airship, with a speed of thirty-five miles an hour, would have the legs of the fastest cruiser afloat, unless the vessel, by changing her course, threw the force of the wind against the airship. But an airship may be built for £10,000, and a couple of lucky shots that happened to find their billet might well put a "Dreadnought" to the value of £2,000,000 sterling out of action. Finally, the airship's services as a scout may well be as useful at sea as they will be on land. Santos Dumont has left it on record that at a height of several hundred feet he could trace the course of a submarine travelling a considerable depth under water, and wholly invisible from either sea or land.

THE PERILS OF THE AIRSHIP.

In the January *United Service Magazine* Captain C. B. de Boone gives a short history of what has been done to conquer the air. This summary is necessarily very incomplete. He mentions therein, however, that in 1899 the Hague Conference prohibited the throwing of missiles and explosives from airships or balloons for a period of five years, and then proceeds to say that this agreed term having expired they are no longer limited in their action. He does not appear to know that all the Powers excepting France, Russia and others agreed at the Conference last year to prohibit this throwing of missiles until the next Hague Conference met. Captain de Boone does not help us much in setting forth what the airship could do in war time. He fails to point out the extreme difficulty any such ship would experience in suddenly being lightened by

the discharge of even the lightest torpedo. In a machine lighter than air the bound upwards would be great, and the necessary manœuvring into position again would be extremely difficult. He does mention one interesting item—that a rigid airship of the Zeppelin type costs more than twice as much as a flexible airship, which can be built for £10,000.

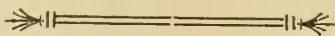
ITS DIFFERENT VARIETIES.

Mr. Ernest La Rue Jones contributes a copiously illustrated article on the Conquest of the Air to the January number of the *American Review of Reviews*. The following definition of the different varieties of airships is worth quoting:—

The gasless type subdivides into three—the aëroplane, the orthopter or beating-wing machine, and the helicopter or direct-lift machine. The aëroplane obtains its lifting capacity by being forced against the air by vertical propellers at a speed so great that the pressure on the under side, properly inclined, will cause it to rise and maintain its course through the air, either parallel with the earth or at varying angles. The orthopter is a close imitation of the bird, with flapping wings, but in merely soaring or gliding it would have the attributes of the aëroplane. The helicopter, or "hellish-copter," as its friends jokingly call it, depends upon driving efficient horizontal screws or propellers at a speed great enough to pull the machine vertically or obliquely into the air.

He says there are at present only three perfectly practical, useful and dirigible balloons, all of which are German—the "Zeppelin," the "Parseval," and the "Gross." The record belongs to the "Zeppelin," which has attained a speed of thirty-four miles an hour and has covered over 200 miles in an eight hours' ascent. The "Patrie" is now lost, but the French Government has ordered five more airships of the same type. The Italian and the Spanish Governments are both building airships of the gas-bag pattern. The author says:—

The helicopter, to the laity, seems to be the best type of the gasless machine. An aëroplane must start with a speed of at least twenty-five miles an hour in order to maintain flight, while experiments with a model helicopter with a load of one pound to the square foot surface, showed a speed of twelve miles an hour, sufficient to maintain the machine in the air. With the helicopter one can advance at a more speedy angle than with the aëroplane, and there is the possibility of hovering at an angle within the limits of a comparatively small space; and the angle of descent is sharper. But the drawback to this type is the unreliability of the present light motor. With the aëroplane the stopping of the motor is not disastrous, and a long glide to earth can be made but with the helicopter the safety of the operator depends at once on the motor going until stopped by the operator on landing.



CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—BURNS.



Melb. Punch.]

Form on the Day.

(On Tuesday, 14th January, 1908, Clem. Hill and Hartigan completely collared the English bowling in the Third Test Match at Adelaide.)



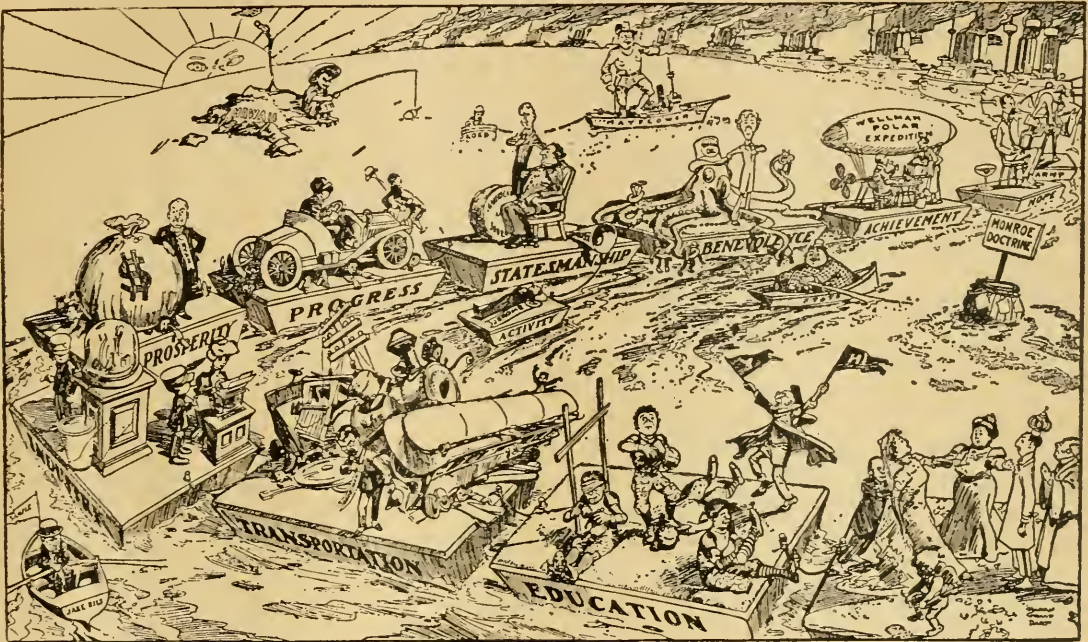
The Bulletin.]



Westminster Gazette.]

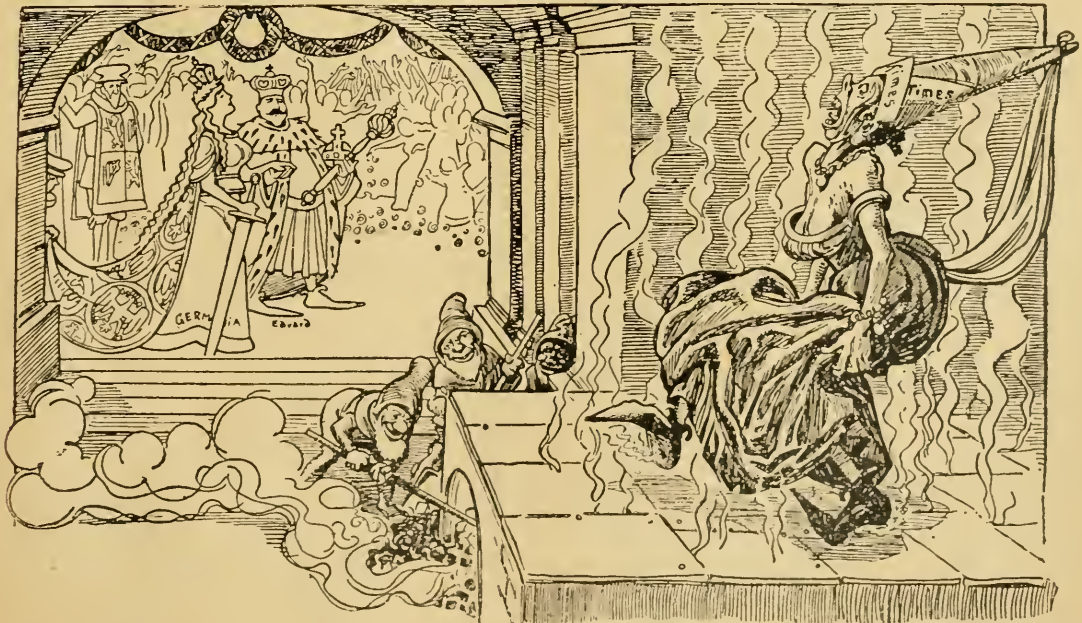
The Socialist Bogy.

LITTLE LIBERAL PARTY: "Don't you be frightened, grandmother! He wants you to take away my horse and give it to him."



By permission of "Life," New York.]

"While impressing the Orient with our Pacific Fleet, why don't we send along pictorial floats and show 'em how great we really are?"

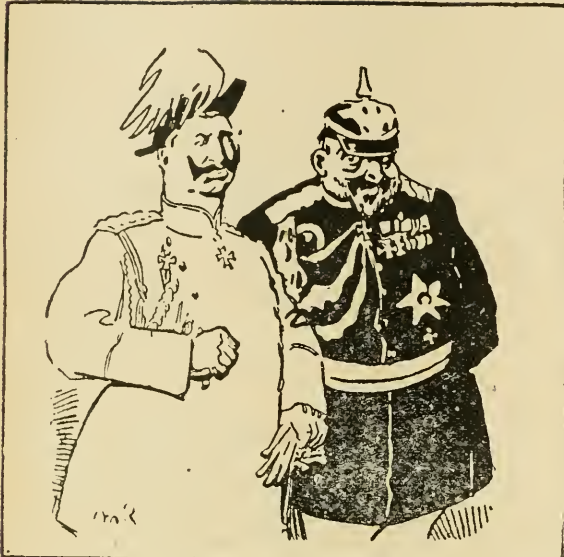


Lustige Blätter.]

The Wicked Stepmother.

[Berlin.

"But as the happy pair were going to the ceremony, the old woman was placed on a burning oven, and had to dance until she died."

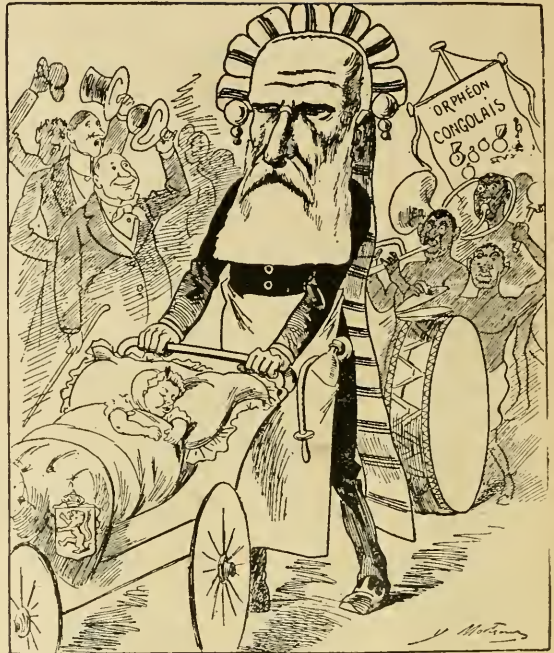


Le Rire.]

[Paris.]

Surprises of the English Visit.

EDWARD: "What astonishes you most in this country?"
 WILLIAM: "To find myself here."



Silhouette.]

[Paris.]

This gay old monarch, who, like Abraham of old, is a father at three score and ten.



Nebelspalter.]

[Zurich.]

The Bird of Scandal.

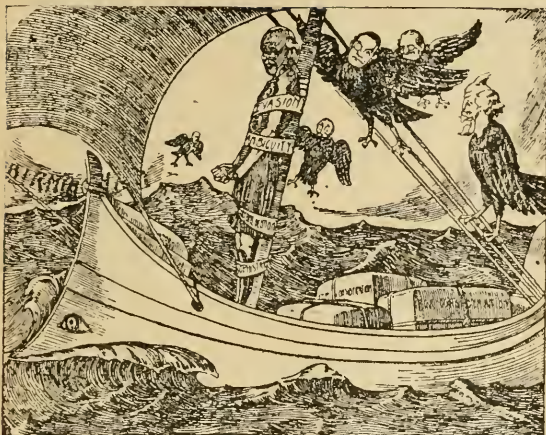
ZEALOUS BERNHARD: "Don't you worry about it, my dear; we'll soon clean it up again."



Tokyo Puck.]

Hearst, the Inebriate King of American Journalism.

"I've drunk on my own account; no use for others to grumble about it!"



Ulysses and the Sirens.

"We do not at all exaggerate if we say that the whole interest of the Unionist Party in this Conference (Birmingham) is directed to the question whether this time they will catch Mr. Balfour or whether for the tenth time he will get through the toils."—*Westminster Gazette*, November 2, 1907.

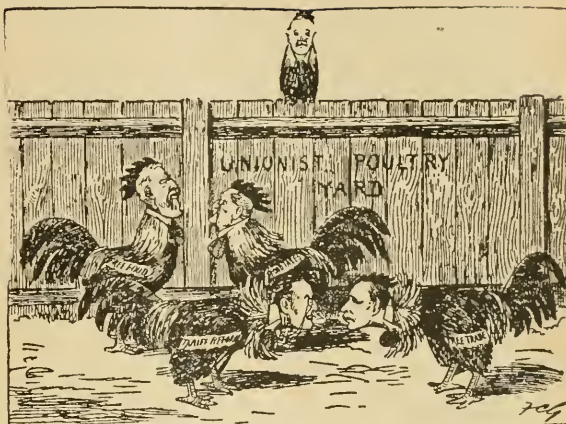


Sydney Bulletin.]

The Policy of Pester.

"London, Wednesday Afternoon.—Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, the Prime Minister, speaking at Dunfermline, advised the suffragettes that if they pestered the people persistently they would probably win sooner than many expected."

H. C.-B. (later on): "Yes, ma'am, but I said 'The People.' I never meant for you to come pestering of me. I am not 'The People.'"



Westminster Gazette.]

Divergences in the Unionist Poultry Yard.

"To-day the Liberals seem to be reduced to the commonplace and uninspiring expedient of seeking differences of opinion in the ranks of their opponents. Such divergences, of course, may be discovered in any political party which has not degenerated into a mechanical caucus."—*Morning Post*.



Ulk.]

Friends.

[Berlin.

ENGLISH SAILOR: "Good-bye, brother German; I'll never forget the pleasant days we've had together."

THE SAME: "By Jove, and I did so want to box with the fellow just once!"



Simplificissimus.

[Berlin.

Holland and the New Crown Prince.

"Look here, Herr von Bulow, couldn't you lend us your Crown Prince for once?"



Pasquino.

Modernism.

[Turin.

It will take more than Pastorals to stop its progress.



The Bulletin.

His Troubles.

(William Lyne is formulating a scheme for the taking over of the State debts by the Commonwealth.)

William as he probably looks after working a day or two on the scheme.



The Bulletin.

"Made in Australia."

They have got "Anti-Socialism" in England now.—

(Vide recent cables).

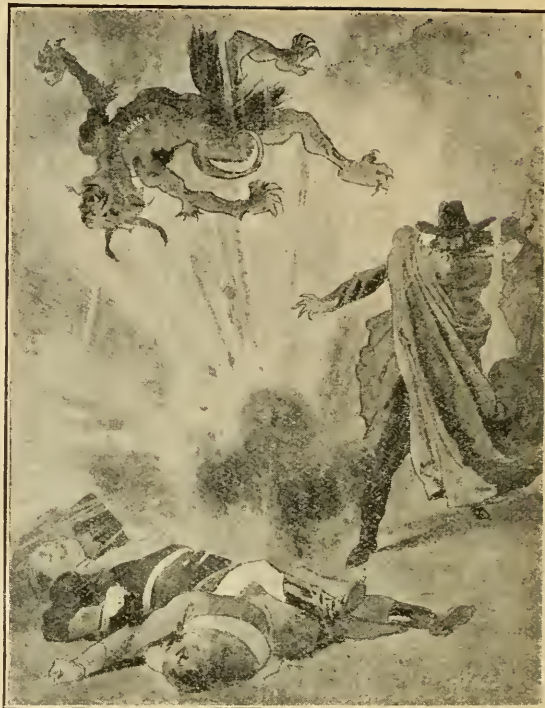
An export we missed recording six weeks ago. G. Reid shipping his famous Anti-Sosh Tiger (he having no further use for it).



Melb. Punch.] The Sleeping Beauty.

(Australia is very fair, that all admit. She is immensely rich, that is easily proven; and yet what steps are taken to protect her from the spoiler?)

GERMANY: "Ach, mein friends, here is a beaufidul place. Perhaps dere vos somepoty on it, but dey vos so small, und mein eyesight vos so pad, I find not any trouple in overlooking dem. Suppose dot ve cut it up between us?"



Melb. Punch.]

Like Kills Like.

The Anarchist throws his bomb and kills a King; but the loathing and horror the deed excites recoil, and it is Anarchy that is shattered.



All Looks Peaceful.

Minneapolis Journal.]

Can it be that Uncle Sam sees something that we do not discern?



Silhouette.]

Nicholas as Bluebeard.

[Paris.

Two Dumas are already in the tomb; and when one thinks of the third the heart melts, for Tsar Nicholas, though pretending to love his wives, is not a very kind husband.

The Naval Status Quo : Must It be Maintained ?

The German Naval Programme from a Peace Point of View.

The re-statement of the elementary truisms of British Naval policy in last month's "Review of Reviews" created considerable discussion in the Press. Various writers, who do not appear to have even an ordinary schoolboy's acquaintance with the recent history of their own country, accused me of inconsistency for reaffirming propositions which I first proclaimed in 1884, and reaffirmed with emphasis during the Peace Crusade of 1899, and the Peace tour which I made round Europe before the Hague Conference of 1907. Others, whose perception of the relation of the Hague Conference to British naval supremacy appears to be somewhat dull, have twitted me with a volatile readiness to execute a complete *volte face* because I have insisted that if we cannot maintain the naval *status quo* by agreement we must maintain it by competition. No one has striven more zealously than I to secure an arrest of further increase of naval armaments. No one would be readier than I to agree to sweeping reductions in naval armaments, always providing that the arrest or reduction left the relative position of the various Powers unaltered. One of the reasons why such a man as Earl Grey, for instance, threw himself so heartily into the Peace Crusade of 1899 was because he saw what the majority of the purblind Jingo crowd did not, that the acceptance of the Russian Emperor's proposal was equivalent to an international guarantee for a term of years of the existing naval supremacy of Great Britain. That such would have been its effect was one reason why Mr. Goschen's offer met with so cold a reception from Powers which disliked our predominance. They preferred to rely upon competition. The result has not been very reassuring to them, for 1907 found British naval supremacy more firmly established than ever. Once again we have offered the other Powers the olive branch. Once again we asked them to acquiesce, if only for five years, in the *status quo*. Again our offers have been rejected, and we were told in effect that if we meant to retain the position which we had won, we must be prepared to hold it against all comers who cared to challenge it. The challenge was not long in coming. I met it, as I was bound to do, unless I were to abandon the policy which I have consistently supported for a quarter of a century, and as a reward I am told by Sir W. R. Cremer and his friends that: "I am a publicist who, after having associated himself with the friends of peace, now reverts to the policy of panic which he formerly supported!"

This nonsense hardly deserves to be treated seriously. But the matter is of such importance that I felt it my duty to publish in the *Daily Mail* of December 23rd the following statement of my position:—

The time has come when, to clear the air, we need to speak out quite plainly on the subject of the Navy.

Whether from sheer stupidity or from perversity, the true position of the question has been so obscured by exaggeration and misrepresentation that a simple re-statement of the A B C of the subject may be useful.

"The British Empire floats upon the sea." The command of the sea is the condition of its existence as an independent State. The maintenance of an irresistible superiority at sea is the absolute *sine qua non* of our national life. On this subject there is no difference of opinion among us. There are, it is true, two schools. One relies almost exclusively for safety upon the strength of the Navy. The other insists that it is necessary to safeguard the realm from invasion by the adoption of universal compulsory military service.

It is obvious that to the former school the maintenance of our naval supremacy must be much more important than to the latter. For, as it puts all its eggs into one basket, it is a matter of life and death that the basket is strong enough to hold the eggs. But even if the peace party and the Jingo regard with equal abhorrence and dread the prospect of an invasion, and therefore both equally desire to maintain a supreme Navy, the peace party has an additional motive in its detestation of conscription, which the Jingo regards with complacency or positive approval.

INVASION OR CONSCRIPTION.

To weaken the Navy is not merely to increase the danger of foreign invasion; it is enormously to strengthen the case in favour of conscription. As the peace party relies upon the Navy to shield it from two devils, whereas the Jingo only asks it to protect it from one, the zeal of the peace party for the maintenance of a supreme Navy ought to be at least double that of the zeal of the Jingo. And so as a matter of fact it is.

There may be here and there professing and professional friends of peace who blind themselves to these truisms. They are so engrossed with their laudable desire to cut down the intolerable burdens of armaments that they ignore the fundamental and indispensable condition that must precede, or at least accompany, any such reduction. They are, however, but the cones of politics—few in number and so feeble in influence as to be without a single representative in the strongest Radical Cabinet Britain has ever had.

MUDDLE-HEADED CRITICS.

The muddle-headed people who never grasp the central facts of any question have been talking and scribbling even more than their ordinary quantum of nonsense about what they are pleased to describe as my inconsistency in advocating in July an arrest of armaments at the Hague and in December declaring the necessity for an increase of armaments in London. I should have thought it was plain enough even to the man in the street that so far from these two things being inconsistent, one follows as the inevitable corollary of the other. It was in order to avert the need for increasing armaments in London in December that I was so zealous in advocating an arrest of armaments at the Hague in July. When the Conference refused to cry "Halt!" the

question whether or not we had to increase armaments in London passed out of our hands. We should certainly not have increased them if our neighbours had not challenged us to a beggar-my-neighbour competition. It compelled us to increase our armaments in order to preserve the *status quo*.

The essential question is the maintenance of the supremacy of the British Navy, the irresistible superiority of the British Navy without which we should exist only by sufferance of our neighbours and would inevitably be driven to conscription.

What we tried to do in 1899 and in 1907 was to secure an international guarantee for the naval and military *status quo* for a term of years. As I had occasion to explain last February to the heads of the German Foreign Office, such an agreement was equivalent, so long as it lasted, to an international guarantee of the naval supremacy of Great Britain. But as it was also equivalent to an international guarantee of the military supremacy of Germany over France, and of Austria over Italy, it was fair all round.

RACE OF EXPENDITURE.

Besides, as I pointed out with painstaking emphasis, however much Germany or any other Power might dislike to recognise our naval supremacy, it existed as a matter of fact, and in Britain we regarded its maintenance as a matter so absolutely essential to our national existence that we were—especially the pacifists—prepared to spend millions rather than see it impaired.

Hence I said: "You cannot help yourselves. British naval supremacy exists, and will continue to exist. We prefer that its maintenance should be secured by an agreement that neither Power should exceed its present expenditure on naval armaments. But if you refuse to guarantee our supremacy by agreement, and challenge us to maintain it by competition, then it will still be maintained *coûte que coûte*. At the end of five or ten years the relative superiority of the British and German navies will be exactly the same. The only difference will be that each of us will have wasted many millions in an absolutely useless struggle, the result of which should be foreseen from the beginning. We hate such a prospect. We want to avert it. We offer you the *status quo*, based on an agreement to spend no more than we are spending now. But if you reject our offer and challenge us to maintain our position, we shall accept your challenge. Even if it is necessary to expend our last penny, the relative superiority of the British Navy will be maintained."

So far, therefore, from there being the least inconsistency

in the attitude of the British Government, it is obvious that the proposal at the Hague to arrest the increase of armaments was made in order to prevent the evil which has now arisen. In a time of profound peace, when Anglo-German relations are more friendly than ever before, the German Government proposes to increase its naval and military expenditure by seven millions a year.

GERMANY'S AMBITION.

We need not worry over their military expenditure. But their naval programme is avowedly intended to alter the relative positions of the German and British navies—to the detriment of Great Britain.

We shall maintain the *status quo* no matter what it costs. We cannot do otherwise unless we acquiesce in our extinction as an independent State.

We make no complaint against the German Government. The Germans are entirely within their rights if they decide to challenge the naval supremacy of Great Britain. We can, indeed, sympathise with them in their dissatisfaction with the *status quo*. So far from having strengthened their position in the world by building a fleet, they have weakened it, and until they can make their fleet as strong as ours or stronger, the whole German Navy is virtually a hostage in the hands of the stronger naval Power.

For any Power to have a fleet on the high seas which is not the strongest fleet afloat is an increase not of strength, but of vulnerability. Take, for instance, the American Armada that is now on its way to the Pacific. It is supposed to be a menace to Japan. In reality, if it ventures into the Northern Pacific, Uncle Sam will be bound over to good behaviour by the whole value of that fleet. The United States, invulnerable on land, is venturing her head into the jaws of the Japanese lion, and while the fleet remains in the Pacific the Americans will be very civil to Japan.

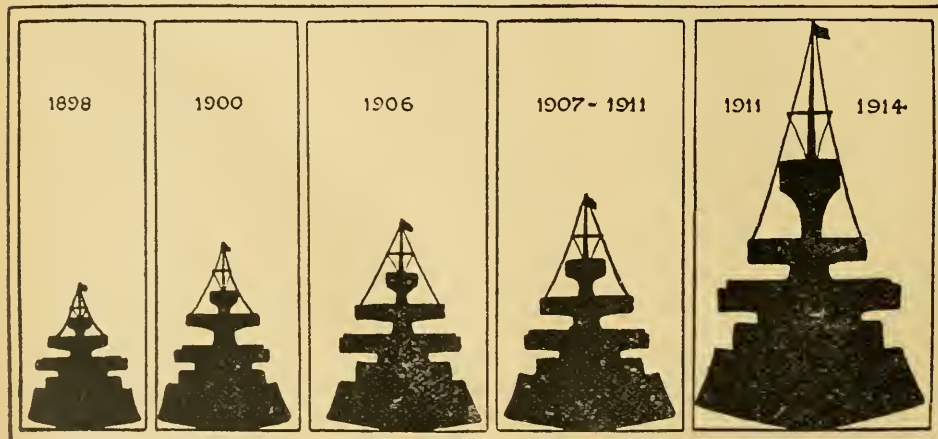
TWO "DREADNOUGHTS" FOR ONE.

In like manner, so long as the German Navy is inferior to our own, so long the German head is within the jaws of the British lion. It is natural they should wish to reverse the position, but we naturally prefer to preserve the *status quo*.

It is not a question of a ship more or less. The new German naval programme with its three millions increased expenditure in a time of profound peace is avowedly a proclamation to all the world that Germany means to depose us, if she can, from the position of relative superiority at sea which we now possess. We regret that she should give way to the temptation of such an impossible ambition. But

that is her business. Our business is to see to it that the *status quo* is maintained.

I regret that in commenting upon what I said in the last number of the "Review of Reviews" some writers have imputed to me a desire to duplicate every new ship built in Germany. I meant my remark solely to apply to "Dreadnoughts." Our lead in other craft is fairly secure. But the margin in "Dreadnoughts" is so small that the two keels for one is the formula of safety.



Growth of the German Navy.

Diagram showing the growth of the German Navy and its projected development up to 1914, when its displacement will amount to 717,000 tons—more than double what it was in 1906, namely 340,000 tons.

SIR JOHN FISHER.

I would also repudiate with the utmost emphasis the assumption that I am supporting the Navy League or in any way aiding and abetting what seems to me the almost traitorous conspiracy against the present administration of the Admiralty. It is not so often that Providence spares us a man of genius that we can afford to thwart and cripple Admiral Fisher.

I have known him for more than twenty years. In 1884 he rendered me invaluable service in preparing "The Truth About the Navy." Since then I have watched his steady rise to a position of unexampled influence. The chiefs of both political parties, having worked with him and tested him, repose in him a confidence more complete than that bestowed upon any previous Sea Lord. He is somewhat incontinent of his brilliant and incisive speech, and, like all other human beings he is not immortal. But, take him all round, judge him by what he is and what he has done, and compare him with the Tite Barnacles and circus admirals by whom he is assailed, I cannot hesitate for a moment in declaring myself for Fisher first, for Fisher second, and for Fisher all the time.

As for those who call me panic-monger because I refuse to ignore facts as plain as the sun at mid-heaven, I content myself with reminding them that Cobden, who was a specialist in denouncing panics, wrote on August 2nd, 1860, to Lord John Russell: "So far am I from wishing that 'we should be unarmed,' and so little am I disposed to put my country at the mercy of France, that I would, if necessary, spend one hundred millions sterling to maintain an irresistible superiority over France at sea."

To this it is only necessary to add one word. Mr. Haldane last month made some observations upon the difficulty of maintaining the two-Power standard, which seem to me based upon a misconception of what that two-Power standard means. The United States of America is not, and will never be, one of the two Powers whose naval strength is our standard of comparison. The English-speaking Powers stand apart. A war with the United States is unthinkable. We no more dream of building ship for ship against the Americans than we dream of fortifying the Canadian frontier. The English-speaking world is unfortunately at present in two sections. But we are friends and kinsmen all. When we speak of a two-Power standard we speak of possible foes. As we do not include the United States in that category, we leave her Fleet out of account in our calculations. It may some day fight by our side—although we hope the occasion may never arise; it will never be drawn up in line of battle against us.

GERMAN MARITIME EXPANSION.

In the *Economic Journal* Professor E. Von. Halle furnishes a careful study of the rise and tendencies of German transatlantic enterprise. He traces the maritime expansion of Germany to the fact that in 1871 the population of the German Empire had reached about 41,000,000, the stage of saturation that had been previously pointed out by Friedrich List as the possible limit of density of population for a self-sustaining Germany.

DUE TO THE PROLIFIC CRADLE.

Further increase at once led to its transition from a grain-exporting to a grain-importing country. The only choice before Germany was between the importation of food-stuffs and other necessities, or the emigration of hundreds of thousands of her people. At first emigration was used to relieve the pressure, but this relief has fallen ever since 1882. It is the importing interests of Germany, the necessity of feeding and employing a growing population, which compelled Germany to intensify her foreign activity. It is the increase of population, therefore, and not governmental interference, which is the direct cause of the marine expansion of Germany. During its first thirty-five years the foreign commerce of the Empire has risen from 300 millions to 750 millions sterling, an increase of 150 per cent., the population meantime rising less than 50 per cent. The Professor goes on to say that German expansion is not due to the protective tariff, government railways, shipping subsidies and the Kartell.

"NEARLY SUFFICIENT."

He thus sums up the situation in regard to the naval expansion:—

It has been more by the removal of a number of hindrances than by positive assistance from the Government that the present position in international enterprise has been attained. Practical men were not led into this by fantastic ideas of world power, but by plain considerations of the economic and social requirements of the resurged nation. It ought to be noticed that all these interests are considerable to-day; nevertheless, they are widely surpassed by England. They have been much spoken of within the last twenty years, because in many regions they represented something novel, and parties that were met by their competition cried out against them, whilst those to whom their appearance proved useful remained quiet. When, in Germany, a political campaign was started to turn the people's attention towards these new interests, they were shown to them, of course, through a magnifying glass; and the world or the competitors pretended to believe this to be the real size of the picture. Germany had to make up something on the ocean, and, I think, she has done it in a measure nearly sufficient to the requirements of her economic condition. If she can feel sure of that final basis of Pitt's statesmanship—safety—she has attained a state of relative saturation in maritime matters; *i.e.*, there is no reason why in commerce or shipping or transatlantic investments she should proceed more rapidly than England.

But though Germany has a future on the water, the innermost destiny of the country will, says the writer, always be interwoven with Continental problems.

THE GERMAN NAVAL PROGRAMME.

The writer of the *Chronique* in the January *Fortnightly Review* says:—

In the December issue appears the full text of the new Naval Bill. From the accompanying official memorandum and other sources we have made out the following table, which any man can understand:—

	A. German Naval Estimate. Million £	B. British Naval Estimates. Million £.
1898	6.3	24.3
1904	10.3	37.6
1907	13.9	32.0
1909	20.3	?
1912	23.1	?

It is unnecessary to enter into the detailed statements made by Admiral Tirpitz. That distinguished administrator declares that sounder material than ours is worked into the German ships, a statement which is doubtful; and that Germany can now build as fast as we can, an assertion which is true.

CAN GERMANY AFFORD IT?

The *Fortnightly* chronicler says:—

There is no doubt about Germany's inherent ability to pay the piper. Sufficient taxable capacity exists. The money is there. The Reichstag, after voting the ships, will be compelled to concede the means of paying for them. The Kaiser's subjects number 62,000,000 of people. The annual service of their smaller national debt is even yet but a fraction of our burthen. The fundamental truth is that the total taxable capacity of the German Empire, owing to its steady growth in wealth, and to its great preponderance in population, is now at least equal to the taxable capacity of the United Kingdom; and that if Germany maintained a fleet fully equal to our own, her total expenditure upon the three indispensable items of navy, army, and debt charge would be less than the total cost to us of the same services.

GERMAN POLICY AND AIMS.

Mr. Ellis J. Barker, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, is quite sure that the Germans mean to seize Holland and Denmark as stepping-stones to the annexation of our Colonies. He says:—

The preamble of the Navy Bill of 1900 stated: "Germany requires a fleet of such strength that a struggle with the mightiest naval Power would involve risks threatening the supremacy of that Power." That somewhat indiscreet phrase is the best summary of Germany's naval policy and aims, and it should be known by heart by every Englishman that *Germany will lay down in every year four "Dreadnoughts," whilst Great Britain laid down only three in 1906 and 1907, and the German "Dreadnoughts" are to be larger, faster, and more powerfully armed than their British prototypes.* In a few years Germany will have a fleet of twenty "Dreadnoughts."

According to the German shipbuilding records given in the year-book "Nauticus," German warships are built not more slowly but more quickly than British ones, and Admiral Tirpitz has only recently confirmed that fact. Private enquiries have elicited the information that the German private shipbuilding yards alone can turn out seventeen "Dreadnoughts" every year fully provided with armour, guns, etc.

The picture of Germany "groaning" under the burden of militarism and of protective taxation is a fancy picture. On an average Income-tax is 100 per cent. and Local Taxation is 150 per cent. higher in Great Britain than in Germany. Besides, the taxes on beer are four times heavier, on tobacco six times heavier, and on spirits ten times heavier in Great Britain than in Germany.

Whatever the cost may be, the German challenge must be accepted. The security of Great Britain and of the Empire is at stake. For every German "Dreadnought" Great Britain must build at least two, and even then it is doubtful whether Great Britain will be secure from German attack.

AN ANTI-GERMAN TRIUMPHANT.

The *National Review* of course is highly delighted at the evidence afforded by the Navy Bill for its inveterate distrust of Germany. Colonel Maxse declares that the policy upon which Germany has deliberately embarked can only end in war. Colonel Maxse maintains that there is an understanding between the German Government and the German people that this expenditure will ultimately come out of the pockets of Great Britain. He demands not only that we should maintain the naval *status quo*, but further insists upon universal compulsory service. Perversity, however, could hardly go further than to assume that what he calls Mr. Stead's pronouncement hardly suits the book of Sir John Fisher, the Sea Lord!!

THE PARLOUS STATE OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

BY AN AMERICAN ALARMIST.

Mr. Henry Reuter Dahl, Associate of the United States Naval Institute and American editor of Jane's "Fighting Ships," contributes to *McClure's Magazine* for January a most alarming account of the condition of the American Navy. He claims to have had ten years' familiarity with the United States fleets and a closer sea-going acquaintance than any other civilian possesses. He asserts that his exposure contains nothing that is not well-known to the naval authorities of other countries. He maintains that the American battleships are badly built, that the navy is five years behind the navy of other great Powers, and the administration is faulty in the extreme. The following are the heads of his indictment. The American Navy is "a fleet with her main armour under water," which, like the Russians at Tsushima, would certainly turn turtle in action and sink with all hands. The ships have such low free-board in bad weather every wave would flood the ship with tons of water, which by short-circuiting the electrical installations would render the turret and its guns motionless. One-third of the guns cannot be used in a seaway. There is an open shaft leading directly from the turrets to the magazines. The gun-crews are inadequately protected, and there are insufficient ammunition hoists. The navy has a lamentable lack of torpedo-destroyers, only twenty against fifty-two possessed by the Japanese, and the ships are inadequately equipped with guns to fight the destroyers of the enemy. The officers are too old: the Admirals average sixty-one, the Captains fifty-eight years of age. The fleet has only had ten days of battle drill in nine years. The business management of the navy repels the inventor and provides the Secretary of the Navy with no expert advisers. W. T. STEAD.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE HUMAN RACE.

By DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

There is a very saddening paper in the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled *Evolution and Character*, by the veteran scientist, Dr. A. R. Wallace. It is saddening because its main thesis is that mankind has made no progress in moral or intellectual character since the human race first appeared upon the surface of this planet.

NO PROGRESS SINCE THE BEGINNING.

Here are Dr. Wallace's most depressing conclusions:—

First, that the general idea that our enormous advances in science and command over Nature serve as demonstrations of our mental superiority to the men of earlier ages, is totally unfounded. The evidence of history and of the earliest monuments alike go to indicate that our intellectual and moral nature has not advanced in any perceptible degree.

THE INTELLECT OF SAVAGES.

In the second place, we find that the supposed great mental inferiority of savages is equally unfounded. The more they are sympathetically studied, the more they are found to resemble ourselves in their inherent intellectual powers. Even the so-long-despised Australians—almost the lowest in material progress—yet show by their complex language, their elaborate social regulations, and often by an innate nobility of character, indications of a very similar inner nature to our own. If they possess fewer philosophers and moralists, they are also free from so large a proportion of unbalanced minds—idiots and lunatics—as we possess. On the other hand, we find in the higher Pacific types men who, though savages as regards material progress, are yet generally admitted to be—physically, intellectually, and morally—our equals if not our superiors. These we are rapidly exterminating through the effect of our boasted civilisation!

THE MORALS OF THE STONE AGE.

Thirdly, we have no proof whatever that even the men of the stone age were mentally or morally inferior to ourselves. The case of the Pacific Islanders shows that simple arts and constructions with the absence of written language affords no proof of inferiority; while the undoubted absence of any selective power of "survival value" adequate to the evolution of the higher intellectual, æsthetic, and moral faculties—which we find so fully developed in Ancient India, Egypt and Greece—indicates that the very earliest men of whose existence we have any certain knowledge must have possessed these faculties.

HOW TO MEND MATTERS.

But although the human race has not improved in a hundred thousand years, Dr. Wallace is hopeful that at long last we may begin to mend. The first thing to be done is to reform our education, so as to make true love of children and sympathy with them the first qualification of a teacher. The second is to realise the Socialist ideal in order that the law of natural selection may have a chance of asserting itself in marriage. Dr. Wallace says:—

The great lesson taught us by this brief exposition of the phenomena of character in relation to the known laws of organic evolution is this: that our imperfect human nature, with its almost infinite possibilities of good and evil can only make a systematic advance through the thoroughly sympathetic and ethical training of every child from infancy upwards, combined with that perfect freedom of choice in marriage which will only be possible when all are economically equal, and no question of social rank or material advantage can have the slightest influence in determining that choice.

When our workers, our thinkers, our legislators can be persuaded to accept these fundamental truths, and make them the twin guiding stars of their aspirations and their efforts, the onward march towards true civilisation will have begun, and for the first time in the history of mankind, his Character—his very Human Nature itself—will be improved by the slow but certain action of a pure and beautiful form of selection—a selection which will act, not through struggle and death, but through brotherhood and love.

THE MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.

Mr. H. N. Casson, in *Munsey's Magazine* for January, describes the extraordinarily rapid development of the mail order business in the United States. Two universal supply stores, which only do business by post, and which absolutely refuse to supply any customers in Chicago—started one in 1872, the other in 1893—now do a business of nearly £20,000,000 per annum. It is all done by purchases made from their catalogues of 1400 pages, which cost one shilling and threepence each to post. As they send out five million catalogues a year their preliminary outlay is £250,000 in postage stamps. They receive eighteen million letters a year. They are opened in batches of fifty or sixty by emery-wheels, which open 150 or 180 per minute. As 75,000 letters sometimes arrive in a single day, eight emery-wheels need to be kept going at full speed merely to open the envelopes.

After the letter has been rasped open by the revolving emery wheel, it is passed on to a sorting-room. Here are a hundred and twenty girls who do no more than take out the contents and pin them together. If the letter requires an answer, it is side-tracked into a room where a hundred young men do nothing from morning until night except answer questions by mail. But if it contains an order, it passes along the main line into a room in which a hundred and fifty girls sort and count the money. In an average day's business there will be eleven hundred dollars to each girl.

From here the letter is whisked on to the entry-room. Five hundred girls are required at this stage to transform the orders into typewritten schedules, and to direct each one to its proper department. The letter has now delivered its message, and goes to its resting-place in the filing-room, where a couple of hundred girls stand guard over it.

The orders are shot through fifteen miles of pneumatic tubing to the sixty-three departments; and at once down come the various articles, whirling to the packing-room in spiral chutes. Each article is addressed to a certain compartment.

THE PASSING OF EUROPE !

AND WITH IT GREATER BRITAIN !

Such are the suggestions roused by Mr. Havelock Ellis's paper in the *Albany Review* on the character of the Anglo-Saxon. He observes the impression left on foreigners by our recent extraordinary oscillations from Imperial optimism to decadent despair, from Mafeking to Tariff Reform pessimism.

ENGLAND STABLE—EMPIRE PRECARIOUS.

The foreign critics whom he quotes declare that the position of England is much more stable than that of the English-speaking communities over sea, for these are not really young peoples with unexpended stores of energy, but the offshoots of a mature race planted in a region to which they do not belong, and it is by no means certain that the new conditions will prove as permanently favourable to Anglo-Saxon development as have those of England.

BARBARISM BY URBANISATION.

The national character has passed through many transitions. Before the eighteenth century the lower classes were found by foreigners to be indolent and unwilling to work. Boutmy suggests there has been of late "the eruption of a new barbarism." This Mr. Ellis finds scarcely the whole truth. Urbanisation is the greater fact. Urban excitability quickens our sympathies and promotes urbanity towards what is under our eyes, but may develop into ferocity against a distant foe.

A BETTER BRITAIN V. A GREATER BRITAIN.

Mr. Ellis urges that a nation cannot in its old age repeat the successes of its youth:—

But along other and better lines an immense progress is still open to us. In the world of intelligence, of science, of art, of social organisation, the cultivation of all that makes humanity, of all that is bound up in the complex word *civilisation*—in this sphere it is still possible to lead the world, and even to lead the world's rulers, whoever they may prove to be.

JAPAN'S WARNING.

But our outlook must be more sober:—

And at the present moment not only is Great Britain but all Europe compelled to realise the growth of a new force which must inevitably check its development. Such a blow to Russia at the hands of Asiatics is a blow to the prestige of all Europe, a blow from which it will perhaps never again recover. It is far too early to speak of the passing of Europe as a predominant world-force. But it would be foolish to hide from ourselves that we Europeans have seen a writing on the wall that is not hard to decipher.

THE LATEST OF THE MESSIAHS.

THE STORY OF SREE GAURANGA.

It is a curious instance of the ignorance that prevails in the West of the beliefs of the East that probably nine out of ten educated Christians have never heard the name of Sree Gauranga, the latest of the Messiahs. But millions in India regard him as a later Messiah than Jesus Christ. In the *Hin-*

doo Spiritual Magazine for November there appears "A Short Life of the Last Messiah."

A MESSIAH ACCEPTED BY THE BRAHMINS.

Sree Gauranga was born 1485 A.D., in the city of Nadia, seventy miles above Calcutta. Being comparatively modern, there is no mystery although plenty of miracle about his career, which, according to his biographer, is as well known as the sayings and doings of Napoleon. This Messiah was worshipped as an incarnation of God by the Brahmins of India.

The subject of our sketch, Lord Gauranga, was for full twelve months in the womb of his mother. He was born a big and healthy child. His beauty was so celestial that whoever saw him considered him a son of the Gods fallen from the clouds. Supernatural incidents attended him from his very infancy. At night when he slept his mother and father saw luminous figures in the room. Sometimes a dazzling light was seen to emit from his body and sometimes a halo of glory round his head. He was so charged with, let us call it, spiritual magnetism that whoever touched him felt a thrill of ecstasy passing through his frame. This joy was so overpowering that, though dancing is an abomination to Hindu ladies, they had sometimes to dance when they took him in their lap. Now and then he would be seen influenced by the highest spirits who spoke through him, when he was not more than five years of age. At nine, while being invested with the sacred thread, as is the custom among the Brahmins, he fell down in a swoon and remained in a state of trance for some days. The Spirit who influenced him then declared through him that in proper time He would come again, and He gave a hint that He was no other than the Highest. Learned men who saw this phenomenon also believed that He, Who influenced that boy of nine, was no other than the God Sri Krishna Himself.

"KRISHNA HAS STOLEN MY HEART."

He founded a college when quite a youth, and the name and fame of him spread throughout India. People began to dream that he might be king, when one day he fell into a swoon. When he recovered he was quite indifferent to the affairs of this world. He said the God Krishna "has stolen my heart," and he could think and talk of nothing else.

Though Sree Gauranga seemed to be a man of this world, he lived the greater portion of his time in the spiritual world and not in this. When he left society, his mother and young wife, at the age of twenty-four, there was a wail of sorrow throughout Bengal. But he consoled the millions that loved him by assuring them that God had almost spiritualised him, and that he had therefore no hankering after material pleasures or anything of the world. As a matter of fact, he lived in this world of matter more as a spirit than a man like others.

THE GOSPEL OF SREE GAURANGA.

His disciples accepted his teachings, and thus Vaishnavism came into the world:—

All the world worship the mightiness of God; only Vaishnavas worship His sweetness. The Vaishnavas therefore regard God as an all-sweet and loving being Who loves every man, and from whom He expects love in return. If we regard the Lord as a sweet, disinterested and loving Friend, then alone will it be possible for man to establish a tender relationship with Him. It is upon this simple principle that the grand and beautiful religion of Vaishnavism is founded.

The continuation of this version of Vaishnavism will be awaited with interest.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED NOVELS.

In a notice of Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, an American novelist who died recently, the *New York Bookman* for December has some notes on old-fashioned novels which had a wide circulation in their day. Mrs. Holmes was the author of "Tempest and Sunshine," published in 1854, and since that date she did a novel nearly every year, their net circulation being reported as over two million copies. Her books went straight to the hearts and consciences of the average untutored man and woman, and she gave as much pleasure to her particular readers as Thackeray and Meredith gave to theirs.

An earlier representative of this literary school was Miss Susan Warner ("Elizabeth Wetherell"), who wrote "The Wide Wide World" in 1851. This book was long rejected by the publishers, but when it appeared it attracted a large number of readers. It was translated into French, German and Swedish, and is said to have been the most widely circulated American book after "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The same writer's "Queechy," which appeared in 1852, was almost as popular. Another writer, Miss Maria Susanna Cummins, may be grouped with these two. In 1854 her story, "The Lamplighter," was the most talked-of novel of its time throughout the United States, and over 100,000 copies of it were sold. The torch is now kept alight by Miss Laura Jean Libbey (Mrs. Stilwell), of whom much the same thing may be said as of Mrs. Holmes. Miss Libbey has already published fifty books; cheap editions of them are to be found on every news-stand, and there are no signs that her vogue is lessening.

These four writers, we are told, sufficiently illustrate the fact that while the highly cultivated public is one of varied tastes, the far greater public which critics do not recognise holds fast to certain primitive ideals, both ethical and literary, which are unchanged amid the clash of Romanticists and Realists, of Naturalists and Symbolists.

FIRE-WALKING IN JAPAN.

A CASE FOR INVESTIGATION.

According to a writer in the *Theosophist* for December, the marvellous phenomenon of fire-walking can be witnessed every year in the heart of the city of Tokyo, at a temple called Kandaku, which belongs to the Shinshu sect of Shinto, and celebrates its yearly festival on September 15th and 16th. The writer describes the incantations by which the priests one day made boiling water quite cool, and another day deprived fire of its power to burn. He says:—

In the clear space in the middle of the court a large rectangular bed of charcoal is laid out and well lighted already when I began observations; several men fan it vigorously with long palm fans, and in good time it reaches white heat with little blue flames all over it. The heat is very painful to bear, almost unendurable; a lady next to me holds her parasol between the fire and her face. The sun has set, lanterns are lighted; enter six priests in white; there is no altar. The magical ceremonies are exactly the same as yes-

terday, performed by the six priests in turn. The head priest takes a long bamboo and beats down a narrow, level path in the very middle of the coal-bed; then, after a short prayer, he walks deliberately into the fire, stamping his feet on the red glowing coals. I count eight steps, and *they show in black on the red coals*. The other priests follow, one at a time, walking slowly, and making seven or eight steps. They pass through heaps of salt first and last, but I cannot see that they rub their feet in it, or seem to care to have it sticking to their soles. They are not in the least excited; there are no drums, no singing, no wild gestures, no cries; just six ordinary men in plain white cotton gowns, walking coolly many times on red-hot coals.

Now the fire is fanned to new activity; the path is beaten down again to make it glow, and a troop of Japanese children, boys and girls, little street urchins, all barefoot, eagerly crowd to cross the fire. Two priests stand at the entrance of the fiery path, incessantly drawing sparks from their flints over the children's heads as they pass; two more at the end, and the two remaining, mutter incantations at the sides, waving their fly-whips. Each child walks decorously and visibly unhurt; many carry babies strapped to their backs, Japanese fashion. They pass several times; then come adults, women, old people, all sorts and conditions of men. Every few minutes the path is made red again. Now is the greatest triumph: two Europeans pass through, a lady and a gentleman. The Japanese clap their hands and cheer them. The lady is dressed in rose-coloured muslin with a light lace underskirt; she is barefoot, and I notice the whiteness of her feet on the red coals. She does not hasten, and loiters about, unhurt and *her dress untinged*. The gentleman goes through twice, comfortably, the priests drawing sparks more actively over the Europeans than over the Japanese, and seeming more alert with their spells. The head priest jumps into the middle of the fire, and remains there for quite a long time, raking and fanning it, his white garments touching the coals as he bends down, his feet firmly set without any uneasy shuffling. When everybody has gone through to his or her satisfaction there are more incantations to free the chained spirits, and the fire is quickly put out with pails of water, the water hissing and sputtering, as water will when falling on hot coals.

The priests declare that by their rites and words of power they frighten away the spirits of the fire, and once those gone, the fire *cannot* burn, no burning-power remaining, though the appearances are unchanged. Anyhow, I can testify to the reality of the fire, to its apparent innocuity, and I think I am safe in affirming that there was little, if any, auto-suggestion in the case, as I know myself to have been quite collected and critical, and could not observe any hazy look or automatic motion in others. The children were quite merry, and pranced about as children will.

And the electric tram kept rushing past all the time.

Diabolo a Winter Pastime.

In a chat with the father of the French diabolo champion, Germaine d'Hampol, reported in the *Woman at Home*, M. d'Hampol recommends diabolo as a winter pastime. He is chiefly interested in the game as a means of developing the chest and training the eye, and he says that if people are suitably dressed it can be enjoyed in weather which would make tennis impossible. The cricketer, who is obliged to abandon his favourite sport, can keep himself in good form by playing diabolo. M. d'Hampol says it is important to have a long string, from five to ten inches longer than the body of the player, so as to allow the arms full scope. His little girl practises indoors every day.

IS FRANCE DECAYING?

A GLOOMY VIEW FROM ST. PETERSBURG.

In the *Contemporary Review* Dr. Dillon, writing from St. Petersburg, expresses gloomy misgivings as to the future of France, which are probably an echo of opinions current in the Russian capital. Dr. Dillon maintains that France is in danger of dwindling to be a third-rate Power, and that her effectiveness as an ally to Russia is, to say the least, open to grave doubt. At the root of everything lies the lack of the fourth child in the French family which keeps her population stationary, while Germany adds to her numbers 800,000 a year.

He sees in this the beginning of the end of the French nation. Taxes are so distributed that they fall heaviest on large families; children have become an expensive luxury. While the population is stationary, the Budget increases year by year. The estimates for 1908 amount to one hundred and sixty millions sterling. The taxpayers are eager to make ample provision for themselves, but refuse to provide for children to come. Old age pensions, relief for maimed workmen, and other measures swallow up vast sums, but the Government cannot even find the money necessary to print the report of the Commission appointed to investigate the subject of the decrease of the population and the methods by which it might be checked.

The area of French influence dwindles throughout the world. Two hundred years ago one-third of the civilised peoples of the world expressed their thoughts in French; to-day only fifty millions regard French as their native tongue, while German is spoken by one hundred and fifteen millions. In France there are only thirty-nine million people, in Germany sixty-two millions:—

And it must be gall and wormwood to patriotic Frenchmen to reflect that part of the overflow population of Germany, as well as of Italy and Spain, finds a refuge in France, occupying there the places that ought of right to belong to the offspring of French parents. The seaboard of the Mediterranean is slowly becoming defrancised. Already Algeria is more Italo-Spanish than French. Languedoc, from Nîmes to Perpignan, is invaded by Spaniards from Catalonia. Italians have found a home in the country between Marseilles and Vintemille, while the winter resorts of the Côte d'Azur are the haunts of flaxen-haired Teutons.

The efficiency of the Army is being sacrificed to the same love of ease and comfort. In future reservists will only sacrifice twenty-seven days instead of forty-one. The deputies turned a deaf ear to the warning of the War Minister, and then struck off ninety million francs a year from the military Budget for the sake of economy at the same time that they had raised their own salaries from nine to fifteen thousand francs a year. Their two years' military service has produced a deficit of almost fifty thousand men; their field artillery is notoriously defective.

Dr. Dillon concludes with a significant warning that Russia may reconsider her relation to France, and asks pointedly what was the meaning of the touching harmony displayed at the Hague Conference between Germany and Russia while France remained out in the cold.

As a counterpoise to this very gloomy picture of France as seen from St. Petersburg, the *National Review* publishes an article on Greater France by Jacques Bardoux. He is as full of confidence as Dr. Dillon is full of despair. In twenty years the French Republic, he says, has founded a Colonial Empire of nearly 9,400,000 square kilometres, inhabited by over fifty millions of human beings. The trade of Greater France with the Mother Country has risen from 470 million francs in 1887 to 960 millions in 1899. He says that these figures show—

that, though an old nation, France retains her youth; though vanquished, she is virile; and that, in spite of the melancholy catastrophes of 1815 and 1870, and of the impoverishment she has suffered at the hands of Imperial adventurers, France still aspires to astonish the world in a new birth. Political liberty has restored its will-power to the French race. Colonial expansion is but one of the signs of this joyful and pregnant awakening. A new era is on the horizon.

HOW IT FEELS TO DIE.

EVIDENCE OF ANOTHER WITNESS.

From the *Hindon Spiritual Magazine* of November, 1907, I quote the following personal experience of the Rev. J. J. Kane, who for thirty years has been chaplain in the American Navy. Mr. Kane has had a varied experience in dying. Thrice he has been declared dead by the doctors, and on one of these occasions he was actually in his coffin for twenty-four hours. Mr. Kane, in the third year of the American Civil War, contracted yellow fever:—

I gradually grew worse, and began to welcome the approach of death.

All this time I was perfectly conscious, and as the body grew weaker the mental power grew stronger. I recognised the peculiar distinction between the soul and the body, and made the startling discovery that I was possessed of wonderful faculties belonging to the soul, which were gradually developing as the separation from the body was taking place.

Weaker and yet still weaker I grew; my breathing became difficult; pulsation almost ceased. Without losing consciousness I at last passed through the final stage. In an instant the spirit was freed and I stood beside my body, pronounced dead by the doctors and nurses. "All is over; he is gone," said they, as they closed my eyes.

I claim that the act of dying is one of the most delightful and exciting episodes of my life, filled with pleasurable emotions, not only at the thought of meeting long-parted friends, but the increase of knowledge and freedom from earthly elements. When I awoke, a coloured preacher, who was weeping at my bedside, said, "Thank God, you are once more alive," and there was rejoicing at my restoration. My vision haunted me. I mourned over my return. I soon fell into a deep sleep, and the next morning felt increased vitalisation.

THE KAISER IN ENGLAND.

HIS IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

Just before the Kaiser left London he sent for Mr. Ed. Dicey, and we read in the *Empire Review*: "His Majesty was pleased to talk with him for nearly twenty minutes, and the conversation led into a variety of channels." Mr. Dicey, giving his own impressions in his own words, says:—

His Majesty said that he felt very keenly the imputation that he, as the eldest grandson of Queen Victoria, to whom he was most deeply attached, should have been regarded in this country as hostile in any way to Great Britain and British interests. The hearty reception therefore accorded to him in the capital of England had proved most welcome.

His Majesty then talked of the great pleasure with which he should recall his sojourn in England. From high and low, from rich and poor, from one and all, he had received nothing but kindness and courtesy. Until the present visit he had only known Court life in England; but during his rest at Highcliffe he had not only improved his health but had learned to know the English country and the English people better than he had ever done before. He had never realised previously the beauty of our English land, the wealth of our country gentlemen, the splendour of their mansions, the dignity of their private life, the comfort of the cottages and the independence of the peasants, their freedom of speech and their thorough kindness. All this had impressed him most favourably, and taught him that there was an England hitherto very imperfectly known to him. He thought England could be best described as "the happy country."

Continuing to talk of England, his Majesty remarked that his fellow-countrymen were, as a body, too poor and too intent upon gaining a living to enjoy sports and pastimes; but he thought that, with the increasing industrial prosperity of Germany, his people might, in the future, enjoy a little more sport, healthful alike to body and mind, but of which the English people, taken as a whole, had had perhaps a little too much.

As far as trade is concerned I had not much conversation with his Majesty, although I vividly recall the statement that he was all for the open door, but that, under present industrial conditions, he could not introduce that principle into the relations of Germany with foreign Powers.

MORE ABOUT THE KAISER.

In the *Strand Magazine* appears a very interesting "authoritative" article about the Kaiser, by Mr. J. L. Bashford. The writer reminds us once more that the Kaiser is not only naturally drawn towards England and the English, but pays great attention to what is said and written, and particularly to what is thought, about him in England. To the late Queen, when he was only a year and a half old, he appeared "such a little love"; and the deep affection between "grandmamma" and "grandson" always continued. "I cannot comprehend the ill-feeling against me in England," the Kaiser is reported to have said to a private gentleman. But the world in general did not know, for one thing, the letters that passed between him and "grandmamma" about the Kruger telegram. "I have replied to grandmamma's letter in a sense that I think will please her," said the Kaiser at the close of this correspondence. During the Boer War German officers were strictly forbidden to discuss the war with other people in any of its political bearings.

The Kaiser was entirely on the side of England in that struggle, Mr. Bashford asserts. His love of publicity and of speech-making is explained, it seems, by his feeling on his accession that people had been accustomed to look to Bismarck as "the oracle of wisdom" and even as "the ruler," and by his determining that all this must be changed. The people must understand that he intended to "govern," not merely to "reign." Hence when he speaks on art and such special subjects it is to let the people know that, as Kaiser, he is the patron of art, and is interested in art. He particularly dislikes the extreme Secessionist school, says Mr. Bashford. Similarly, when singers and actors perform before him he is determined that "they shall feel that they are in the presence of their Kaiser." For this and much else Germany is indebted to Bismarck's overbearing personality. What the Kaiser really knows most about is certainly naval matters. No German in the service knows as much, and I may conclude this brief article by quoting his remarks upon the British Navy:—

We shall always follow the lessons of the British Navy, and look up to the British Navy as our model; but we can never—even if we would—be strong enough to be a menace to Britain. . . . It would be folly for us Germans to try to attain to the height of Britain's naval power.

"A CHALLENGE TO SOCIALISM."

WHO REALLY CREATE SURPLUS WEALTH?

Dr. J. Beatty Crozier opens a debate with Mr. Blatchford in the *Fortnightly Review* for January. He entitles his paper "A Challenge to Socialism." His chief point is that the source of surplus wealth is not labour, but machinery, and that if justice is to be the basis of its distribution, it is the inventors and scientists and discoverers who ought to have the greatest share:—

The simple truth is, that all the really great things that make the civilisation of the world in every department of life are the outcome and results of the brains of a small number of "great men," who in each generation can (when an inventory is taken in the retrospect) be counted almost on one's fingers; and for the great masses of men of whatever station to deny it, minimise it, or pretend not to see it, is an organised hypocrisy. If each man gets economically precisely that share of the surplus of wealth which he has produced, neither more nor less—then they will have to follow Mr. Carnegie in the apportioning of what this ideal justice demands; and the division will have to go in a descending ratio: the lion's share falling to the scientists and inventors, who have discovered the laws of Nature and devised the machines; a less amount to the organising capitalists; still less to the collaterals, the organising financiers; and so on with the rest, in descending degree. But where, then, would their clients be—the great masses of the working population? With a little more comfort, perhaps, but, on the whole, much where they are to-day! If the Socialists will insist on their economic justice as the be-all and end-all, I shall continue to hold a brief for the really "great men" of the economic world—the scientists, discoverers, and inventors—as being the real dispossessed, disinherited, and exploited; and not for the vast miscellaneous multitudes of ordinary working men.

HOW THE FRENCH FIGHT IN MOROCCO.

By MR. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

The French, according to Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, who describes his experiences at Casa Blanca in *Blackwood*, regard the campaign in Morocco as a prelude to a war with Germany. Falling into the spirit of the camp, Mr. Bartlett discusses the evidence afforded by the fighting he witnessed with a constant eye to the future.

IF WAR BROKE OUT WITH GERMANY.

According to him the French are very much like what they always were. They need to be led, and they need to be encouraged by success. He says:—

If the French Army can find a great chief in whom it has confidence and if it gains any success, however small, at the start, it will be certain to give a splendid account of itself. But preliminary disaster might lead to serious results. The French will probably fight a strictly defensive campaign along the line of their chain of frontier fortresses, and the opening weeks of the war may see a number of murderous but indecisive engagements which would speedily convince both countries that the only solution of the conflict was an equitable peace. The French would be quite satisfied with an indecisive campaign: their honour would be upheld.

THE DEFECTS OF FRENCH QUALITIES.

Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett says:—

The Army, as a whole, is a most perfect military machine. In fact, the French troops give you the impression of being over-trained, too machine-like, too methodical, and too certain in all their movements. Every officer and man seems to know his exact position on the chess-board, and falls into his place as if by some natural instinct. The movements of the cavalry, artillery, and infantry are always admirably carried out. This perfection of centralisation and control may be necessary and admirable, but it certainly leads to lack of initiative on the part of the units which comprise the whole; and I should say that the French Army of to-day is as much hide-bound by formula and the arithmetic of the drill-book as was our own army previous to the South African War.

IS LOVE THE LAW OF LIFE?

COUNT TOLSTOY'S CHALLENGE.

Is love the true law of life? Count Tolstoy, in an address reported in the *Fortnightly*, under the title of "Love One Another," maintains that it is, and that it can be proved experimentally, like any other scientific truth.

COUNT TOLSTOY'S PARTING MESSAGE.

I should like at my leave-taking (at my age every meeting with one's fellows is a leave-taking) briefly to tell you how, in my perception, men should live that our life may not be evil and bitter, as to the majority of men it now appears, but may be what God wishes and what we all wish, namely, the blessed and glad thing it ought to be.

HAPPINESS OF BODY OR OF SOUL.

Count Tolstoy declares—

that the life of men who consider that the life of each one of them is in his own body, can only be unhappy. And so it is now for all such people. But life should not be unhappy. Life is given us as a blessing, and such we all understand life to be. But for life to be a blessing, men must understand that our real life is by no means in our body, but in

that spirit which lives in our body; and that our welfare consists not in pleasing the body and doing what it wants, but in doing what the spirit—which is one and the same in us and in all men—desires.

THE TRUE LAW OF LIFE.

It is so simple, so clear. You live; that is, are born, grow, mature, grow old, and then you die. Is it possible that the aim of your life can be in yourself? Certainly not. In Love is Life. What is to happen? To love others: one's neighbours, friends, and those who love us? At first it seems that this will satisfy the demands of Love; but all these people are in the first place imperfect, and, secondly, they change, and, above all, they die. What is one to love? The only answer is: Love all, love the source of Love, love Love, love God. Love, not for the sake of the loved one, nor for oneself, but for Love's sake. It is only necessary to understand this, and at once all the evil of human life disappears, and its meaning becomes clear and joyful.

PROVE IT FOR YOURSELF!

Count Tolstoy challenges his hearers to test the truth of his assertion by submitting it to a practical experiment:—

To know surely in how far the doctrine of Love is applicable—try it!

Test it. Resolve for a certain period to follow the doctrine of Love in all things; to live so as in all things to remember first of all, with every man—thief, drunkard, rough officer, or dependent—not to swerve from Love; that is to say, in the business you have with him, to remember his need rather than your own. And having so lived for the appointed term, ask yourself: Was it hard for you, and have you injured or bettered your life? And in accord with the result of your test, decide whether it is true that the practice of Love gives welfare in life, or whether that is so only in words. Test this: try, instead of returning the offender evil for evil, instead of condemning behind his back a man who lives badly, and so on—instead of all this, try to respond to evil with good, and say no evil of any man. Treat not even a cow or a dog harshly, but treat them kindly and affectionately, and live in this way for a day, or two, or more, as an experiment, and compare the state of your soul with what it was before. Make the experiment, and you will see how, instead of a surly, angry, and depressed condition, you will be bright, merry and joyous. Live thus for a second and a third week, and you will see how your spiritual gladness will ever grow and grow, and not only will your work not fall into disorder, it will but prosper more and more.

Only try this, dear brothers, and you will see that the doctrine of Love is not a matter of mere words, but is a reality—the nearest, most intelligible and necessary reality.

Prussia and the Poles.

In the *Deutsche Revue* for December M. von Willen asks, How can Prussia establish a permanent peace with Poland? He says that it is not a case of Prussia attacking Poland, but of Poland threatening Prussia. It is the mild rule of Prussia, he asserts, which is the cause of the national awakening in Poland. There is nothing to justify any separation of the Prussians and the Prussian Poles, except the phantom of the renaissance of the kingdom of Poland. Prussia and Poland are at the parting of the ways. Prussia desires nothing but peace; it remains for Poland to realise that the aims and interests of the two nationalities are one and the same.

INSURANCE AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT.

Mr. T. Good, in the *World's Work*, replies in the January number to various objections that have been made to his paper, which was published in the October number of the magazine. Mr. Good replies to the objection that by this scheme he taxes industry to support idleness. He maintains that the efficient and industrious are already taxed in many ways for the maintenance of the idle, and that under modern conditions it is not always the good man who is in regular employment, nor is it the bad man who is out of work. As to the objection that his scheme involves the taxing of employers, he says that there would be ample compensation for the money spent in taxes by the increase of industrial efficiency brought about by keeping the wolf from the doors of the unemployed. He would also lessen the taxes by suggesting that, with every unemployed worker receiving the benefits of this proposed scheme, the payments at present made under the Workmen's Compensation Act to injured workmen be reduced by half. The objection that it would encourage idleness he dismisses by asserting that the scheme would extirpate the curse of indiscriminate charity, and the professional beggar and confirmed idler would receive very little encouragement. He will have to work and pay his insurance premium, or else go hungry.

HOW TO WORK IT.

Mr. Good suggests that the sum obtained should be administered through the Post Office. He says:—

The postmaster in each district, or an official under the postmaster, should appoint special collectors to visit every employer and draw the premiums—the worker's share of the premium to be deducted from his wages, and duly credited, along with the employer's share, in a contribution book. The workman, when unemployed, should be required to enter his name in a register at the nearest post-office daily, or supply other satisfactory evidence of unemployment, and the benefit payments should be made at his home, by an official who could satisfy himself as to the number of the man's dependents and other matters. The payments (less contributions deducted) should be made to every idle person except prisoners and indoor paupers—not only to the unemployed workman, but also to the aged, the sick, and the infirm.

I suggest that the payments be made daily—every working day; that each unemployed female worker (wage-earning worker) should be entitled to 8d. per day—4s. per week; that each male worker without dependents be entitled to 1s. per day when unemployed; that each man with dependents be granted 10d. per day for himself, 6d. per day for his wife or housekeeper, and 1d. per day for each child—that would be 9s. per week for a married man with two children.

WHAT WOULD IT COST?

How much money would be required annually to carry out this scheme? I estimate that, on the average, for every 100 men working there will be 15 unemployed—if 10,000,000 wage-earners are at work in the United Kingdom just now, there will be 1,500,000 idle. Of this million and a-half, I calculate that 1,000,000 will be men with, on the average, three dependents—a wife and two children; that 400,000 will be youths, or single men; and that 100,000 will be females.

I arrive, therefore, at the following figures:—

	Per Year.
1,000,000 unemployed at an average of 9s. per week	£23,400,000
400,000 unemployed at an average of 6s. per week	6,240,000
100,000 unemployed at an average of 4s. per week	1,040,000
Cost of claims	£30,680,000
Add 10 per cent. for administration	3,068,000
Total	£33,748,000

HOW TO FIND THE MONEY.

How is this sum to be raised? Mr. Good proposes that each of the (say) 11,500,000 workers, employed and unemployed, be compelled to contribute 1d. per day, or 6d. per week, to the fund; that those who pay the wages of the 10,000,000 working—that is, the employers—contribute 1d. per day, or 6d. per week, for every worker they employ, and that the balance, or deficit, be granted by the State. This would mean—

	Per Year.
Contributions from 11,500,000 persons insured at premiums of 1d. per day	£14,950,000
Premiums from employers at rate of 1d. per day for each of the 10,000,000 workers employed	13,000,000
State contribution	5,798,000
Total	£33,748,000

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS IN AMERICA.

OVER-TRADING AND OVER-SPECULATION.

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin contributes to the December number of the *World To-Day* a brief analysis of the financial situation in America. Recent failures, he writes, do not necessarily argue general insolvency. If some rotten branches are shaken to the ground while the tree-trunk stands the storm, we are not to assume that the trunk is also rotten. He attributes the difficulties of to-day to over-trading and to the extending of transactions beyond the means available. Speculation, too, has added to the burdens of the money market. Whether we are on the eve of a long period of hard times depends upon how far speculation and unsound credit have been going on. He does not see how congressional legislation will remedy the lack of capital or cure the bad effects of over-speculation.

THRIFTY FRANCE.

Writing in the mid-December number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on the Economic Crisis in 1907 in general and the Economic Crisis in the United States in particular, Raphaël Georges Lévy says that an important factor in the crisis in America was President Roosevelt's declaration of war against the plutocracy of his country. In reference to France, he says French chiefs of industry, have been reproached with a certain timidity; at any rate, they have not the audacity of the Americans. The strength of France lies in the spirit of industry and the thrift of the people, which have enabled her to accumulate a reserve of capital for the hour of danger.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE RAILWAYS.

Mr. Lloyd George's settlement of the dispute between railway owners and railway workers has by no means disposed of the larger questions which that dispute awakened. Working men are hearing that as a result of the State-ownership recently adopted in Italy, railway employees are practically a privileged class, with higher wages, an eight or nine hour working day, old-age pensions, and other advantages. Business men, as will be seen below, are angrily exclaiming against the waste and wanton extravagance of the present "competitive" system. From current magazines one or two papers may be cited.

(1) NATIONALISATION A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

In the *Economic Journal* Professor Gustav Cohn draws attention to the magnificent results of nationalisation in Prussia. He recounts the effort made after the foundation of the German Empire to consolidate all the railways in Germany into one Imperial system, an effort which was wrecked on local "particularism." But the effort succeeded so far as Prussia was concerned:—

These railways were acquired by the Prussian Government in 1880 by an arrangement which was absolutely voluntary on both sides, and at a price which not only agreed with the market price, but even left the shareholders a considerable margin of profit.

There were many fears as to the result. But:—

Since the year 1882 the revenue earned by the Prussian State railways has not only sufficed to pay the interest on the capital and wipe out the debt, but, over and above this, has yielded a surplus which has remained at the disposal of the Government for other national expenses. The figure of this annual surplus has steadily increased from £1,000,000 in the years 1882-1887 to £23,000,000 in 1905, and in the Budget of 1907 it is estimated at £30,000,000 (591,000,000 marks). This amounts to very little less than three times the yield of the Prussian income-tax, or more than double the income and property-taxes taken together (£13,000,000). Yet these two are still the cardinal points of the Prussian fiscal system, and so long as the railway surplus played no very important part, *i.e.*, until 1887, financiers were completely dependent on their productivity. The situation has been changed since 1890, when the railways began to contribute sums of from four to five millions to the national exchequer. Since then the figures have rapidly increased (in 1897 the surplus was ten millions), so that the grand total for the years 1882-1907 amounts to about £260,000,000.

The rates have been lowered, the service improved, and the public generally benefited.

(2) THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF PRIVATE OWNERSHIP.

In the *Financial Review of Reviews* Mr. W. J. Stevens writes on British railway extravagance. He takes as a specimen the Great Western Railway. Its system, he admits, is managed with much skill and enterprise, and from the public point of view is in many respects a marvel of organisation and efficiency. But, he goes on:—

It suffers from the glaring defect of extravagance in all directions. Remarkably satisfactory expansion has been shown in gross receipts, but the additions have barely sufficed to meet extra expenditure on revenue account,

leaving the large extra capital charges to be met mainly at the expense of the Ordinary stockholders. The notoriety which the company has secured for a spurious form of "enterprise" has cost the shareholders millions. Mile-a-minute expresses; non-stop trains; rail and road motor cars; excessively cheap excursion fares; corridor trains; dining, luncheon, breakfast and sleeping cars *ad lib.*; the opening up of a complete new Irish route, including new harbours and steamboat services—these and a host of other things have been introduced by the Great Western, absolutely regardless of expense, and with little or no regard for shareholders' interests. To carry out this reckless policy the whole system is being more or less duplicated with new lines, only rendered necessary by the prevailing mania of the management to run the trains from Paddington to the extremities of the system at sixty miles an hour. As a consequence the capital expenditure of the Great Western Railway has for several years been on a more lavish scale than that of any other railway, and it remains so to-day.

Mr. Stevens proceeds with his indictment:—

The capital expenditure has been largely directed to shorten existing routes and so capture traffic belonging to other companies. The new route to Ireland *via* Fishguard and Rosslare, the construction of the Great Central and Great Western joint lines between Northolt, High Wycombe and Grendon Underwood, the new South Wales direct line, the Castle Cary and Langport, the Ashendon and Aynho, the Cheltenham and Honeybourne, the Birmingham and North Warwick, the Windsor and Ascot, and various other lines constructed or constructing, were not designed to meet public demands for new facilities or to open up new districts, but to tap traffic conveyed by the North-Western to Ireland, and to Birmingham, Wolverhampton and the North; and to compete more effectively with the South-Western to Exeter, Plymouth and Cornwall, and even for the Ascot traffic. Most of these lines not only do not open up any new sources of traffic worth securing, but they duplicate existing routes of the Great Western itself. This company has not hesitated to incur many millions of capital expenditure which have merely reduced the profit derived from its existing lines for the sake of filching a part of the traffic already within the legitimate sphere of a competitor.

Mr. Stevens mentions the interesting fact that the employees of the Great Western and the shareholders of the Great Western are almost equal in number; both figure out at about 70,000. Every separate employee thus carries a shareholder on his back.

Are Prizes Good or Bad Literature?

In the two December numbers of *La Revue* there is a Symposium, edited by Georges Le Cardonnell, on the question of Prizes for Literary Works. *à propos* of the Nobel and other prizes. Paul Adam, for instance, considers the awarding of prizes an excellent thing under certain conditions. First, the jury should not declare that the prize is for the best book of the year, but simply for the book which has attracted the attention of the jury. Also, he says, the recipients should be under thirty, and writers who have not yet achieved fame. Péladan would give prizes to older writers. Many eminent French writers, as well as most of the editors of the "young" reviews, are opponents of the plan. Louis Bertrand considers prizes a mischievous institution, because they are so often awarded to mediocrity.

A BOOK SHOW-ROOM.

WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE IN LONDON.

In the *Library World* for December Mr. James Duff Brown makes the enterprise of the *Tribune* and of the *Daily Chronicle* in organising exhibitions of books an excuse for bringing forward once more proposals for a more permanent exhibition.

THE CONSERVATISM OF THE PUBLISHER.

He writes from the point of view of a librarian rather than from that of the general public, and consequently criticises the experiment of the Library Bureau a few years ago, and the exhibitions above-mentioned, for their arrangement of books according to publishers instead of according to subjects. What everyone wants to see, he says, is all the recent and latest books on definite subjects collected together in one place. Another blemish on such an exhibition is the absence of a catalogue, but, adds Mr. Brown, publishing methods remain crystallised almost on eighteenth century lines, and it is useless to expect a publisher to try anything which has not been done by his grandfather or someone even more remote.

A PERMANENT BOOK BAZAAR.

Mr. Brown proceeds to formulate a definite scheme, which, however, has been frequently discussed on general lines by librarians during the past few years. The large book-buyers, such as municipal library authorities, require a central bazaar where the latest works on every subject can be seen. The books therefore should be classified and put in charge of trained custodians. To make such a scheme possible of accomplishment Mr. Brown says the publishers must co-operate, and he assumes that there are about two hundred British and Anglo-American publishers who could be considered important enough to take part in the plan—and the expense. An Executive Board should be formed and suitable premises secured in Central London.

WHAT IT WOULD COST.

The annual cost is thus estimated:—

Rent, Rates, Taxes	£600
Lighting, Heating, Cleaning	60
Manager	300
Three Assistants at £78	234
Porter	78
Printing, Cataloguing, etc.	200
Contingencies	230

Total

£1672

The cost of the fittings is not to exceed £300 or £400. Reckoning altogether 390 publishers who would join, and assuming that each firm contributed £5 towards the annual expenditure, a revenue of £1950 is obtained. But if we take it that only 100 publishers would join, what is £20 a year each to any firm of standing, compared to the resulting advantages? asks Mr. Brown.

Essential to the whole scheme is exact classification by a trained staff if the exhibition is to be run on scientific lines, the trained assistants to receive 30s.

a week, the same wages as those given to the porter. Such a permanent bazaar, asserts Mr. Brown, would attract book-buyers from all over the country, all kinds of special students, librarians, teachers, and even the public at large.

AN INSTITUTION OF THE HIGHEST SERVICE.

In connection with this subject may be quoted in conclusion the following paragraph from the London Letter in the January number of the *Book Monthly*:—

The "sale dinner" is a generous memory; a spacious and attractive show-room, organised and controlled by the London publishers—or jointly with the booksellers, as might be arranged—would be an institution of the highest service and profit. It might, or might not, be kept open all the year round, for, again, that would be a matter to consider.

"THE FALLACIES OF COLLECTIVISM."

Mr. A. J. Penty writes under this head in the *Albany* an article which may give Collectivists time to think. He grants that Collectivism as a criticism of commercial competition is sound. But he questions the common belief that industry will more and more pass under Trusts and then be nationalised. Trusts, he maintains, prevail only where mechanism is all important and markets are universal; they do not extend to industries dependent on local markets or taste. In Paris, where productive taste has its home, the operatives employed in very small workshops are nearly twice the number of operatives employed in large establishments. Mr. Penty points out in effect that municipal Collectivism is but municipal Capitalism. He argues, why should municipal dwellings be expected to yield profit when no one expects a municipal Art gallery to yield profit? Yet Art shown in municipal dwellings would do more for the artistic education of the town than Art galleries would. He insists:—

So long as we continue to accept the present principle of finance—that all capital should produce interest—and to harbour the utilitarian fallacy that expenditure upon Art is a dead loss to the community, the over-capitalisation of industry must tend to increase. The fundamental fact is that so long as the present principles of finance remain unchallenged, the mere transference of capital from private to public ownership can have no appreciable effect on the problem, since a public body accepting these theories must, like a private manufacturer, put the interests of capital before the interests of life—and between these two there is eternal conflict.

He concludes with this positive suggestion:—

Not, then, the nationalisation of industry, but the transference of the control of industry back from the hands of the financier to those of the craftsman, must be the aim of the social reformer; and as this change is ultimately dependent upon such things as the recovery of a more scrupulous sense of honesty in respect to our trade relationships, the restoration of living traditions of handicraft, and the emergence of nobler conceptions of life in general, the solution of the problem of industrialism is evidently a much larger order than the Collectivist has hitherto been accustomed to suppose.

WHY NO NOBEL PRIZES FOR TOLSTOY?

In the *Grande Revue* Etienne Avenard has an article on the Nobel Prize and the Swedish Academy, in which he endeavours to show that the Swedish Academy or jury chosen by Nobel to award the prize transgresses every year what one has a right to regard as the certain intentions of the generous founder. He says it is impossible to consider Nobel's ideas and the strange interpretation they have received by the Swedish Academy without recognising a striking proof that the donor was in ignorance of the literary spirit of the jury which he chose. If he could have been told, for instance, that in his name every precaution would be taken to exclude from the literary prize three of the chief contemporary masters of thought and literature—namely, Ibsen, Tolstoy, and Zola—he would undoubtedly have preferred to suppress the prize rather than consent to such an interpretation of his wishes. The placing on the "Index" of these three great writers nevertheless was deliberate, and Ibsen and Zola have died without receiving the prize, and Tolstoy will also die without receiving it. An Anatole France in France, a Strindberg in Sweden, and many others who have merited it, no matter what their talent may be, are also excluded in advance from the competition. And what is the reason of such ostracism? The writer answers, the good pleasure of the Swedish Academy. He protests against the choice of Sully-Prudhomme while Tolstoy was ignored, and names all the other writers who have since been crowned to show that there has been no desire to repair the scandalous injustice to Tolstoy.

Henry Bordeaux has a literary study of the work of Mr. Rudyard Kipling in the second December number of the *Correspondant*, from which it would seem M. Bordeaux imagines that Rudyard Kipling was awarded the peace prize by the Norwegians instead of the literary prize by the Swedes.

Present Strength of the British Fleet.

Mr. Archibald S. Hurd, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* on the present effective strength of the British Navy, declares:—

The solid fact for the people of the Empire is that the Navy was never so strong as to-day both actually and relatively to other fleets, that it was never before organised as efficiently for war, and that the Board of Admiralty is united.

In comparison with ten years ago there are more than twice as many ships in commission, each one organised for war and the centre of war training. In the period no Power has made as great progress. In place of eight armoured ships either at the home ports or in British waters during only a portion of the year, we have always in British waters twenty-six battleships, fifteen armoured cruisers, thirteen protected cruisers, and fifty-four destroyers, besides submarines, accompanied by all attendant auxiliary ves-

sels; supporting this first line are six battleships, twenty-two cruisers, and upward of 140 torpedo craft—torpedo gun-boats, torpedo-boat destroyers, torpedo-boats and submarines—all of them furnished with commanding officers and all the essential officers and men who live on board, and requiring only the least skilled ratings to be embarked at a couple of hours' notice to place them absolutely on a war footing.

OLD AGE PENSIONS: PROS AND CONS.

Mr. Asquith's promise to deal with Old Age Pensions this Session has led to a good deal of anticipatory comment in the January magazines. It is worth noting that in the whole course of the agitation the magazines have had very few articles on Pensions. There have been a hundred articles on trifling proposals of reform and a thousand on the ebbs and flows of foreign policy for one on this admittedly colossal reform. The movement has evidently derived its dynamic from sources other than magazinedom. The following extracts express the various points of view from which the question is approached this month:—

ACCEPT PENSIONS AND PERISH.

It is difficult to understand the monstrous recklessness of our present governors. They must surely, in their levity, realise the danger and wickedness of their schemes. Old age pensions, in truth, are the base of a vast pyramid of bribery. The citizen, whatever his career, is to be the recipient of doles, and in return he will confirm the Radicals in the tenure of their offices for life. The same bribe is offered to Englishmen which was offered to the Athenians; and if it be accepted England will perish, as Athens perished, of self-interest and lack of patriotism.—*Blackwood*.

EMPIRE VERSUS OLD AGE PENSIONS.

The Universal Pension scheme would cost twenty-two millions. It is a large sum. But the colossal crime and folly of the Boer War converted me to Old-Age Pensions, the cost of which I had up to that time regarded as prohibitive. A few months ago the military correspondent of the *Times* pointed out that if we did not hold India, Egypt and South Africa, "we could have a cheap short-service army and might knock ten or twenty millions off our Estimates." So, if workmen cannot get a good Pension scheme they may see what stands in the way of it.—Professor E. S. Beesly in the *Positivist Review*.

TO COST 13½ MILLIONS.

Mr. Harold Spender in the *Contemporary Review* airily dismisses the demand for universal pensions as a cry of the Labour extremists, not to be taken seriously, quite forgetting apparently that both Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer have adopted it. He suggests certain modifications of the Chaplin scheme, and estimates that an Old Age Pension could be given to every person over 65 so qualified for £13,500,000. Mr. Spender persists in calling the Rt. Hon. Charles Booth *Sir* Charles Booth. The title is more than deserved, but Mr. Spender should scarcely forestall His Majesty the King.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL IN KOREA.

MR. MCKENZIE AS DANIEL.

The nations of the world have made a Belshazzar's feast to celebrate the triumph of Japan, and even in the midst of their revelry there came a *coup d'état* in Korea which was to most of them as unintelligible as the "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" that appeared as the writing on the wall not made by hand in the palace at Babylon. And now Mr. McKenzie has come forward as a second Daniel to inform us what it means. The action of Japan in Korea, he tells us, is the touchstone of the genuineness of her civilisation and the reality of her professions of justice and disinterestedness.

In the *Contemporary Review* for January, in an article entitled "The Japanese in Korea," he presents a vivid picture of the results of the application of this touchstone. He had ridden all through Korea last autumn, and he speaks at first hand of all he had seen and heard. He does full justice to the benevolent intentions of Marquis Ito, but the actual deeds of the Japanese in the country stand out in terrible contrast.

In one small area, Mr. McKenzie says, he passed through the former settlements of about twenty thousand people made homeless, all their food supplies gone, and now waiting on the bare hillsides to perish from hunger and cold in the coming winter. On every side he heard stories of women outraged, wounded, bayoneted, and non-combatants and children shot. They were not rebels, they were simple farmers, peaceful and law-abiding, but the rebels had fought near their homes, and that was enough; the strong arm of Japan was employed to teach them a lesson.

The result was a policy of ruthless devastation. General Hasegawa has been carrying out one of the most cruel and odious campaigns ever conducted in this generation in the name of civilisation. Prince Ito cannot carry out the policy of justice and reconciliation owing to the impossibility of securing a sufficient number of capable assistants from Japan. Only third-rate men will accept office; they treat the people with gross injustice. Maddened men resort to arms, and then the soldiers are let loose to torture, oppress and destroy the people.

Mr. McKenzie's description of the way in which the Japanese are governing the country is enough to make the blood boil. Japan will be weighed in the balance and found wanting, not because of the duplicity, perjury and fraud by which she obtained possession of the country, but because of the scandalous way in which she is treating the people whom it is at once her duty and her interest to govern justly.

All the prestige which Japan has gained by her victories on land and sea will be destroyed unless Prince Ito is enabled to carry out the policy which in theory he recognises to be indispensable, but

which in practice has no existence. In the interests of Japan it is to be hoped that the evidence contained in this remarkable paper will be carefully studied at Tokyo, and vigorous measures taken to justify the good name of Japan as an Imperial Power.

In the *Empire Review*, two Koreans, S. S. Lee and I. H. Song, now in this country, tell the story of Korea's wrongs. They conclude with these warning words:—

"We strongly urge that the course of events be carefully watched by those interested in the preservation of the principle of an open door in the Orient and the preservation of rights which, though only partially utilised as yet, are full of potentialities for the future. Japan has violated her solemn promises about the 'Open Door' just as she has violated her undertaking as to Korean independence."

OUR RAILWAY MEN.

Mr. G. J. Wardle, M.P., contributes to *London* a very interesting sketch of the railway workers of England. He reckons that 4 per cent. of the population of the British Isles are either railway men, or dependent on railway men for a living. He reckons the total number of ordinary employees of the railway companies at about 600,000, one half of whom are artisans, painters, plumbers, upholsterers, blacksmiths, signal-fitters, etc., and the other half engaged in the actual work of transportation. His facts may be tabulated thus:—

OCCUPATION.	NUMBER.	WEEKLY WAGE (IN SHILLINGS).	HOURS OF WORK A DAY.
Carmen	23,000	24	Long and uncertain.
Goods workers ...	Between 25,000 and 30,000	18 to 20	
Porters, loaders and sheeters ...		18 to 20	
Checkers		24 to 27	
Shunters	12,000	19 to 28	8
Locomotive staff:	70,000		
Enginedrivers ...		40	
Firemen		21 to 25	
Cleaners		15 to 18	10
Guards, passenger	7,600	20 to 30	10
" goods ...	15,000	21 to 35	10
Signalmen		19 to 32/6	8 to 12
Platformers	66,000	17 to 27	
Clerical staff: ...	65,000		
Booking clerks...		7/8 to 35/0	

Mr. Wardle thinks the chief disadvantages of railway life are long and irregular hours for large numbers of the men, and small wages for the remainder. The advantages are fairly permanent employment, sick funds, pension funds for some classes, cheap travelling for themselves and their families up to a certain age, and in a few cases cottages and gardens provided.

Mr. G. A. Seakin gives a racy account in the *Royal* of a day in the life of a guard.

THE ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION.

AND ITS SEVEN MILLION SOLDIERS.

Jack London contributes to the *Contemporary Review* a characteristic article entitled "Revolution." He says:—

In Germany there are 3,000,000 men who begin their letters "Dear Comrade," and end them, "Yours for the Revolution"; in France, 1,000,000 men; in Austria, 800,000 men; in Russia, 400,000 men; in Belgium, 300,000 men; in Italy, 250,000 men; in England, 100,000 men; in Switzerland, 100,000 men; in Denmark, 35,000 men; in Sweden, 50,000 men; in Holland, 40,000 men; in Spain, 30,000 men, comrades all, and revolutionists.

These are numbers which dwarf the grand armies of Napoleon and Xerxes. They compose, when the roll is called, an army of 7,000,000 men, who, in accordance with the conditions of to-day, are fighting with all their might for the conquest of the wealth of the world and for the complete overthrow of existing society.

REVOLUTION AS COMRADE OF CIVILISATION.

He glories in the fact that he and his comrades are Revolutionists, who, in Russia, do not stick at assassination. As fast as a country becomes civilised the revolution fastens upon it. In the United States in 1888 there were only 2068 Socialist votes; in 1904 they had risen to 435,000, and that in spite of a time of unprecedented prosperity. The revolutionist is no starved and diseased slave in the shambles; he is, in the main, a hearty, well-fed working-man. He sees the shambles waiting for him and his children, and declines to descend. All the world over it is a working-class revolt; the great middle class is perishing, having become a great anomaly in the social struggle. The cause of the revolution, Jack London says, is to be found in the fact that the capitalist class has hitherto managed society, and has failed deplorably, ignobly, horribly. The result is, the state of society is distinctly worse than that enjoyed by the cave-man in prehistoric times.

THE INFERNO THAT IS.

In the United States there are 10,000,000 people who, because they cannot get enough to eat, are perishing, dying, body and soul, living miserably, and dying slowly. No cave-man ever starved as chronically as they starve, ever slept as vilely as they sleep, ever festered with rotteness and disease as they fester, nor ever toiled as hard, and for as long hours as they toil. In the City of New York 50,000 children go hungry to school every morning. What is true of the United States is true of all the civilised world. Man's efficiency for food-getting and shelter-getting has increased a thousand-fold since the days of the cave-man. Machinery has multiplied its capacity for production at least a thousand-fold. How is it, then, that the social system produced such evil results?

THE PARADISE THAT MIGHT BE.

Jack London maintains it is because under the capitalist system the management is prodigiously wasteful:—

With the natural resources of the world, the machinery already invented, a rational organisation of production and distribution, and an equally rational elimination of waste, the able-bodied workers would not have to labour more than two or three hours per day to feed everybody, clothe everybody, house everybody, educate everybody, and give a fair measure of little luxuries to everybody. There would be no more material want and wretchedness, no more children toiling out their lives, no more men and women and babes living like beasts and dying like beasts.

But in place of this the capitalist class has made a shambles of civilisation; the working class is now about to try its hand. Its intention is to destroy present-day society, and to take possession of the world with all its wealth and machinery and governments. Against the revolution, Jack London maintains, capitalism is powerless. The revolution is here, now. Stop it who can.

WELLS DOWN ON MARX.

Much more serious than the somewhat wild rhodomontade of Jack London is the series of papers which Mr. H. G. Wells is contributing to the *Grand Magazine*, entitled "New Worlds for Old." In the January number we have the ninth instalment, entitled "Socialism a Developing Doctrine." It is chiefly devoted to an exposition and criticism of Marx's programme. Marx and the early Marxists were and are negligent of the necessities of government and crude in their notions of class action. Marx's programme diagnoses a disease admirably, and then suggests rather an incantation than a plausible remedy. Men of public affairs, of business or social experience, do not believe in the mystical wisdom of the people, and find no satisfactory promise of a millennium in anything Marx foretold. Mr. Wells pleads for concentrated intention and set resolve in order that Socialism may be attained, not by fate, but by will.

Swadeshi and Tariff Reform.

Sir Roper Lethbridge, writing in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, seems to imagine that it is possible to exploit the Swadeshi movement in India into a reinforcement for Tariff Reform. But what Swadeshi means is Indian goods for the Indians, and Sir Roper is walking in a vain show if he imagines the advocates of native Indian goods are willing to favour British imports. The British producer is their most formidable competitor. The other foreigners do not count much.

Mr. H. P. Ghose, writing on the Industrial Revolution in India in *East and West* for December, says:—

It is idle to deny that the Swadeshi movement leans a little on the side of Protection—inasmuch as value and quality being equal, or about equal, it advocates the preference of indigenous products to imported goods. England has not been slow to use Protection to safeguard the interest of her industries. And even now some of her politicians are advertising Protection as a panacea for all sorts of industrial distemper.

"SEE DAMASCUS AND DIE."

Mr. H. Van Dyke contributes to *Harper* for January an account of his journey "from the Springs of the Jordan to Damascus." He says:—

The point about Damascus is that she flourishes on a secluded plain, the Ghûtah, seventy miles from the sea and twenty-three hundred feet above it, with no hinterland and no sustaining provinces, no political leadership, and no special religious sanctity, with nothing, in fact, to account for her distinction, her splendour, her populous vitality, her self-sufficient charm, except her mysterious and enduring quality as a mere city, as a hive of men. She is the oldest living city in the world; no one knows her birthday or her founder's name. She has survived the empires and kingdoms which conquered her—Nineveh, Babylon, Samaria, Greece, Egypt—their capitals are dust, but Damascus still blooms "like a tree planted by the rivers of water." She has given her name to the reddest of roses, the sweetest of plums, the richest of metal-work, and the most lustrous of silks; her streets have bubbled and eddied with the currents of

"the multitudinous folk
That do inhabit her and make her great."

She is the typical city, pure and simple, of the Orient, as New York or San Francisco is of the Occident: the open port on the edge of the desert, the trading-booth at the foot of the mountains, the pavilion in the heart of the blossoming bower—the wonderful offspring of a little river and an immemorial spirit of place.

Climbing up from the Great Mosque of the Ommayyades into the Minaret of the Bride, at the hour of 'Asr, or afternoon prayer, we come out from the gloom of the staircase into the dazzling light of the balcony which runs around the top of the minaret. For a few moments we can see little; but when the first bewilderment passes, we are conscious that all the charm and wonder of Damascus are spread at our feet. The oval mass of the city lies like a carving of old ivory, faintly tinged with pink, on a huge table of malachite. The setting of groves and gardens, luxuriant, interminable, deeply and beautifully green, covers a circuit of sixty miles. Beyond it, in sharpest contrast, rise the bare, fawn-coloured mountains, savage, intractable, desolate; away to the west the snow-crowned bulk of Hermon; away to the east the low-rolling hills and slumberous haze of the desert. Under these flat roofs and white domes and long black archways of bazaars three hundred thousand folk are swarming; and there, half-emerging from the huddle of decrepit modern buildings and partly hidden by the rounded shed of a bazaar, is the ruined top of a Roman arch of triumph, battered, proud, and indomitable.

In the *Empire Review* Edith Gabb replies to Mrs. Grossmann's article on "Women of New Zealand" (September). Speaking of the working of women's suffrage in the Dominion, she says: "Many women here are too much occupied with home and children to trouble about politics; on the other hand, many young unmarried women make much of their privileges." With regard to the New Zealand girl, the writer differs essentially from Mrs. Grossmann. "Nothing in New Zealand has struck me so forcibly as the rudeness, so-called independence, of youth and child, male and female. As to the majority of girls in the 'backfisch' age, well! I think it is terrible." Where could she have been, or what kind of society could she have moved in?

ECONOMICS OF A MINIMUM WAGE.

Professor H. B. Lees Smith in the *Economic Journal* writes on economic theory and proposals for a legal minimum wage. Proposals to deal with each trade separately, as in Victoria, involve (1) a fall in the wages of the more highly paid labourers; or (2) an increase in the price of the commodity; or (3) a fall in profits. The first is least likely to happen. The second might cover the increased wage, but would diminish the demand. The capital hitherto employed in this form of production will go elsewhere, and the labour will be diverted elsewhere or flung out of occupation. In the third case property and business management will go elsewhere. Labour, again, will be diverted or unemployed.

The second proposal, that of a general minimum imposed on all trades together, will, the Professor shows, also lead directly and indirectly towards the increase of unemployment. "In many sweated trades it is only by its very cheapness that the labour can hold its own against the competition of capital, represented chiefly by machinery in factories. If, therefore, the cost of the labour is raised, the tendency will be for its place to be taken by capital."

The Professor concludes that pure theory does not condemn the proposal for a minimum wage. It merely indicates that it will develop another problem, and that therefore plans for grappling with unemployment are required to complete the scheme for a legal minimum wage.

Ernest Nathan, the Mayor of Rome.

In the mid-December number of the *Nouvelle Revue* there is an article by Raqueni on the election of Ernest Nathan, the leader of the Mazzinian Republican Party, former Grand Master of Italian Freemasonry, and especially a Jew, as Mayor of Rome. The success of the Anti-Clericals, he says, was not entirely due to political causes; the economic question played a great part in the municipal elections, and contributed largely to the triumph of the Anti-Clericals. All Liberal Italy rejoices at the choice of Mr. Nathan as Mayor. He is one of the most faithful disciples of Mazzini, and his resemblance to the great philosopher and agitator is most striking. The Pope may protest, but in reality he is reaping to-day the bitter fruits of a policy diametrically opposed to the spirit of modern times and modern civilisation, a policy which he pursues with puerile obstinacy. In conclusion, Raqueni wishes Mazzini's "Duties of Man" could be introduced into the French schools as the complement of the "Rights of Man." Mazzini's book, which inspired the principles of the French Revolution, might thus become an intellectual link between the young of both Latin nations.

THE WHITTIER CENTENARY.

GLIMPSSES OF THE POET.

On December 17th the centenary of the birth of Whittier was commemorated in America, and *à propos* of the anniversary Mr. H. W. Boynton contributes an appreciation of the poet's work to the December number of *Pulnam*. The Haverhill farmhouse was not merely Whittier's birthplace; it was his home for about thirty years, and the rest of his life was lived only a few miles away from it. He was therefore indigenous, provincial in the narrow sense, and every day he continued to take deeper root in the soil from which he sprang.

A TRUE SINGER.

The writer is concerned only with his work as a lyric poet. Whittier, he says, was never content with the pursuit of poetry as an end. His poems were never the effect of study; sometimes they sprang from pure impulse, and sometimes, less happily, from some purely didactic intent. As a bachelor and a man of perfectly regular life he might be supposed to have lacked something of the experience from which lyrical poetry of a high order commonly springs. His devotion to the cause of liberty was his only passion, and it did not produce the best poetry. But he was by no means ignorant of the sentiment of love.

THE LOVE AFFAIR OF HIS LIFE.

Like Burns, he had his Mary, but she was never more to him than a fond dream. She became the wife of a Kentucky judge, and Whittier's relation to her seems to have been limited to a lifelong correspondence. Nevertheless she embodied to him all the romance of womanhood as his sister represented all that was devoted and companionable. The sweetness of girlhood is a theme to which he continually recurred, and the dignity and the beauty of labour inspired him to far more spontaneous flights of song than the beauty of human liberty.

CONNUBIAL HAPPINESS.

In the December *Lippincott* Frances Campbell Sparhawk gives some glimpses, touches here and there, of the man and the poet. Although Whittier never married, he liked to hear of other people entering into the bonds of matrimony, but he was confident that he could have made better matches for certain young persons than they had done for themselves, and more than once he turned the wavering balance of fancy in the head—or heart—of some young man or woman, and resolved uncertainty into joy. He was fond of telling a story of a man with a shrewish wife. On his return home the husband, to discover the mood of his better half and avoid her in her tantrums, would cautiously open the house-door and throw in his hat. If this remained within he would follow it; but if it were tossed out again faster than it had entered, its owner wisely withdrew and waited for fairer marital weather.

Asked what he meant when he wrote the poem, "What of the Day?" in 1857, four years before the War, he replied, "I did not know myself what I meant by it," but his look showed that the poem was an inspiration, a real prophecy.

A PLEA FOR SOCIAL REFORM IN INDIA.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN.

Mr. K. Natarajan, editor of the *Indian Social Reformer*, contributes to the *Hindustan Review* an excellent paper on "Social Reform in India; a National Problem." The re-marriage of widows, although one of the most important subjects on the programme, is not the whole of social reform. The nation suffers from the rule of enforced widowhood, and it ought to be relaxed:—

The restoration of faith in the virtues of sanitation and hygiene and of obedience to the laws of physiology becomes the first duty of social reform. When social reformers seek to raise the marriageable age of boys and girls and to improve other practices connected with the institution of marriage, they only seek to bring the institutions of the country in conformity with the laws of the science of human life.

Another reform is the administration of religious and charitable endowments in such a way as not to make the temples hotbeds of vice. At the root of all things lies the education of women:—

The present illiteracy of about 80 per cent. of our women constitutes an insuperable bar to progress in any direction. The increasing stress of life cannot be supported by the intelligence of man alone. The co-operation, and the intelligent co-operation, of women alone can prevent us from succumbing to the struggle for existence which is coming over the country as the effect of its entrance into relations with the West. Our standards of life, attainments, and actions are becoming influenced by the standards of Europe and America. But while in Europe the woman is a living force, in India she is as yet a passive influence. The man's ideals lie one way and the woman's in another. There is thus a lack of unity of aim and purpose in our national life which is detrimental to progress. The two wheels of society must run together if the vehicle is to move.

Mr. Natarajan concludes his paper by declaring that caste must go if India is ever to become a united nation. It is evident that the social reformers of India have their work set.

The *Scottish Historical Review*, a new series of the *Scottish Antiquary*, and naturally of special rather than general interest, contains an article by the late Rev. J. G. Campbell on "The Green Island"—a traditional island in the Hebrides, submerged by enchantments, where the inhabitants continue living as formerly, and which will yet become visible and accessible. Traditions regarding its exact position vary much, each locality placing it near itself. Some of the traditions and tales the writer has collected in his article. Much of the *Review* is taken up with notices of books.

IF BRITAIN ADOPTED THE SWISS SYSTEM.

WHAT WOULD IT MEAN?

We hear a great deal about the Swiss military system, and we are often adjured to adopt it in Great Britain. In the December number of the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution* those who desire to understand what the Swiss system is and how it would work out if adopted in this country, will find exactly what they want in a most interesting paper by Lieut.-Colonel Delmé Radcliffe, British Military Attaché at Rome and Berne.

A HOME ARMY OF 4,000,000.

He tells us that it would give us an army of 4,000,000 men, with 4000 field guns and 70,000 calvary, costing 9½ millions annually. Every male in the country on attaining his nineteenth year must present himself for military service. About 52 per cent. of these are accepted. The other 48 per cent., unless they are employees of the arsenals, prisons, railways, hospitals, posts, telegraph, etc., whose services are needed in war time, pay an exemption tax varying from 5s. per annum in the case of poor men up to £120 per annum in the case of rich men. Swiss living abroad have to pay the tax.

THE PERIOD OF MILITARY SERVICE.

The recruits have to serve 65 days in the infantry, 75 days in the artillery, and 90 days in the calvary for the first year. The infantry and engineers must serve 11 days each subsequent year, the artillery and fortress troops 15 days. These are the figures taken from the new law voted by *Referendum* last November:—

As far as the performance of duty with the colours is concerned, the Army is divided into three categories: the *Auszug*, the *Landwehr*, and the *Landsturm*. The *Auszug* includes all men fit for service between the ages of twenty and thirty-two. The *Landwehr* includes the men of same category, after they have completed their *Auszug* service, until they reach forty-four years of age, and the *Landsturm* includes all capable of serving between the ages of seventeen and fifty, who do not belong either to the *Auszug* or the *Landwehr*.

The total strength of the military forces of Switzerland may be stated thus in round numbers: the *Auszug* contains 143,000 men; the *Landwehr* about 91,000 men; and the armed *Landsturm*, about 45,000 men. The *Landsturm* is not yet completely organised.

A CITIZEN FORCE.

From its organisation the Army in Switzerland is entirely a citizen force. In it all classes, all trades, all professions are represented, and the peculiarities, qualities, and capacities of each class, trade, and profession are very much turned to account for the benefit of general efficiency. The doctor and chemist in civil life serve in the Medical Corps; the electrician, engineer, and mechanic in the Engineers; the 'bus and cab drivers as artillery drivers; the farmers and horse-owning classes in the cavalry; butchers and bakers in the supply departments, and so on. Thus, for many, the military training is not even an interruption of their usual occupations, for they continue them, not for their own interests, but in pursuit of a greater end.

THE STRENGTH OF THE SWISS ARMY.

The armed forces of Switzerland amount, according to

the above figures, to about 280,000 men. The unarmed *Landsturm* is about 260,000 strong. The unarmed *Landsturm* is used, to a large extent, in the auxiliary services—such as "Pioneers," Medical Corps drivers and horses' attendants, guides and carriers in the mountains, signalers, workshop artificers, storemen and stores workmen, bakers, butchers, office assistants and clerks, cyclists, and about 60,000 are described as being "at the disposal of the military commands." Were our position similar for land defence on a similar basis, we should have in the United Kingdom alone about four million armed men, and something like eight millions who would be available for military purposes of all kinds.

CADETS, SHOOTING CLUBS, AND RED CROSS CORPS.

There are besides cadet clubs and shooting clubs. If we had as many cadets from our secondary schools and gymnasiums as they have in Switzerland we should have 98,000 cadets. If our shooting clubs were as numerous as the Swiss, they would have 3,000,000 shooting members, with an annual grant of £250,000. We should also have 400,000 members of the Red Cross Corps. "The number of officers and non-commissioned officers in the Swiss armed force is such that, in the proportion of the English population, it would represent more than 500,000 men, or as many as our Regulars, Militia, and Volunteers in England put together."

WHAT IT COSTS IN MONEY—

Every armed Swiss defence man represents an annual outlay of £5 6s. per annum. The total War Budget of Switzerland is £1,500,000 net:—

In Great Britain with a recruit contingent of 130,000 men annually, giving them a three months' recruit course and eight annual trainings of a fortnight afterwards, we should have an Army a million strong, costing £6,000,000 a year.

—AND IN TIME.

The whole Swiss Army represents in days of work during the year, roughly, the output of 6000 men of a permanent force. The 4,000,000 men, proportionate to a population of 40,000,000, would correspond to a Standing Army of about 82,000 men. This is only about one-third of the strength of our Regular Army, without taking any of the Auxiliary forces into account at all. A Militia Army of a million men would, of course, correspond to a permanent force of about 20,000 men.

Employers of labour in Switzerland consider that the small loss in working time is more than compensated for by the increased efficiency of the men.

A REAL ARMY GOOD AND CHEAP.

Lieut.-Colonel Delmé Radcliffe says:—

In Switzerland at no time does the number of men under arms exceed one-fifth of the total strength, and this number is only reached during the most strenuous period of the autumn manœuvres. It is an Army which, in peacetime, never is an Army. It has no barracks to speak of and gives little evidence of its existence except during trainings. On an enemy's threat, however, it at once becomes a mighty and complete Army—a host stamped from the ground, armed from head to foot, and ready for any eventuality.

The points of chief excellence in the Swiss Army, after the spirit which animates it, and which must always be placed first, is the perfection of the organisation in all its details, down to the smallest of the subsidiary services. It really is an Army, complete and ready. Ready, too, for instant mobilisation.

KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN.

AN INTERNATIONAL TRIBUTE.

As may be expected, the Press of the world has been full of eulogies of the late King of Sweden. Among the periodicals of January the *American Review of Reviews* publishes a very appreciative Character Sketch of Oscar II., Sweden's dramatic sovereign. The writer of the sketch is of opinion that however heavy was the King's grief when the Norwegian crisis broke out in 1905, his sorrow was mingled with a strong sense of relief at being able to deal with it in his own spirit. The leading Swedish-American newspaper has declared that it depended upon the King *alone* that the two nations were not drawn into a useless war. This may be an over-statement of the fact, but there is no doubt that the King's influence was specially used in favour of a pacific solution of what at one time appeared to be a very threatening crisis. This fact, which entitles him to the admiration of posterity, was regarded in a very different light by a certain section of the Swedish people who resented the dissolution of the Scandinavian Union, and vented their displeasure upon the head of the King. That feeling fortunately subsided in the last year of his life, and and the process has been assisted by the generous and general recognition in other countries of the magnanimity of the statesmanship of the late Sovereign.

At the late Hague Conference a Swedish lady, who married into a Dutch family, Madame Theresa Boon, conceived the idea of collecting the autographs of the delegates and pacifists who were assembled at the Hague in an album in which they expressed their appreciation of the wisdom and courage with which the King of Sweden had conducted the communications that led to the establishment of an independent Kingdom of Norway. The compilation of this album was one of the most interesting secondary episodes of the Hague Conference. It began with the autograph of Baroness von Suttner, but before it closed it contained the signatures of all the leading delegates, with the exception of the Germans. Some of the signatures, especially those of the Chinese and Japanese, were marvels of Oriental calligraphy. It was the intention of Madame Boon when the album was complete to have given it to the late King as a Christmas present. Unfortunately death rendered this impossible, and the album was presented to his successor on Christmas Eve. His Majesty Gustavus V. accorded Madame Boon a most cordial personal reception. The album was exhibited during Christmas week for public inspection in the Royal library at Stockholm. It is probable that extracts from this polygot, cosmopolitan, international tribute of the representatives of all the leading Governments of the world will be printed for general circulation in Sweden, where it ought undoubtedly finally to banish the last ray of resentment

that may have lingered in the minds of the Swedish militarists.

The writer of the article in the *American Review of Reviews* already referred to says that Oscar was not only the most democratic sovereign of Europe, but was the kingliest of all European monarchs. If King Christian of Denmark was the father-in-law of all Europe, King Oscar was the friend of all the world. Up to the last he remained active and interested in all public affairs. At his death he expressed his wish that no interruption in private or public business should be made on account of his decease. His son Gustavus V. took the oath of office within a few hours after his father's death on December 8th. The funeral was a marvellous sight; the snow had fallen in the morning, a pale wintry sun looked out upon the quiet funeral *cortège* making its way between hundreds and thousands of silent subjects who had assembled to pay their last tribute of love and loyalty to their deceased Sovereign.

"WHY MY 'CHRISTIAN' IS SUCH A SUCCESS."

Mr. Hall Caine publishes his play "The Christian" in the *Grand Magazine*, and prefaces it by a couple of pages, in which he explains, without a particle of pride or vanity, the three facts which in his opinion have enabled his drama to reach the great masses of the people:—

The first of the facts which contribute to the success of the play is that it presents a picture of a poor girl of good character and excellent talents who is trying to emancipate herself from a condition of dependence on her overburdened family and to make her living by her own exertions. Because there are thousands of girls in London who are doing that every day, the play which presents the picture of one such girl going through her bitter struggle and coming out pure, after being tried in the fire and tested, was perfectly certain of a wide appeal.

The second of the facts which contribute to the success of "The Christian" is that it presents a picture of the "woman of the under-world" as a poor creature who has been beaten in the battle of life, a girl of good and generally tender heart who finds herself in a blind alley of iron walls, from which it is almost impossible that she should escape. It was not a matter for surprise that a play presenting a picture so unfamiliar yet so manifestly true should awaken and perhaps alarm the conscience of a large section of the public.

The third of the facts which contribute to the success of "The Christian" is that the author has been neither afraid nor ashamed to present the portrait of a manly fellow who is capable of real enthusiasm, a man who is prepared to put aside every selfish aim for the realisation of ideals which, whether good or bad, wise or foolish, are at least born of noble feelings. Now, just because the public finds no sustenance in the cynicism which is corrupting so much writing of the present hour, it is not to be wondered at that a play like this, which, whatever the multitude of its defects and the impracticability of its dreams, is fresh with the salt of faith and hope and renunciation, should reach the great masses of the people.

And it *has* reached them, notwithstanding all its short comings.

THE TSAR'S KITCHEN.

REVELATIONS HORRIBLE—IF TRUE.

Prince S. R. G., writing in the first December number of *La Revue*, supplies what he truly declares are gruesome particulars concerning the Tsar's kitchen, showing the dangers infinitely greater than the bombs of revolutionists to which the Tsar and his family are constantly exposed. In the matter of food at any rate the Autocrat of all the Russias is served worse than any other rich man in his Empire.

THE GRAND DUKE GEORGE.

When the brother of the Tsar, the Grand Duke George, died of tuberculosis in the Caucasus, Dr. Bertinson, brother of the Court Doctor, elicited the information that the Grand Duke's first *valet-de-chambre*, who was continually with his master, and handled his clothes, etc., was a man in the last stage of pulmonary phthisis. This valet, says the doctor, undoubtedly infected the Grand Duke, for there are no tuberculous antecedents on either side in the Imperial family.

DIRT SUPREME.

It will be remembered that in the autumn of 1900, when the Tsar was at Livadia, he had a sudden attack of typhoid fever. The incident was much talked about at St. Petersburg. How could the Tsar be attacked by a malady which is always caused by infection, and which is usually found associated with poverty and dirt? A lady who appeared well-informed made answer to a circle of friends who were discussing similar problems. Nothing, she said, could surprise her after her visit to the kitchen on the Imperial train. In regard to the wonderful luxury and comfort of the Tsar's rooms her expectations were more than realised, but when she saw the kitchen she was stupefied and indignant at the state of dirt, simply repulsive, in which she found it. She said she could still see a wooden stool, black with dirt, on which a man was sitting. This was the block on which the meat for the Tsar's table was cut and trimmed. The lady remarked to her friend, "I would not for all the gold in the world taste anything which came out of that kitchen," and the man replied, "I am only a servant, madame, but I would not eat anything prepared on this stool, even though I should be allowed to do it myself."

EVIDENCE OF A DOCTOR.

Similar stories are told by a military doctor who used to attend the servants at the palace. One day, when he was making a professional visit to an assistant chef, he found him at his stove busy preparing a delicate dish for the Tsar's table. While the doctor was still talking to him the sauce began to burn, and the cook, in no wise disconcerted, immediately plunged his ladle into some dirty water which was at hand, and emptied it into the saucepan. This same doctor asserts that he saw other servants in the kitchen suffering from contagious and repulsive

maladies, and that in spite of his orders these servants remained in the service of the Tsar and helped to prepare the food for the Tsar's table. The doctor also refers to the sudden illness of a General who had been induced to partake of some refreshment in the Tsar's tent. The General had been warned repeatedly of the imprudence of eating anything from the Imperial kitchen, but the manoeuvres had given him an appetite, and he paid the penalty.

FORTUNES MADE BY COOKS.

Thus it would seem the Tsar's kitchen has the worst possible reputation. But in addition to the lack of cleanliness and hygiene, "Prince S. R. G." declares that it is run at enormous expense. A story is told of a chef who retired young worth millions, and afterwards desired to return to the service of the Tsar, for there is nothing equal to service in the Imperial kitchen for enabling a man to amass a fortune in a short space of time. Every dish which appears on the Tsar's table in an ordinary way is paid for at the rate of ten roubles (about 22s. 6d.). But for great dinners, receptions, etc., the arrangement is different. Suppose, says the writer, there is a dinner for 500, and that the menu includes such things as lobsters, Rouen ducklings, and champagne of a special brand. This means that 500 lobsters, 500 ducklings, 500 bottles of champagne, etc., will be paid for. Everything is procured from Paris, and reckoning the minimum cost at 100 francs a head, we see that the chef will be paid 50,000 francs (over £2000) by the Minister of the Court. Thus it is not a question of eating and drinking, but of paying.

HOW THE TSAR IS ROBBED.

There exists at the Court of Russia a Controller of the Imperial Table, whose business it is to inspect the table before the guests assemble. He counts the bottles of wine and satisfies himself as to the brands. But behind his back are servants, not less serious, who quietly take a number of bottles of wine and hand them to their wives behind the doors. Bénédictines, cakes, fruit, and even flowers are also taken, but in the matter of wine the correct number of bottles is left, only many of them have been replaced by cheap imitations. The stolen wines and food are frequently sold to outsiders, and the writer declares that he was at the house of a professional man when a valet in Court livery arrived with a hamper containing twenty bottles of expensive wine, for which the professional man paid as good as nothing. More precious things than food and wine have also been taken, and objects of art and curios from the Palace have been bought at shops in St. Petersburg.

The *Vita Femminile Italiana* of December publishes an article on Annie Besant by Teresa Ferraris-Scarzelli.

OUR FUTURE PRINCESS ROYAL.

AND HOW SHE IS BEING EDUCATED.

The future Princess Royal, Princess Mary of Wales, is the subject of a sketch, by Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley, in the January number of the *Girl's Realm*.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE BABY.

Princess Mary is known as the Diamond Jubilee baby of the Royal Family, for she was born in April, 1897, two months before the Diamond Jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria. She received the names of Victoria Alexandra Mary, after her great-grandmother and her two grandmothers, and for some years was called Princess Victoria, but as her aunt had the same name it became confusing, and now she is always called Princess Mary, which she naturally prefers to little Victoria.

HER DEVOTION TO OUTDOOR LIFE.

The upbringing of the Princess forms a striking contrast to that of Queen Victoria, shut up within the confines of Kensington Palace, with no companions of her own age, and always surrounded by older people over-anxious for her model behaviour, and instead of hockey, tennis, or diabolo, lessons from a tutor at the age of five. To Princess Mary the lines have fallen in very different places, and being the only girl among five boys, we may be sure she has plenty of fun and frolic with her brothers. She is now eleven, and a high-spirited girl devoted to all kinds of outdoor games, including cricket, and she is longing for the day when she will be able to play golf. At diabolo she is an eager competitor with her brothers, who are all most enthusiastic players. She is also fond of riding, and the shaggy little Welsh pony and the sleek, handsome donkey of her younger days have now given place to a pretty chestnut pony.

THE DELIGHTS OF FROGMORE.

The Royal children have two pairs of driving ponies, one dark and the other the beautiful cream-coloured pair given to them by Sir George Sanger. Within the grounds of Frogmore, Princess Mary and her brothers are learning to drive. Another delight to the Princess is the Home Farm and Dairy, where she can feed the poultry, watch the butter-making, make friends with the calves, and have a glorious time in the hay, if it happens to be the hay-making season when the Court is at Windsor. Perhaps the greatest delight of all at Frogmore is the picnicking at Virginia Water, where the children take tea on board the brig "King Edward VII.," a smart little craft used by Prince Edward and Prince Albert when preparing for their studies as naval cadets at Osborne. Princess Mary now knows the names of all parts of a ship, and she is learning to fish and to row, and soon the art of swimming will be added to her many other outdoor accomplishments.

AUNT VICTORIA.

Photography is another favourite amusement, and

in this the Princess has an accomplished guide in her aunt, Princess Victoria. Aunt and niece are great friends, and, during the long absences of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the colonies and in India, were much together. Aunt Victoria devotes herself to her nephews and nieces in a wonderful manner, and on her birthday always gives a children's party at Buckingham Palace. When in London Princess Mary accompanies her brothers to see the sights—the Tower, the Zoo, etc.; but it must not be supposed that her life is one long holiday.

THE PRINCESS'S LESSONS.

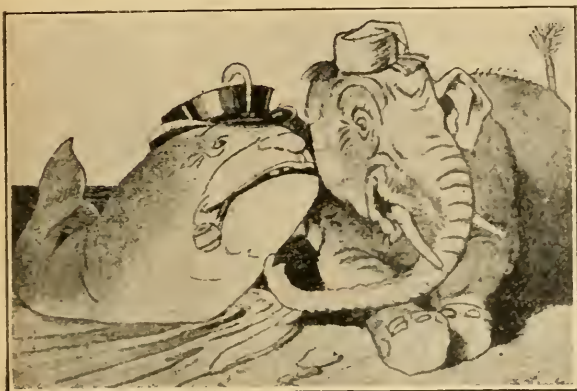
It is said that the Princess is not particularly fond of books, but she has as many lessons as most girls of her age, and shares many of her brothers' studies as well as their games. She has a French governess, and Miss Parratt, the daughter of Sir Walter Parratt, organist of St. George's Chapel, instructs her in some subjects. The study of languages is an important item, and for her age the Princess has a fair knowledge of French and German. She and her brothers speak those languages at meals. From her earliest years the Princess has learnt to do various kinds of needlework, and she is now trying to do a piece of work for exhibition at the Home Arts and Crafts at Sandringham in the spring. For five years she has been an associate of the London Needlework Guild, and every year she sends to it two pairs of mittens knitted by herself, paying for the materials out of her pocket-money. She invests part of her pocket-money in the Savings Bank, and she transacts her banking business herself, and is proud of her bank-book.

De Gids opens with some experiences of a nurse, and passes to a consideration of a new Bill affecting the position of the Dutch industries from the financial point of view. The Dutch colonies, generally speaking, are a drain on the resources of the mother country, or the *Vaderland*; it is hoped that the Bill, if it becomes law, will do much to remedy this condition of things. Another article treats of the dream of Dutch-Belgian unity, and is really a review of several books, one on a military union and another on a Customs union between the two countries. The writer of the *critique* warns his readers to be cautious and await the Report of the Commission before jumping at conclusions; there are many difficulties in the way, difficulties from within and without, but there are also great possibilities. A closer union, a sort of working agreement, would be profitable to both. Who knows but that we may yet see Belgium and Holland wedded once more? The Dutch show occasional signs of uneasiness concerning the intentions of Germany, and a union with Belgium might be an additional safeguard.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN CONVENTION DENOUNCED.

BY COLONEL YATE AND OTHERS.

Anathema, anathema maranatha! is the verdict of Colonel Yate upon the new Anglo-Russian Convention, pronounced with bell, book and candle in



Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.]

Russia and England.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE WHALE: "We might marry, too; but natural history unfortunately stops there."

the January *Asiatic Quarterly Review*. Amen and amen, and so say all of us, chant in chorus Lord Percy, M. Vambéry, Mr. Lovat Fraser, Mr. Angus Hamilton, etc., etc. Colonel Yate says:—

It would seem as if the Russian game throughout had been bluff, bluff, bluff—"Chantage," in fact, of the deepest dye.

THE PERSIAN PARTITION.

To take the arrangement concerning Persia first, the preamble of the arrangement is perfect. Had the Russian sphere, therefore, only been limited to the terms as laid down in the preamble, how much more fair, just and friendly the Convention would have been! As it is, under the terms of the subsequent articles the various areas work out as follows:—Russian sphere, 272,800 square miles; neutral zone, 217,180; British sphere, 141,100. The Russian sphere is thus nearly double the size of the British sphere in area, and comprises all the best of Persia, while the British sphere comprises the worst.

THE POSITION OF AFGHANISTAN.

By Article IV. we have given Russia equality of commercial opportunity in Afghanistan, and Great Britain agrees that any facilities which may be enjoyed by British and Indian traders shall be equally enjoyed by Russian traders. Now, the Russian Customs cordon that has been drawn around the Russian provinces in Central Asia within the last twelve or fifteen years has absolutely put a stop to all trade from India. Indian traders are practically excluded from Russian territory. What, therefore, does Russia offer in return? Nothing!

Colonel Yate is equally wrath with the Afghan arrangement:—

We have agreed, too, in Article I., not to encourage Afghanistan to take any measures threatening Russia, but there is no reciprocal engagement on the part of Russia to withdraw her frontier posts at Kushk, Karkl, Kilif, Termez, and other places on the Afghan frontier, established solely for the purpose of threatening Afghanistan.

and the Amir may possibly desire to have a little reciprocity in this respect.

TIBET.

Of course it goes without saying that Colonel Yate is equally indignant over Tibet, with which he maintains Russia has nothing to do:—

Tibet is separated from Russian territory by the whole of the Kashgar, Yarkund and Khotan districts of Chinese Turkestan, a province averaging some 400 miles in width and abutting on that icebound country generally known as the Roof of the World.

The *Asiatic Quarterly* publishes the text of the Convention in full as an appendix to Colonel Yate's article.

Blackwood, as a matter of course, joins in the chorus of denunciation:—

Taking the Convention as a whole, it is abundantly clear that, having the game entirely in our hands, we have surrendered every political and commercial advantage we enjoyed.

Ex-Empress Eugénie.

The Empress Eugénie to-day is the subject of a very striking sketch by Beatrice Cuvellier in *London*. Looking back from the end of the article to the beginning, from the gorgeous portraits of the Empress in the height of her Parisian glory, one comes with a shock on the portrait of the aged lady to-day. "*Sic transit gloria mundi*" even this side of the grave. It is interesting to observe that twice a year the white-haired old lady re-visits Paris—to see where her child used to play. "Her deepest grief is for a dead son, not for a vanished Empire." She visits the French capital, of course, incognito, as the Comtesse de Pierrefonds. It is said that the Empress is an ardent advocate of the higher education of women. Her leadership of fashion is said to have been forced upon her by her position. Personally she has a conservative taste in dress. White and silver were her favourite colours. Her personal fortune is said to be considerable. A large part of it is expected to go to her god-daughter, the young Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain, and another large part to Prince Victor Napoleon. The ex-Empress spends most of her time in travel, though she will be eighty-two years of age next May. Her one hobby is said to be that of match-making.

A Plea for the Coquette.

Paola Lombroso, writing in the *Grand Magazine*, pleads eloquently for the coquette. To coquetry we owe most of the world's beautiful, elegant, and graceful things—from the most delicate laces to Turkey carpets. This is the sum of the writer's claim:—

The world without the coquette would be singularly insipid, dull, and tiresome, and to the coquette we must render so much justice as to admit that though her exterior may be frivolous, she has introduced into life something that is in truth very serious and of supreme importance—nothing less, in fact, than the whole pleasure and joy of living!

CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF TO-DAY.

AN INTERESTING SYMPOSIUM.

What is the magic alchemy in books which hold the attention and gain the affections of young readers? is a question asked by the *Book Monthly* for January, and answered in an interesting symposium by well-known writers for the young folk. The writing of books for children in general, and for boys in particular, is dealt with, and girls' books are scarcely mentioned. Miss May Baldwin says girls do not read avowed girls' books because the present generation reads what it likes, and misuses its freedom and reads the strong meat of its elders. Mr. Alfred H. Miles, who says the ideal book is a book which men may read with pleasure, adds that his ideal girl's book is one which boys will not disdain. What the *Book Monthly* must give us next is a symposium by young readers.

WHICH ARE CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE BOOKS?

Miss Mabel Quiller-Couch, who describes children as discerning critics, tells us that not long ago she studied a number of lists drawn up by children of their favourite books. Those lists were humbling, for the names of very few quite modern authors appeared in them. The post of honour was won by Miss Anna Sewell's "Black Beauty," and another favourite was "Ministering Children," which Miss Quiller-Couch says ought to be read first in early childhood if we would grasp its full power and charm. Dr. Gordon Stables enumerates the books he had devoured or was reading before he was seven—the Book of Job, the Revelation, and the Song of Solomon, "Gil Blas," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Pilgrim's Progress," Wilson's "Tales of the Borders," the "Arabian Nights," and *Chambers's Journal*, and he had all the Psalms in metre by heart. In Latin and Greek at twelve he was reading Virgil, Horace, and Anacreon, but he hated Homer as he still hates Milton. As a boy history never appealed to him, but natural history always did. He also read Scott, Dickens, Fenimore Cooper, and other novelists, and "Tom Cringle's Log" sent him over the ocean.

HINTS TO WRITERS.

The things which children find objectionable in their books are, according to Miss Quiller-Couch, cynicism, affectation, condescension, and cleverness. Dr. Gordon Stables says, "Never let your boys and girls read the Hooligan Press." He describes two pictures from a weekly of this kind, and remarks that literature of this type must be read in hell. He advises Christian literature to be put within reach of the young, but he says it must not be forced. He recommends tales of animals, and regrets that the Church and the clergy seldom utter in their sermons one word of kindness to our humble friends, whom they self-conceitedly call the

lower animals. He himself has written many books on animal life and domestic pets, and he finds that they sell well. Miss Theodora Wilson-Wilson recommends fairy stories, but says they must be dramatic and not mere froth and glitter, and she notes that the fascination of Bible stories consists in their marvellous dramatic power when properly and enthusiastically narrated.

WHAT BOYS WANT.

All the writers for boys seem agreed that in boys' books, as Mr. Tom Bevan puts it, there must be movement, go and action. The hero must be a creature who does, and there must be no moralisings or soliloquies, and no goody-goodness. Mr. Alfred H. Miles finds that the main difference between the old and the new is one of pace, the quicker movement meaning quicker life, so that the new boy is alert; quick, and adaptable, while the old boy was his senior in suffering. All boys love adventure and plenty of incident, and, says Captain Brereton, accounts of foreign places and foreign peoples, and historical subjects, especially if the struggles of a lad be associated with them. Mr. Tom Bevan also advocates historical novels and stories of travel. Mr. Herbert Strang says Kingston and Ballantyne were the stand-bys of the boys of his generation; yet these writers had a tendency to preach and a trick of writing footnotes, such as the following: "I regret to say that the whole account of the burning ship is perfectly true." The author ought to compel conviction rather by his manner of telling the tale than in the use of footnotes.

IMPORTANCE OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

"What is the use of a book without pictures and conversations?" asks Alice, in Lewis Carroll's immortal tale. Miss Louey Chisholm, the editor of the "Told to the Children" series, assures us that the popularity of the books in the series was due in the first place to the illustrations. The secret of success in illustrating for children lies, in her opinion, less in skilled draughtmanship than in rich colour and delicate or humorous fancy. Above all, the pictures must be story-telling, and each should be placed opposite the scene it represents. Miss Theodora Wilson-Wilson insists on the drawing being an exact representation of the letterpress.

In the *Business Man's Magazine* "Quinton Green" gives a lurid account of English Poor Law administration, in which an account—let us hope somewhat exaggerated—of the condition of the Workhouse Infirmary in which he spent some time as an invalid forms a leading part. He inveighs against the invitation for fraud as well as perpetual extravagance which is given by a cumbersome and grotesque maladministration of the Poor Law.

LORD AND LADY BYRON.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY LADY BYRON.

The Duke of Argyll has sent to the *Pall Mall Magazine* for January some Lines from Lady Byron to Her Lord, which it is believed have not been published previously. In a footnote it is explained that the verses bear no textual relation to the other poems, satirical or invective, which passed between the pair, and that it is therefore impossible to assign a date to them. Probably they were suggested by Byron's "Fare the well! and if for ever," written in 1816, when their separation took place about a year after their unhappy marriage. The poem opens:—

And was it well, no shame revealing,
To breathe the strain of mimic woe?
How then thy heart is dead to feeling
Can thus thy magic numbers flow?
No grief is thine, no moody madness
In that mysterious bosom found;
'Tis but the cry of savage gladness
That strikes, then revels o'er the wound.
I heard thy tale, and fond, believing,
I looked, I loved, nay, I adored.
Though whispered that thou wert deceiving,
My soul revolted at the word.
Too late convinced, betrayed, forsaken,
Each phase and form of hate to prove,
My patience served but to awaken
Thy cold disdain for all my love.

Lady Byron, continuing, says that to the eyes of strangers Byron played the part of lover well, but in privacy paid the debt of unchecked kindness. A fonder look that bade her all her hopes resume was but as a meteor in the wintry heaven to mark the deepness of the gloom:—

Then like a reptile wouldst thou spurn me,
That crossed thy path like blighting power
Nor smiles nor tears availed to turn thee—
'Twas then the bitter cup ran o'er.

Byron refers to a placid sleep which Lady Byron can ne'er know again, and she replies:—

And dost thou deem no placid slumber
Again will soothe my aching sense?
No guilty dreams my breast encumber,
And sweet the sleep of innocence.

When their child in young devotion pays her infant orisons, the mother's bursting tears are to teach her for what boon to pray. Meanwhile it is farewell for ever:—

Farewell! to meet on earth—no, never
May that unhallowed wish be prest;
But let the memory pass for ever
Of that fond heart that loved thee best.

CHINESE STUDENTS IN JAPAN.

The *Westminster Review* publishes a very interesting article on "Chinese Students in Japan," from the pen of a Chinese contributor, Mr. V. K. Ting. There are 1300 Chinese students in Tokyo, 500 in the United States, and 500 in Europe.

PROPAGANDA BY MAGAZINE AND BY PLAYS.

Mr. Ting gives an interesting account of the way in which the Chinese student influences opinion in China:—

Whilst learning, they make themselves heard in two ways: by means of the Press, and by delivering lectures during the summer when they return home for the vacation. The way they carry on the former is very interesting and ingenious. At one time, when their number did not exceed a thousand, no less than six monthly reviews of about 200 pages each were published. In fact, nowhere is it easier to start a magazine than among the Chinese students in Japan. Two or three promoters, a special meeting, a few speeches, and a general subscription, are all that is necessary. Contributors are volunteered, editors are elected, and both are gratis. With a very small sum of money and little time, they would print two or three thousand copies and send them to China for sale. By the time the next number is ready for the press, the money derived from the sale of the previous number has already come to hand, and thus they carry on their business, which, however, gives them no profit and requires a great deal of energy. These magazines are usually well written, and have a good number of subscribers.

The students in Japan have written several new and original pieces for their own acting—a fact that would shock even the most enlightened class seven years ago.

THEIR RELATIONS TO THE JAPANESE.

Mr. Ting complains that—

The Japanese, though very polite and hospitable to their European visitors, are strangely insolent and reserved towards the Chinese. No Japanese family of any distinction now ever troubles about or takes interest in the Chinese students, whom at first they welcomed with enthusiasm; as soon as the novelty lost its charm, reaction set in, and their doors are shut before their faces.

Why, then, do so many students go to Tokyo?

I could recount here some of the facts regarding the reason why. The simplicity of the Japanese language as compared with the European in itself would provide sufficient explanation. An intelligent Chinese has no difficulty in reading Japanese after three months' study. The brilliancy of wealth and power that is displayed in the West dazzles the Chinese students, and makes them lose their heads, but in Japan they do not run this risk, and have time to collect their thoughts. They learn at second hand, it is true, but not at second rate. Again, living in Tokyo is four times cheaper than in any European or American country, and, but for this cheapness, thousands of students would never have been able to leave their native land.

The Churchman contains an article on a parish where the scene of one of the best novels of 1907 was laid—Lydford, Dartmoor—the scene of much of Mr. Eden Phillpotts' "The Whirlwind." From a civil point of view, Whalley, Lancashire, is the largest parish in England; but from an ecclesiastical point of view Lydford, Devonshire, is the largest. Its being very badly off for roads makes it most difficult to work. Lydford, which is only a village now, was in the eleventh century rated in Domesday Book as of equal value with London; but now the population of the parish is beginning steadily to increase again, doctors having found out that it has air and climate as good as any in the British Islands.

THE INDIANS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Mr. Henry Polak, the editor of *Indian Opinion*, contributes a passionate and powerful article to the *Hindustan Review* of December. Telling the story of the new registration law in the Transvaal, he says:—

This narrative is simple, terrible, tragic. It is the year's story of a people persecuted for their virtues. The whole legal machinery of a British Colony is being exerted against a puny community of hard-working, thrifty, honest men, because of the mingled trade-jealousy and race-prejudice of a noisy section of the European population. The Imperial Government has sold the birthright of these people. The Transvaal Government seeks to rob them of their very humanity. Flagrant robbery of vested interests has become almost a pastime in South Africa where Indians are concerned. And what says India to all this? We claim that India, as a whole, has been singularly apathetic. Is it not possible to fire India with the tale of the wrongs heaped upon her emigrant sons in this far-off land? Can she not recognise the whole-hearted spirit of self-sacrifice manifested by these exiles from the Motherland?

I cannot conceive of any subject of more immediate importance to India's millions, to India's future.

Meetings should be held all over India, convened by the chief presidency associations, at which addresses and explanations should be given, dealing with one subject only—the sacrifice by the Imperial Government of the interests of Indians in South Africa. Let all the meetings



Hindi Punch.]

[Bombay.

Unbearable.

THE POOR INDIAN RYOT: "This is becoming unbearable, sir. My back aches, and is very near breaking. A little relief, if you please, for mercy's sake."

THE C.-IN.-C. OF INDIA: "Mercy enters not into business. You'll have to bear, and bear patiently and uncomplainingly, more and yet more of this as the days go on. Backs are made to bear not to break!"

be held on one day to pass a single resolution of sympathetic and indignant protest at the manner in which Imperial pledges have been broken. Imperial promises falsified, Imperial protection withdrawn. This single resolution, come to by millions of people throughout India, regardless of race and religion, will do more than anything

else to demonstrate the intensity of feeling at the recital of the sufferings of their brethren in these distant territories of the Empire. There is one other thing needed. India—all India—must send one short message to the Transvaal, "India expects every Indian to do his duty," and in so far as every Indian here realises his duty, by so much does he promote the realisation of an ennobling Indian nationality.

SERIOUS LEAKAGE IN OUR GOLD SUPPLY.

The acute demand for gold in presence of an ever-increasing output from the gold mines has caused much thinking. Mr. Maurice L. Muhleman, in the *North American Review*, lays stress on a factor in the situation too often ignored. It appears that we are to-day paying the penalty of the insecurity and consequent lack of confidence which have prevailed for ages in certain lands of the East. When gold is poured into a Western land it at once swells the channels of investment and quickens the general economic life; but in the East the gold is not used, it is hoarded.

HOARDING!

The hoarding of gold prevalent in Egypt, India, and China has, the writer thinks, had a serious influence on the present crisis. He says:—

It is not merely as a source of supply of cotton that Egypt merits our attention; the fact that having that staple to sell she has the power to command gold, and the further fact that the greater part of the yellow metal so acquired is particularly withdrawn from momentary use, are circumstances that have not received adequate consideration in the estimates relating to the gold-supply of the world. The statistics show that a large amount has annually gone into hoards; like India, and in a less degree China, Egypt has become a place for the secretion of a substantial part of the world's annual gold product, diverting it from availability for monetary purposes. The evidence indicates that, except in certain short periods, the trade movement has been enormously favourable to this accumulation for nearly half a century, or since the period of maximum prices for cotton, due to the interruption of production during our Civil War.

Here evidently awaits a great opportunity for some financier who can charm this gold out of the hoards and make it serviceable for public use. The prospective annual increase of the cotton crop leads the writer in conclusion to anticipate:—

There will probably be an even greater annual diversion of yellow metal to European hoards; an economic fact fully as important as that which has for more than seventy years been observed in the case of India, where 900,000,000 dols. of gold has been absorbed by hoarding. All the arts of modern finance have failed to counteract this Oriental habit of depriving the world of so much of its basis for liquid capital.

In *Pearson's Magazine* certain people have been asked to give their views on "royal roads to health." The sum of what they all say is: fresh air, exercise, and moderation in all things, but especially in food and drink. Some are for Sandow exercises, some for Jiu-jitsu, but all advise not only exercises but exercise. Sir Charles Santley is alone in recommending a tonic from time to time; and the best tonic he knows is a blow on the ocean.

MILK, MILK, MORE MILK.

HOW TO SECURE IT.

For the improvement of the race of man, especially in cities, nothing is more necessary than a good supply of pure milk. Milk is the most difficult article to handle, nothing goes bad sooner, and few articles of food take up so rapidly the bacteria which are so inimical to human health. The bad qualities of milk regarded as merchandise led the late William Whiteley, the universal provider, who would undertake at a moment's notice to furnish anything from fleas to lions, absolutely to refuse to supply milk. Ninety per cent, of milk is pure water, so that in order to supply one lb. weight of the nutritive elements of milk it is necessary to carry nine lbs. of water, which might as well be supplied from the nearest tap.

IN POWDER: ADD WATER YOURSELF.

The great problem, therefore, is how to extract the essential elements of milk from the water, and to produce a residual product which could be reconverted into good milk at the nearest tap. In the *World's Work* for January a very interesting article on this subject by Mr. B. W. Wylot, entitled "The Fight for Pure Milk," describes the excellent work that is done by Nathan Straus in New York in supplying good milk to the American cities. He describes what has been done to distribute milk in powdered form. The problem has been solved by two Swedes. The Ekenberg process deals with skimmed milk, which in many districts is a waste product.

THE EXSICCATOR.

Skimmed milk, although not so rich as the milk fresh drawn from the cow, has nevertheless many important nutritious qualities:—

The feature of the Ekenberg process is rapid elimination of the heavy proportion of water in the milk by evaporation at a low temperature under vacuum. This is accomplished by means of a novel device known as the "Exsiccator" (milk dryer). This is a large horizontal cylindrical drum which is curved to revolve. The internal face of this drum is of nickel, which has been proved to be the most suitable metal upon which to deposit the solids of the milk. The milk enters the exsiccator through a gravity supply-pipe, the tanks containing the raw milk being placed at a suitable point above. The heating medium employed for evaporating the moisture in the milk is exhaust-steam, which is admitted to the interior of the drum when closed.

In order to obtain high efficiency and rapid treatment the ends of the drum form bowls, dished outwards, in which evaporation of the water to an extent of about four-fifths of the original amount takes place. The solids are deposited upon the nickel surface of the drum, removed by means of German silver knives, and deposited in a special receptacle close to the drum.

Upon the removal of the dry milk powder from the exsiccator it is submitted to a crystallising process in a special chamber at a temperature ranging from eighty deg. to one hundred deg. Fahr., for approximately one hour., or until the sugar of milk has thoroughly crystallised. In this crystalline state the substance is of a very brittle nature, and is now submitted to grinding and sifting operations in

a mill as wheat flour is, after which it is ready for packing in tins, boxes or barrels.

With this exsiccator, which is of original design incorporating many noteworthy features, a rapid output is possible; and—a fact of the greatest importance—the nature of the milk is in no way altered owing to the low temperature in the apparatus under vacuum. The exsiccator of the size in general use in the factories in operation in Sweden and Denmark has a drying capacity of from 210 to 270 gallons of milk per hour, with a steam consumption approximating 1 lb. per pint for complete drying. It will thus be seen that the apparatus is constructed on thoroughly thermo-economical principles.

The cost of the process is sufficiently low to render it commercially practicable, the expense of extracting the solids from one gallon of milk amounting to one halfpenny, inclusive of wages, coal, steam-raising, depreciation of plant and other establishment and maintenance expenses. This low price is further reduced by the economy effected in the transportation of the dried product, owing to its greatly reduced bulk—one-tenth of the liquid milk.

JOHN STUART MILL ON SOCIAL FREEDOM.

The conclusion of a hitherto unpublished essay by John Stuart Mill on Social Freedom appears in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* for Michaelmas term. One essential paragraph may be quoted on free organisation:—

The grand problem of society—the greatest possible increase of power, with the least possible sacrifice of individuality. The problem actually solved is most frequently the converse—the greatest possible sacrifice of individuality, with the least possible increase of power.

The great problem of free organisation is the art of choosing leaders—of recognising superior wisdom in others. Moral characteristics needed for the exercise of this gift—absence of egotism or self-worship, of excessive love of admiration or notoriety—of truthfulness and of moral sympathy. The moral conditions of free organisation may be brought about in all men by culture—free organisation itself affords this culture. The germ of true society, when once formed, has the power of growth by assimilation of contiguous masses. ("The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven," etc.)

It ends with a characteristically modest note, in which the great author says that he feels some temptation to attempt a somewhat elaborate essay on "The Province of Civil Government," having particular reference to the "Voluntaryist," "*laissez faire*," and "Manchester" schools, "but I have strong doubts as to my capacity for the task."

The sin against the Holy Ghost is, argues Professor James Denney in the *Expositor*, much more frequent than is ordinarily supposed. It was, when first denounced by Jesus, "the deliberate and settled malice of men who would say anything and do anything rather than yield to the appeal of the good Spirit of God in Jesus." It is "the sin of those who find out bad motives for good actions, so that goodness may be discredited and its appeal perished, and they themselves live on undisturbed by its power."

THE NEWSPAPER AND THE FOREST.

HOW ONE IS EATING UP THE OTHER.

Mr. W. S. Rossiter contributes to the *American Review of Reviews* an extremely interesting article concerning the devastation that has been wrought in the American forests by the American newspapers. The Americans are cutting down three times as much timber every year as their country grows; at this rate there will not be a tree left in America in thirty three years. The newspapers, however, are not responsible for more than one per cent. of this wholesale devastation of the forests of America. Paper is only made out of spruce wood, hemlock, poplar and balsam. These trees are found chiefly in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, although States further west—Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Oregon and Washington—are now being drawn upon. Ten times as much wood-pulp was used for making paper in the United States in 1905 as was used in 1880.

The average size of the American newspaper has doubled in these twenty-five years, and the mere increase in the number of pages in American newspapers and periodicals in 1905 as compared with 1880 represents the destruction of all the soft wood trees of 50,000 acres of forest land every year. Mr. Rossiter gives an array of interesting statistics as to the extraordinary growth of American newspapers and periodicals in the last twenty-five years. In 1880 the average circulation per head of all publications was 41 copies, in 1905 it was 125, and each of these periodicals and newspapers weighed twice as much as what they had done previously.

This immense development Mr. Rossiter attributes first to the cheapness of paper, secondly to the introduction of linotype, and thirdly to the increase of advertisements. In the United States in 1905 there were over 6000 type-setting machines in newspaper offices alone, each machine doing the work of five men. Hence, with cheap composition, cheap paper, and advertisers ready to pay heavily for displayed advertisements, the American newspaper swelled visibly.

The average number of pages for the six principal Sunday newspapers in New York City is sixty, and each copy represents the amount of paper required for an octavo book of 480 pages. The New York Sunday paper consists on an average of 38½ per cent. of reading matter, 38½ per cent. advertisements, and the rest illustrations.

The price of paper has gone up from 1.6 cents per lb. in 1900 to 2 cents per lb. in 1905. This increase in price has played havoc with the profits of the newspaper.

The question which everyone is asking is, What is to be done? The repeal of the duty on Canadian wood-pulp is talked of, and every effort is being made to find other material out of which paper can be manufactured, but at present the quest has not

been very successful. A third proposal is to increase the charge, and to increase the price for advertisements so as to induce the advertisers to pay the same sum for less space. It is very difficult, however, to see any progress in this direction to alter a system which enables the American citizen to buy every Sunday for 2½d. what is equivalent to the substance of an octavo volume of 480 pages. Every Sunday there are issued in the United States 456 Sunday editions, which produce an amount of printed matter sufficient to form a library of six million volumes of 500 octavo pages each.

It is somewhat appalling to think of the innumerable multitude of beautiful trees which are hewn down and converted into pulp in order that these eleven millions of Sunday newspapers should be produced in the morning, to be glanced at and then thrown away. The leaves of the newspaper are much more ephemeral than those of the forest, for these at least last for a season, but a newspaper perishes almost at its birth.

THE MEXICO OF TO-DAY.

A GLOWING PICTURE OF PROSPERITY.

In *Za Lectura* D. Alejandro Villasenor gives a long account of the Mexico of to-day, in the course of which he writes in glowing terms of the financial progress of that country.

The historical retrospect is of interest, but I must pass that and deal with that portion of the article which concerns the progress of Mexico during the past three or four decades. At one time, as everyone knows, Mexico was noted for its frequent revolutions as Japan is for its earthquakes, but all that is past, and for more than thirty years the country has enjoyed and appreciated the benefits of tranquillity. Prior to that time there was practically no such thing as a Public Treasury; the floating debt was indeed "floating," the budgets showed enormous deficits; the army was corrupt, and Mexico was going to the dogs as fast as it could.

REGENERATION BY RAIL.

It may be said that the first indication of an improvement was to be seen in the development of the railway system towards the end of the seventies. Up to 1876 there were only 600 kilometres of railways in Mexico, although one of the greatest needs of so mountainous and sparsely populated a country was adequate means of communication. From 1878 foreign capital was invested, although such investments were undoubtedly risky, and from that time 21,000 kilometres of railway have been constructed, placing the capital in communication with the United States in four places, and connecting it with nineteen principal towns and two coasts. There is now being laid with all speed a new line to the Pacific that will take in the north-east of Mexico, and in a

few months a costly line running to the frontier of Guatemala will be ready for traffic. Of all these lines the most important is that from Tehuantepec, which joins the two oceans; for several months this has been competing successfully with the Panama Railway, and will do the same with the Panama Canal when that is completed, the Mexican route being shorter than the Columbian by some hundreds of miles, and the unloading and loading of goods being cheaper and more rapid. About 10,000 kilometres of lines are still required to complete the network. It is interesting to note that the existing lines are paying dividends.

REVIVAL REGISTERED BY REVENUE.

The development of railways soon helped to make a difference in the financial condition of the country. The constant additions to the public debt and the accumulations of unpaid interest could no longer be tolerated; a new arrangement was made with the creditors, fixed revenues were set apart for the payment of interest, other sources of revenue were sought, and, after many years of stress, in which the foreign obligations were always met, the estimates began to show a surplus. This surplus has been increasing every year since the estimates for 1896-97. In spite of the great expenditure on improvements, the Government had about six and a half millions sterling in hand at the end of June, 1906. The last financial year showed a surplus of more than two millions. Ten years ago the revenue did not exceed five millions, whereas during 1906-7 it was about eleven and a quarter millions. From 1892 the Customs duties have not been increased; on the contrary, some which were necessary at that time have disappeared. The flourishing state of the revenue gave the Treasury an opportunity of becoming organised, to undertake great works like the Tehuantepec railway, consolidate the Public Debt (reducing the interest to five per cent.), and improve the monetary system by abandoning the silver basis and adopting the gold one.

SILVER AND PEAS.

From the sixteenth century Mexico has been famous for the amount of silver it produces; this metal, in one form or another, was almost the only article of export. When the price of silver went down the whole nation expected a financial crisis, but to everybody's surprise the situation improved as silver went lower and lower. The silver not required by other nations remained in the country to benefit industries and agriculture, and foreign debts were paid with coffee, tobacco, sugar, etc. As an example of the way in which agriculture has increased, it may be mentioned that twenty years ago Spain sent large quantities of peas because the Mexicans could not produce enough; to-day the Mexicans grow enough for their own consumption and export peas to the extent of £900,000, principally to Spain! Within three years that figure will be doubled.

Silver is still the principal product, although it will soon take a back seat with the increase of copper and gold. The foreign trade has more than doubled in twelve years. The import trade has largely increased of late and will continue to do so. All kinds of industries are carried on at the present time in Mexico, including the manufacture of rails, railway carriages and machinery, and the number of factories is steadily increasing, water power being chiefly used. The magnificent natural cascades, says the writer, have contributed to the development of a nation whose people like work and by its means hope to become great.

BUSINESS IN POLITICS.

The *World To-Day* contains a biographical sketch of Jose Yves Limantour, the Minister of the Treasury of Mexico. Roby Danenbaum says that Señor Limantour has accomplished more in the fourteen years of his ministry than all the rulers and Ministers of Mexico have performed in the course of a century, yet the Minister emphatically protests that he does not understand politics. He certainly understands business. When he joined the Ministry the task before him would have staggered the most brilliant. From 1864 to 1894 there was an annual deficit of £600,000, but during his second year in office he was able to announce a small surplus, and at the present time there is a reserve fund of twenty million pounds.

THE HAGUE CONFERENCE.

The December number of the *Deutsche Revue* opens with an article by Professor Otfried Nippold on the Hague Conference, in which he says we must admit that we are only at the beginning of a solution of the questions under discussion. The Governments have learnt that the difficulties in dealing with the various problems brought before the Conference have been greatly underestimated. The writer is strongly in favour of the Conferences being continued at regular intervals, and during those intervals he thinks the States should not be idle. The work of the Conferences should have a scientific basis, not merely as regards the theoretical preparatory work but in its teaching. Above all, a much more extensive knowledge of International Law is necessary. In this respect the universities have not done as much as they ought, and the writer repeats his plea for the institution of an Academy of International Law.

M. Bokanowski summarises the result of the work of the second Hague Conference in the November-December number of the *Revue de la Paix*. The *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution* for December begins the publication of a translation of an article in the *Marine Rundschau* on International Arbitration.

WHAT INDIA REALLY WANTS.

In the December number of the *Indian Modern Review*, C. Y. Chintamani sets forth a list of the reforms which India really wants. They may be thus briefly stated.

EXECUTIVE COUNCILS.

India does not want the Advisory Councils proposed by the Government, but insists upon a few Indians being appointed as members of the Executive Councils. The Executive Councils of the Governors of Bombay and Madras now consist of three members each. A fourth one should be appointed, and he should be an Indian.

COUNCIL OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

The abolition of the Council of the Secretary of State was first urged as the necessary preliminary to all other reforms. As an alternative Congress demanded the appointment of Indians to the Council; but Mr. John Morley's choice of the Hon. K. C. Gupta and Mr. Syed Husain Bilgrami was wrong. They have not the confidence of India, and will not be her spokesmen.

PARLIAMENTARY CONTROL.

To make Parliamentary control over Indian affairs real and effective it is suggested that (1) India be given direct representation (each province may be allowed to elect one member) in the House of Commons; (2) that the salary of the Secretary of State be placed on the British estimates, and (3) that the old Periodical Parliamentary inquiries into Indian affairs be revived.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

As the most certain means of securing justice to Indians in the matter of their appointment to high executive offices in their own country, the examinations for the Indian Civil Service should be held simultaneously in England and in India.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Local self-government should be extended and made more of a reality. Municipal Councils could be made wholly elective bodies, and Local Boards could have, say, three-fourths elected members, with elected chairmen or presidents.

Advisory Boards in all districts should be created, and the heads of districts should be bound to consult them in important matters of administration concerning the public before taking action.

EDUCATION.

Not less important than any of the foregoing is the introduction of free primary education throughout the country, with compulsion in selected areas, and larger expenditure on secondary, higher, and technical education, the education of backward classes, and the education of women. Official control over the education should be relaxed.

THE SUPREME LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

With all these reforms the Official Reform Scheme has nothing to do, yet the writer assures us they

must be introduced without delay if Indian discontent is to be allayed. Finally he deals with the Legislative Councils. The Supreme Legislative Council, he says, should consist of fifty-six members, made up as follows:—

(a) The Governor-General and Members of the Executive Council	8
(b) The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal (or the Punjab)	1
(c) One Official member from each of the important provinces	8
(d) Heads of Imperial Departments	10
(e) The Advocate General of Bengal	1
Total official	28
(f) Elected by the Bengal and Bombay Chambers of Commerce	2
(g) Elected by the Bengal National Chamber of Commerce and the Bombay Mill-owners' Association	2
(h) Elected by Zamindars of the several provinces by rotation	2
(i) Elected by Mahomedans	2
(j) Elected by the elected members of the Municipal Councils of the eight provinces	8
(k) Elected by the elected members of the District and Taluk Boards of the eight provinces, as in the case of (j)	8
(l) Nominated by the Governor-General at his discretion, but from among non-officials only	4
Total non-official	28
Total strength of the Council	56

PROVINCIAL COUNCILS.

In regard to the Provincial Councils, it is obvious that identical privileges cannot be extended to all provinces, says the writer, but as far as possible uniformity should be aimed at. Every district should have one elected member, or there should be one elected member for two districts. He draws up a scheme for the Provincial Legislative Council of Madras and another for the United Provinces, the former to consist of sixty-four members and the latter sixty members.

DO FEET REVEAL CHARACTER?

In the *London Magazine* there is a paper on a so-called new science for discerning character by foot, which is given the thrice barbarous name of "Piedology." The police have long known that every thief is a quick walker; short distance between footmarks, therefore, has its significance. The financial sharp, on the contrary, has a leisurely gait. A number of photographs of pairs of feet were secured by the writer and submitted to an expert, who did not know whose feet they were. He thus diagnoses the character from the photographs of the feet. Lord Roberts' feet are said to indicate enormous will power, a love of excitement and great risk. The exceptional breadth of Mr. Balfour's feet is said to mark him down as the possessor of a legal mind. Of the feet of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman the expert has said the squareness of the toes, the breadth of the tread of the foot, the width of space between the feet and the general unevenness of the walk are

symbolical of obstinacy rather than of intellectual capabilities; but there is a decided tendency to wobbling. When, however, he does set his mind on anything, he does not count the cost, and is not far-seeing enough to be able to gauge the result. There is a lack of steadfastness, but a considerable gift of plausibility. Of the Bishop of Salisbury, the expert augured gentleness of character, occasional bitterness, tendency towards opportunism, affectionateness and fondness of home life. Of Mr. Chamberlain he says: "A man of distinction, with a well-defined motive behind every step he took, a motive sometimes not altogether free from the personal." Mr. Austin Chamberlain is said, while possessing a degree of obstinacy, to be open to conviction, to be proud and think a great deal of himself, with a brilliant future before him. The Bishop of London is discerned to possess a noble character, unconventional, reserved, but self-sacrificing, eloquent, benevolent and distinguished. Mr. Beerbohm Tree is said to be marked by exceptional mental irregularity for a man who has had opportunities. He requires considerable strengthening of character, "is somewhat of an oddity, loves display, and is intensely fond of colour." Of Mr. Hall Caine the expert said:—

This is the pose of a man who is fond of showiness. His feet betray much self-consciousness. He is apt to be carried away by his estimate of his worth, but has the daring of a man who might be twice as strong as himself. Money has more than a normal attraction for him, but the measure of success is shorn of much happiness by a continual mental weeping. He is very self-willed, but might be endowed with greater sincerity. Extremely critical, and possesses much ability, and not a little cunning. Determination is his great forte.

There are other subjects diagnosed.

SHOULD WE PREPARE TO TALK.

"Extemporaneous Sociability" is the tremendous title of a very pleasing and suggestive paper by Price Collier in the *North American Review*. In spite of much light laughter to the contrary, Mr. Collier thinks that preparation is a very welcome suggestion. "When a man goes to another man's house as a guest, he usually prepares himself as to everything except his mind. Why should he not take fifteen minutes or half-an-hour to collect himself and prepare to drop honey here or salt there, and do his share in feast or function," "Shoꝝp" is not enough for all one's social needs:—

Wherever and whenever man or woman lifts the conversational curtain upon a new scene, or provides a new sketch of life, or leads one beside the still waters or into pastures new and fresh, there is an impetus given to life; and of the innumerable ways in which such inspiration may spend itself for the good of humanity, no one can determine to the full extent. It may not seem an heroic part to play, but wielding a sword is not so efficacious in a case of fainting as waving a fan. Just to give a little freshness to the social air is often enough to do a very good deed in a very tired

world. No one need be ashamed, therefore, we hold, to give himself a little private coaching with this end in view.

KNIGHTS OF CONVERSATION.—

He recalls a case where ten or fifteen members of a large family came together daily at the table, and would have thought it infamous if each one did not make an effort to add to the general fund of conversation tribes light as air, but showing the endeavour to lend to the other, and to meet as men and women, and not as brutes. Half-humorously he says:—

There is opportunity here for many people who are going far afield for some showy task to do. Why not be a knight or a lady of conversation, and take vows of self-control, gentleness, and affability, and organise, if you please, a brotherhood or sisterhood at the other extreme to the Trappists, cowed to perpetual conversational good humour?

No one, he adds, need be ashamed to gather together his wits and to make preparation to sit with his fellows for an hour or two, giving them something of interest.

—OR BULLIES, BORES AND BUTCHERS.

Mr. Collier draws a clear distinction between the purely extemporaneous sociability that bores us and the "peacock who has come prepared to spread his conversational tail as a canopy over the whole party." These dinner-table bullies, as he calls them, watch for an opportunity to get the attention of all at the dinner table or in the drawing-room, before they consent to give their comment, or tale, or criticism. They are the nuisance of social life. When this bully is also an anecdotalist and a mountebank, purgatory comes before its time. But "if the anecdotalist be a social bully, the specialist is the social butcher. He hacks and cuts his way through the disinclination and weariness of the company." The writer recalls with a sigh the golden days of the French *salon*. Those were the days of the apotheosis of talk. Surely, he concludes:—

He who is interested to make life easier, and to make men and women happier, who holds that "no profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en," must see the value of giving attention to the mere mechanism, even, of our meeting together, so that we may escape the danger of permitting our social life to be a mere herding together on the one hand, or a series of Dresden china tableaux on the other.

The whole article will well repay perusal, especially by those who mix much in society.

The world, which is always interested in President Roosevelt's hunting exploits, will find in January Scribner another lengthy and wordy account of them, by the President himself. This time he went to the Louisiana Canebrakes. On the trip, he says, they killed and brought into camp three bear, six deer, a wild-cat, a turkey, a 'possum, and a dozen squirrels. And, concludes the President, we ate everything except the wild-cat."

OCCULTISM IN THE MAGAZINES.

The *Annals of Psychological Science* for January comes out in an entirely new and much more attractive shape. A coloured frontispiece by W. F. Hoffer is a bold attempt to give a mystical representation of "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." The bride is more like a nun than a bride. M. François Benoit devotes the first twenty-three pages to a finely illustrated paper on "A Master of Art: Blake the Visionary." The Baroness Rosenkrantz describes and illustrates her strange experiences in spirit-photography.

A CENSUS OF PREMONITIONS.

Professor C. Richet appeals to the public to send into the *Annals* any authentic facts of premonition which have come to their notice. The rules are:—

(1) The fact must have been announced before it occurred.

(2) The fact announced must not be one the occurrence of which was highly probable.

(3) The fact announced must be one in no way dependent on the will of the percipient.

"Already," says M. Richet, "we have a fairly large number of incontestable cases of premonition. We hope that, thanks to our readers and collaborators, this number will daily increase and become more and more imposing."

HYPNOTISM AND CRIME.

Dr. Munsterberg, Professor of Psychology in Harvard University, discusses the possible use of hypnotism by criminals. He insists that hypnotists cannot exert their influence until they get their subjects under control. Neither can they make an honest man kill or steal. He admits, however, that they can make a man make a will leaving all his property to themselves, and then can make him commit suicide by suggestion. Hypnotisation, on the other hand, may prevent crime, and may be used to induce confessions. But, he asks, have we a right to reinforce rightness by hypnotism instead of by an appeal to spiritual energies? He does not answer his own question, but hints that he may hereafter deal with the subject. "What can the modern psychologist contribute to the prevention and suppression of crime?"

FAIRYLAND IN PORTUGAL.

Mr. Oswald Crawford, in the course of a delightful article which he contributes to the *Nineteenth Century*, touches upon the popular belief of the peasants in Wehr wolves, sea nymphs, etc. He says:—

Of the various giants, gnomes, warlocks, sorceresses, and spirits, either evil-working or benevolent, that people the countryside, the number is remarkable, and more remarkable still their grotesque and strange character. There are also the Fadas, the Fairies, the good people, and, above all, the Bruxas, omnipresent spirits of the air, invisible for the most part, sometimes mischievous, but seldom malevolent towards mankind, wishful to be left alone, but resentful and dangerous if intruded upon. All the small

misfortunes of the countryside are familiarly ascribed by the peasants to As Bruxas. If the field mice of the fitches eat the farmer's seed-corn or the gardener's new-sown peas, it is the Bruxas that have haunted field and garden; if the cow casts her calf, or the ploughing ox goes lame, the Bruxas have surely had a hand in the misfortune. If the new-born kid or lamb disappears from the hillside it is the Bruxas, not the fox, the wolf, or the eagle, that have carried it off.

TWICE ROUND THE WORLD IN A MOTOR-CAR.

In *Pearson's Magazine* Mr. C. J. Glidden gives some account of his mammoth motor-tour of nearly 50,000 miles through fifty different countries. The tour began in 1901, and by 1907 he was back again in Great Britain. Mr. Glidden claims to be the first man to circle the globe with a motor-car. His motor has been "farthest north" as well as "farthest south" as far as motors are concerned. "Farthest north" was within the Arctic circle, in Sweden; "farthest south" on a very bad New Zealand bush road. The countries visited include Annam, China, Cochin China, Fiji, and Swat—wherever Swat may be. Mr. Glidden, many motorphobes will be glad to learn,

discovered that the charm of motoring lies not in speed, but in carefully ascending and descending the great mountain passes, over roads winding and turning in all directions, beneath towering, snow-capped mountains, passing through valleys and canyons, along the banks of rushing torrents, by silvery waterfalls, into dark, rocky tunnels, and out again amidst wonderful scenery, ever changing and always new.

Only one accident occurred, and that was in Mexico, when the car overturned, but no one was injured. Of course innumerable difficulties had to be overcome. The expenses of world-touring in a motor he found to be about equal to those of first-class train travel per passenger per mile. About £8 a day was the average cost of his motor-travels. Motor-tourists should not attempt more than fifty miles a day on an average.

The Bishop of London's recent visit to the United States will interest some readers in the opening article in *Munsey's Magazine* for January, entitled "Three Hundred Years of the Episcopal Church in America."

Sir Robert Ball, in the *Home Messenger*, endeavours to give some idea of the distance of the stars by stating that while an electric signal would go seven times round the world in a second, it would take four years to telegraph to the nearest star, Alpha, Centauri. He adds that if the glad tidings of the first Christmas at Bethlehem, 1907 years ago, had been disseminated through the universe by the swiftest electric current, yet some stars are so inconceivably remote that all the seconds which have elapsed in the 1907 years of our present era would not have sufficed for the journey.

ART IN THE MAGAZINES.

AN UNKNOWN PORTRAIT OF BOTTICELLI.

Mr. P. G. Konody contributes to the *Connoisseur* for January an article concerning the discovery of a portrait of Botticelli, hitherto unknown. First he refers to the Médici "Adoration," by Botticelli, in the Uffizi Gallery, and says we know with absolute certainty that the toga-clad figure on the extreme right of this picture represents the features of Botticelli. There can be no doubt that the face was painted from a reflection in a mirror placed at the right of the artist's easel. In the National Gallery there is an "Adoration" (No. 1033) ascribed in the official catalogue to Filippino Lippi, but Morelli and other students recognise in it the hand of Botticelli. This picture contains a figure which, by its isolated position in the midst of a dense crowd, as much as by the turn of the head towards the spectator, at once attracts attention. This is the newly-discovered portrait of the master, which must also have been painted with the aid of a mirror. To prove its identity Mr. Konody compares feature by feature the portrait in the National Gallery picture with the Botticelli head at the Uffizi, and says the two heads tally in every respect, save such differences as can be accounted for by the interval of twelve or thirteen years between the painting of the two panels.

KINDLING THE IMAGINATION.

In an article on Painting and the Word which appears in the December *Putnam*, Mr. Charles H. Caffin says the realistic note entered into religious painting as soon as the artist was encouraged to tell a story by depicting scenes from the Bible, or episodes from the life of Christ, or from the lives and legends of the saints. Giotto was first, yet still so close to mediæval painting that some of the manner, if not of the spirit, of its symbolism pervades his work. The bent of his mind was dramatic, interested in interpreting mental and emotional conditions through action, gesture, and facial expression; but his method, in its omission of everything but what was essential, and in its affecting us, not by elaborate explanation, but by suggestion to the imagination, was symbolical. . . . The modern painter who would revive religious painting or decorate our great public buildings with mural paintings will move us, not by explanatory illustrative methods, not by thrusting into our view the facts of form or the form of facts, but by kindling our imaginations with the inward significance and the soul of facts.

WILLIAM PENN IN MURAL ART.

In the *Architectural Record* for December Caryl Coleman has a note on the mural decorations of the State capitol at Harrisburg, the work of Miss Violet Oakley, a young and gifted artist, whose grasp of her subject in union with great technical skill has placed her in the foremost rank of American artists.

At best her training in art was meagre, so that it was by her innate genius rather than by way of an academic training that she came to her task. In 1898, when she was called upon to carry out a mural decoration in the sanctuary of the church of All Angels at New York, she approached the work with some doubt of her ability to execute the commission successfully, for she had little knowledge of the methods employed in the execution of mural decorations. Nevertheless this work opened her eyes to her own ability, and revealed to appreciative onlookers that another decorative artist had come into being. At Harrisburg her subject is a frieze illustrating the history of the founding of the State of Liberty Spiritual—the triumph of the idea of liberty of conscience in the Holy Experiment of Pennsylvania. As a work of art, the writer says, it is monumental, but as an historical study we are informed that Miss Oakley would have done well to emphasise the friendship between Sir William Penn (Penn's father) and James II. Several paintings depict scenes in the life of Tyndale, the translator of the Bible, and the others refer to incidents in the life of Penn, ending with his first sight of the shores of Pennsylvania as he ascends the river.

THE NEW COLOUR-PHOTOGRAPHY.

Monochrome and colour-photography were both invented in France, says Mr. J. Nilsen Laurvik in the January issue of the *Century Magazine*, and to America is due in a great measure the credit of having developed the artistic possibility of both discoveries. Under the leadership of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz the Photo-Secessionists have demanded and earned general respect for the artistic merits of pictorial photography, and recently they held an exhibition of their work at New York. Mr. Frank Eugene in Munich and Mr. E. J. Steichen in Paris have also done excellent work. The *Century*, in reproducing examples of the process by Mr. Steichen and Mr. Stieglitz, reminds its readers that they are not the actual results of the new process, which as yet are to be seen only on glass, but are transcriptions of colour-subjects. They indicate the subtlety, range, and beauty of the process, the importance of which, adds the editor, is not likely to be exaggerated. M. Antoine Lumière, the originator of the cinematograph, is also the inventor of colour-photography. At present no duplicates are possible.

In *Pearson's Magazine* appears a paper illustrated by examples from British artists' work, on Old Age in art—a good theme to open the year within which Old Age Pensions are to be enacted!

The *Chronicle of the London Missionary Society* contains a paper by the Rev. Lord William Cecil upon a day which he spent with the Rev. Arnold Foster, of Wuchang, China. More of the paper seems taken up with how to get to Wuchang than with the mission work itself.

THE REAL BERNARD SHAW.

BY AN AMERICAN ADMIRER.

Dr. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, contributes to *Munsey's Magazine* for January an intimate personal study of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

G.B.S. AS HE LOOKS.

He begins by attempting to describe his personal appearance:—

Picture to yourself, if you please, a tall, thin, alert-looking person; a face of excessive pallor contrasting clearly with hair and whiskers of a sandy red, heavily sprinkled, or rather edged, with grey; and a general air of nonchalant extemporaneousness. One is struck by Mr. Shaw's intense pallor, the gleaming whiteness and delicate texture of his skin, and the clear steel-blue of his eyes.

"The brow of a Madonna," as one of his acquaintances described it—is fine and noble; but his eyes are his most significant and characteristic feature. When he is engaged in serious conversation, particularly in the effective enunciation of an idea, his eyes have all the commanding directness of the soldier; but the greater part of the time they are dancing with the light of irrepressible humour. And yet it is quite true that his clothes, as well as his face and figure, serve to mark him out in every crowd. He wears, usually, brown woollens, a soft shirt with a rolled collar, a four-in-hand tie of inconspicuous colour, brown shoes, and a brown fedora hat with a very wide brim. He abhors and forswears the use of either starch or blacking as offensive and dirty.

AS HE FEEDS.

From his personal appearance Dr. Henderson proceeds to describe Bernard Shaw's habits. He provides his guests with meat and drink, but he is himself a strict vegetarian and teetotaler. He says:—

I shall not prevent them from committing such atrocities; but you cannot expect me to share in their tastes. I have no doubt that a baby's tender cheek would make a most delightful steak, but I could not eat such a thing because it is personally repulsive to me.

He was converted to vegetarianism by the discovery which he made in the early eighties, that he could get cheaper and better meals at vegetarian restaurants.

AS HIS HAND BETRAYS HIM.

Dr. Henderson says that a skilled palmist, reading Mr. Shaw's hand, said that he was "a man who in matters of opinion jumps to conclusions on insufficient grounds. He found in his hand the mark of immense wealth of imagination, extreme eccentricity of ideas, and disregard of truth!" Shaw himself repudiated the charge of cynicism. "I owe my success as a critic not to any quality of cynicism, but to a searching power of analysis."

AS HE TALKS.

Dr. Henderson says, "His brilliancy in discussing questions with which he is familiar is equalled only by his fluency in discoursing upon themes of which he is entirely ignorant." Irrepressible, high spirits and abounding life characterise his temperament. Dr. Henderson was deeply impressed with his tremendous—at times almost terrifying—earnestness

when he speaks, "with a hoarse, guttural sound in his voice, and his eyes gleam like points of steel."

AS HE IS.

His playful pretence of vanity is only pretence at the bottom. He is unaffectedly modest. "His qualities," says Dr. Henderson, "were not affectation, but reserve; not ostentation, but simplicity." Dr. Henderson says:—

He has a wide knowledge of music, art, and literature, and a wonderful insight into the heart of modern life. Talking with him, you will discover that Michael Angela has strongly influenced his artistic taste; that Mozart is his supreme ideal of the musician for musicians; that his dramas have vital points of contact with those of Molière; that William Morris opened his eyes to the efficacy of style, and that he knows his Shakespeare from beginning to end as few men know it.

It is a mistake to believe that Shaw writes better under a fire of opposition:—

What nerves me to write, and to produce the best that is in me, is the knowledge of a big, serious public—a public that reads my books seriously, and that really understands what I am driving at.

AS HE WANTS TO BE.

Dr. Henderson concludes his interesting article by summing up Mr. Shaw's philosophy in the following quotation from what Mr. Shaw recently said:—

I am of the opinion that my life belongs to the whole community, and as long as I live it is my privilege to do for it whatsoever I can.

I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work, the more I live. I rejoice in life for its own sake. Life is no brief candle for me. It is a sort of splendid torch, which I have got hold of for the moment; and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations.

THE UNREST IN INDIA.

The Bishop of Southampton, formerly Bishop of Bombay, writes in the *East and the West* on the unrest in India and some of its causes. He grants that racial passions have been stirred by the fatal display of intolerance and race arrogance exhibited by our countrymen in South Africa and elsewhere, but thinks that other causes have been more influential. He pronounced the Swadeshi movement to be "essentially frivolous." He expresses the hope that the Government will abandon the policy of silence, and take pains to explain their policy of action when misrepresented, and that university education will be made more practical. If Englishmen would, like himself, declare that our duty to India and mankind can only be accomplished through the evolution of a united, free, intelligent, self-governing people, and not through the indefinite continuance of foreign bureaucratic rule, many difficulties would be obviated. He also refers to the painful impression left on the religious East by the irreligious character of European life in India. More earnest religion in the hearts of our people, he says, would bring the solution of many of our problems.

TWO NOVEL REGISTRY OFFICES.

(1) FOR THE VOLUNTARY SOCIAL WORKERS.

In *Social Service* it is announced that the British Institute of Social Service has just opened a Register for Voluntary Social Workers, presumably at its address 11 Southampton Row, W.C. The Register is to be conducted on the lines of an ordinary employment bureau for persons seeking paid work; but there is to be no charge for its use. That is, you charge people needing paid work, perhaps needing it badly; and you do not charge people seeking unpaid work, perhaps very well off, certainly not needing to earn. However, this is a complaint against ordinary Registers. *Social Service* says:—

It has been found that there are in London a considerable number of persons who would be willing to give a part of their time and energy to such work as helping with clubs, visiting, conducting investigations, clerical or secretarial work for social organisation, if they could readily find an opening. Owing sometimes to the segregation of classes or other geographical conditions in London, to the fact that those willing to work are not in touch with various existing organisations in their own neighbourhood, or to their lack of initiative or experience, they do not know where to apply, and their services go unused. On the other hand, there is an almost insatiable demand for workers by Settlements and the numerous other bodies organised for ameliorative social effort.

A Conference was recently held on the subject of opening such a Registry Office, and the representatives of eighteen Unions and Settlements, many of them very well known, attended and heartily approved the scheme.

(2) FOR UNDERGRADUATES AND GRADUATES.

The *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* contains details of what is known as "The Appointments Office," which is virtually an employment agency, at first intended only to secure temporary work for students needing to earn in order to complete their university course, but now extended so as to include the securing of permanent posts for graduates. Much of the work obtained for those working their way through college is of a humble description:—

My work, says one student, received through the Appointments Office, began with distributing literature, washing windows, attending furnaces, beating rugs and carpets, shovelling snow, teaching a boys' club, scene-shifting, always approaching a more desirable nature, until I became a University Guide. This year I am again on the guide force, and have a library to care for during certain hours.

It is not, it seems, according to the students themselves, at all difficult for a Harvard student to earn his expenses while in college. In 1906-7, 1425 temporary jobs were secured for them by the Appointments Office. The most frequently occurring occupations are: ticket-takers, 282; tutors (special subjects), 189; clerks, 168; statisticians, 99; and proctors, 69.

In 1905-6, 444 permanent positions were obtained, the total salaries amounting to £67,200, or an average of a little over £151 per student. Some of these positions were obtained in foreign countries.

NEW EGYPTIAN PAPYRI.

AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

The *Expositor* has three articles dealing with a discovery in Egypt which sheds interesting light upon certain Old Testament problems. As Mr. Stanley A. Cook puts it:—

Professor Sachau of Berlin has come forward with three more Aramaic papyri which place the Jews of Syene prominently in Biblical history, and illuminate the age in a manner which could never have been anticipated. In brief, we now learn that the temple of Yahu, "the God of the Heavens," at Syene dated from the time of the Egyptian kings, had been spared by Cambyzes but destroyed by the Egyptian priests in 410 B.C.; an appeal was made to Jehohanan and Anani the priests of Jerusalem, to Bagoas the governor of Judah, and to Delaiah and Shelemiah the sons of Sanaballat of Samaria; finally permission was given by Bagoas and Delaiah for the rebuilding.

The bearing of this discovery on recent conclusions of the Higher Criticism is thus stated by Professor Margoliouth:—

The great interest of Dr. Sachau's discovery is doubtless the evidence which it affords that the Israelites in these distant colonies had altars and sacrifices. Wellhausen's great work begins with the observation that in the first century A.D. both Samaritans and Jews were convinced that there was only one place where worship could be offered as they were that God was one. He then proves (or endeavours to prove) that Deuteronomy represents the stage at which this doctrine was still gaining ground, the Priestly Code the stage at which it was assumed or taken for granted. And now comes this document of 407 B.C., showing us that the Jews not only sacrificed elsewhere than at Jerusalem, but hoped for the approval of the community at Jerusalem when they endeavoured to get help to rebuild their altar and temple at Elephantine! And we are allowed to infer that the temple of Elephantine was possessed of vessels as costly as those of which we so often read as the property of the Temple at Jerusalem.

In the *Irish Educational Review*, Professor McWeeney estimates that there are 3688 school-children in Ireland suffering from pulmonary consumption, for the most part at present incipient and unobserved. These figures are based on medical examination of scholars in England, where tuberculosis is less frequent than in Ireland. The Right Rev. Mgr. Hallinan laments "State aggressiveness in education." Rev. P. J. Dowling comments on the need of "character building in primary schools." He advances a theory that the tide of Irish emigration and the subsequent fate of many emigrants are due largely to a lack in the character of the people, which again must be attributed to the lack of the training needed in the primary schools. Miss Norah Meade claims that women should be allowed to attend general lectures at the University, but to develop their best qualities the women's college is the fittest means.

RANDOM READINGS FROM THE REVIEWS.

MRS. BESANT AND KING OSCAR.

On the 22nd, King Oscar granted me an audience, at which I presented to him "Esoteric Christianity," in English, and "The Ancient Wisdom," in Swedish; a long and interesting conversation followed, King Oscar being, as is well known, a man deeply read in philosophical and religious questions, and he showed much interest in the points discussed. Few European sovereigns would care, or would be able, to talk over such questions. His gracious and warmly expressed good wishes will always remain a pleasant memory.—*Theosophist*, Dec.

WANTED—A SCIENCE OF FAIRYLAND.

Writing of sylphs and other nature spirits, Mr. Leadbeater says:—

This vast realm of nature still needs its Cuvier or its Linnæus, but perhaps when we have plenty of trained investigators we may hope that one of them will take upon himself this rôle, and furnish us, as his life's work, with a complete and detailed natural history of these delightful creatures. It will be no waste of labour, no unworthy study.—*Theosophist*, Dec.

THE ARAB SPEED.

There is something very attractive about these Arabian horses as you see them in their own country. They are spirited, fearless, sure-footed, and yet, as a rule, so docile that they may be ridden with a halter. They are good for a long journey, or a swift run, or a *fantasia*. The prevailing colour among them is grey, but you see many bays and sorrels and a few splendid blacks. An Arabian stallion satisfies the romantic ideal of how a horse ought to look. His arched neck, small head, large eyes wide apart, short body, round flanks, delicate pasterns, and little feet; the way he tosses his mane and cocks his flowing tail when he is on parade; the swiftness and spring of his gallop, the dainty grace of his walk—when you see these things you recognise at once the real, original horse which the painters used to depict in their "Portraits of General X on his Favourite Charger."—From Vandyke in *Harper*.

TALMAGE IN HEAVEN.

There's a Brooklyn preacher by the name of Talmage, who is laying up a considerable disappointment for himself. He says, every now and then in his sermons, that the first thing he does when he gets to heaven will be to fling his arms around Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and kiss them and weep on them. There's millions of people down there on earth that are promising themselves the same thing. As many as sixty thousand people arrive here every single day, that want to run straight to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and hug them and weep on them. Now, mind you, sixty thousand a day is a pretty heavy contract for those old people. If they were a mind to allow it, they wouldn't ever have anything to do, year in and year out, but stand up and be hugged and wept on thirty-two hours in

the twenty-four. They would be tired out and as wet as musk-rats all the time. What would heaven be, to *them*? It would be a mighty good place to get out of—you know that, yourself.—"Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven"; Mark Twain in *Harper*.

"COALESINE."

The Town Surveyor of Market Harborough takes the noisome, incongruous, untidy ash-bin refuse of a town, pulverises it, mixes it with inflammable and deodorising ingredients, and presses it into briquettes, in which form it becomes a good fuel which he has named coalesine. For a town of 100,000 population, making, say, 40,000 tons of refuse per annum, the plant and buildings to deal with the refuse would cost £8000, but the production of the fuel costs only 4s. per ton. As the fuel has a steam-raising value equal to one-third of best coal, it will be apparent that in most towns a profit of from one to three shillings a ton should be made. Taking an average of two shillings a ton profit on the 40,000 tons of refuse, in two years the whole initial cost of the plant would be wiped out, and thereafter a steady return of £4000 a year towards the rates.—*The World's Work*.

LOOKED WEALTHY.

One of New York's best-known settlement workers lately observed, while visiting a sick girl in an East Side tenement, that the oranges which had been provided for the patient were not eaten. They were placed in an old cracked bowl, on a table by the sick girl's bed, where they remained apparently untouched by the invalid.

"Sarah," asked the visitor one day, "don't you care for oranges?"

"Yis, mum," answered the patient.

"You haven't eaten any of these," suggested the mission worker.

Whereupon Sarah's mother interposed. "Miss," she said eagerly, "Sarah, she et a half, and me an' Mike we et the other half: and Sarah an' me we says we won't eat any more, because it looks so nice and wealthy to have oranges settin' round."—*Harper*.

DANIEL UP TO DATE.

Jimmy, aged five, was told the story of Daniel in the lions' den by his grandmother. When she had finished the story she said, "Now what do you think Daniel did the very first thing when he found he was saved from the lions?"

"Oh, I guess he telephoned home to his wife to tell her he was all right," answered Jimmy.—*Harper*.

THE FUTURE OF NIGERIA.

The total trade of Nigeria will in 1917 (*i.e.*, six years after Kano has been placed in direct touch with the sea) amount to some £22,000,000, with a yearly minimum revenue of £3,000,000. When, however, the railway system shall have been completed, when the interior as a whole has got its

natural outlet to the sea through the two great natural harbours of Calabar and Forcados, Nigeria will not only rank next in importance after India and South Africa, but will become one of the greatest economic assets of the British Empire; for Nigeria will be one of its greatest producers of raw material.—Major A. G. Leonard, in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*.

A POSITIVIST PROGRAMME FOR THE WORKMAN.

To the worker, Positivism tenders the assurance that the Church of Humanity will never rest till the proletariat is raised to honourable citizenship by free education up to the age of twenty-one, regular work, a decent minimum wage, sanitary housing, and a respected old age. For the man of ability, Positivism provides ample range of legitimate ambition in the organisation and management of industry, subject to the supreme moral law of the social destination of all forms of wealth and knowledge.—F. T. Gould in the *Positivist Review* for January.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN EMANCIPATED SOUL.

I do not extinguish my desires at all. I give up nothing without getting something better for it. Since I became a total abstainer from alcohol and tobacco I have been paid at once by an increased feeling of vitality and by better company. Since I gave up meat and fish my health improved, and my capacity for intellectual and spiritual efforts has grown. Even the resignation of sexual enjoyments and passions was no sacrifice at all. Instead of the love of one who had to give up her purity for me, I have the love of many pure women who know that they have nothing to fear from me, that I shall ask them no sacrifice for what I give them by the natural radiation of an emancipated soul. Thus at every step it is like throwing off old dirty clothes for radiant garments.—Letter from the Polish Doctor Lutoslavski to a Hindoo devotee in *East and West*.

POLYGLOT MISSIONARIES OF CIVILISATION.

In the December number of the *Pacific Medical* fighting side by side, carrying the great message of civilisation and of a higher morality to the Moham-medan, I met an English captain, an English sergeant-major, a German lieutenant, a Servian colonel, an Italian, an officer who was half Scotch and half French, and a Tenkinese lieutenant, a sturdy, cheerful little warrior, who greatly resembled a Japanese. There were yet other types.—Ashmead-Bartlett in *Blackwood*.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF THE BODY.

This wonderful constitution with which man is furnished is like, in a sense, a well-ordered State. He has a body, the machinery, the executive, wherewith to perform this work; he has a mind to deliberate—a council to give orders; and, lastly, he has a spirit supreme, the ruler of all, the spirit which is informed by the mind and which acts

through the mind upon the body. . . . What is health? It is that state in which we live without knowing that we have organs which are enabling us to live; that state in which we can perform all our functions and discharge all our duties without feeling ill at ease, and it is that state in which we not only enjoy ourselves, but also give joy to others. . . . The highest life of any organ lies in the fullest discharge of the functions which belong to it.—The late Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., in the *Quiver* for January.

MR. HALDANE: THE CHILD FATHER OF THE MAN.

The biographical article in the January number of the *Woman at Home* is a sketch of Mr. Haldane at Home, by "Ignota." The writer tells the story of Mr. Haldane as a little child working at a quantity of dust which he had collected and explaining the objects of his labours by saying, "If God made a man out of the dust of the earth, why shouldn't I?" On another occasion he put the comprehensive philosophic question, "When there was no me, where was I?"

FLEAS AND LEPROSY.

In the December number of the *Pacific Medical Journal*, Dr. Albert S. Ashmead, who is writing a series of articles on leprosy, considers the question of the transmission of leprosy by fleas. In plague, as is well known, fleas play an important part as carriers of the disease; the writer now seeks to establish the same rôle in reference to fleas being the carriers of the bacillus of leprosy.

THE CALL OF THE CHILDREN.

"There is grave necessity that the community should exercise its rights to interfere on behalf of the child. The appeal to the principles of personal liberty and independence, to parental obligation and responsibility, where they are invoked by the indolent and the ignorant as an excuse for doing nothing, and to hinder social amelioration and progress, ought to have little weight. Those who complain that this new care for the children means the undermining of parental responsibility, and the imposing of needless burdens on the community, are, if they are not to be charged with gross selfishness, singularly wanting in prescience; and their cry must be ignored, and more humane and saner voices must be listened to. The legal rights of children to food, clothing, lodging, and nursing in sickness are incontrovertible; and if parents, on whom the responsibility rests in the first instance, are too poor (and many are too poor), or too vicious to care for them, then it is one of the elementary duties of the State to maintain them at the public expense."—Mr. R. Corlett Cowell in the *London Quarterly Review*.

MR. ZANGWILL: AN APPRECIATION.

"Mr. Zangwill is more interesting than any of his contemporaries except Mr. Kipling, and, like him, he has won his fame by using a new medium and new material. Mr. Kipling has conquered India

and given the English-speaking world his spoil; he has added the glamour of the East to the reader's empire. Mr. Zangwill has captured the East End and annexed the Jew as his province; he has given us the genius of the Orient. That is the secret of his fascination. Nine-tenths of the novels of the day, Mr. Zangwill assures you, may be dissected under the following heads: (a) description of hero; (b) of heroine; (c) how they first met; (d) why they did not marry till the last chapter." "Dreamers of the Ghetto," the writer thinks, shows Mr. Zangwill at his best.—From "Israel Zangwill," by Mr. P. R. Davis in the *African Monthly*.

PATRIARCHAL CUSTOMS TO-DAY.

Most of us imagine that it is necessary to travel far afield in these days to find a region in which patriarchal customs and traditional ceremonies survive. Few realise that we have to go no further than the Black Forest, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, in order to light on surroundings where, undisturbed by the march of time, a noble race of peasants carry on their hereditary mode of life from generation to generation.—From "The Büren of the Black Forest," in the *Antiquary*.

ACTORS IN BARRELS.

At the Abbey Street Theatre in Dublin, under the direction of Mr. Yeats, every tradition that came from the English boards was rigidly excluded. Their first aim was to restore to the stage the atmosphere of repose in which alone can great emotions be portrayed. The English actor's perpetual crossing from right to left, and back again, begets a restlessness in which the finer shades of passion are likely to be lost. Mr. Yeats tells us that he once asked a dramatic company to let him rehearse them in barrels, so that they might forget gesture, and have their minds free for a while to think of speech. The barrels, he thought, might be placed upon casters, so that he could move them from place to place when the action of the play required it!—Kate Whitehead in the *Millgate Monthly*.

M. STOLYPIN AS CONSTITUTIONALIST.

M. Stolypin is at present the only influential politician in Russia who is working efficaciously for the Liberal cause. He is systematically removing hindrances to Constitutionalism which are most formidable at the outset. He is winding up the old order of things and seeking to establish the new on a firm basis. To this end he is weeding out those tried and active servants of the Autocracy who are unable to spend the latter half of their lives in undoing the work of the former. In this way quite a number of Imperialists have been shelved without noise and almost without notice. The most powerful of these was the Comptroller-General, M. Schwanebach, a clever, consistent and proselytising Monarchist. This official was the only member of the Cabinet fitted to give the Emperor such advice as, if followed, might have procured a new lease of

twenty years for firm Monarchist government. The influence of such a man was a serious check on the Liberal Premier, who at last had him removed. And this was a clear gain for the Constitutionalists.—Dr. E. J. Dillon, in the *Contemporary Review*.

HENRY IRVING AND THE LAMB.

From his childhood up, Henry Irving was lonely. His chief companions in youth were the Bible and Shakespeare. He used to study "Hamlet" in the Cornish fields, when he was sent out by his aunt, Mrs. Penberthy, to call in the cows. One day, when he was in one of the deep, narrow lanes common in that part of England, he looked up and saw the face of a sweet little lamb gazing at him from the top of the bank. The symbol of the lamb in the Bible had always attracted him, and his heart went out to the dear little creature. With some difficulty, he scrambled up the bank, slipping often in the damp red earth, threw his arms round the lamb's neck, and kissed it. *The lamb bit him!*—Ellen Terry in *McClure* for January.

TWO VIEWS OF THE KAISER.—AS SOLDIER.

William II. has ruled Germany for twenty years. What is his political aim and record?

The most characteristic feature of Germany's foreign policy during his reign may most briefly be expressed in two figures.

	£
German Naval Expenditure in 1888	2,500,000
German Naval Expenditure in 1908	18,000,000

—J. Ellis Barker, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

—AS SOCIAL REFORMER.

Speaking generally, when we come to estimate the chief features of the Kaiser's reign—that is, so far as it has at present run its course—we can have little doubt that quite the most essential point is social reform.

That the Kaiser, strenuous soldier though he is, is an earnest advocate and preserver of peace, is now more and more universally acknowledged, and therefore nothing more need be said on this point than to quote the Emperor's own words, namely: "Since my accession to the throne I have often meditated on the consequences of war, and I know that the best use I can make of the position which I hold is to do all the good I can for the general welfare of mankind."—Dr. Elkind in the *Nineteenth Century*.

THE BUTCHER'S BILL OF MAHDISM.

In 1883 the population of the Soudan was reckoned at eight and a-half millions; twenty years later it was estimated by British officials at under two millions, inter-tribal and external wars, and fell disease—smallpox, cholera, etc.—having claimed during the long reign of Dervish power, and in almost equal proportions, six and a-half million victims. Consider seriously what this terrible mortality signifies: three persons out of every four blotted out, and of these an undue proportion adult males.—W. F. Mieveille in the *Nineteenth Century*.

WILLIAM MORRIS AT KELMSCOTT.

Mr. Arthur C. Benson contributes to the *Cornhill Magazine* for January, as the seventh instalment of his papers entitled "At Large," an account of his visit to Kelmscott. He was not allowed to enter the house, but he was delighted with the village and with the house itself. He says:—

I knew Kelmscott so well from Rossetti's letters, from Morris's own splendid and loving description, from pictures, from the tales of other pilgrims, that I felt I could not be disappointed; and I was not. It was not only just like what I had pictured it to be, but it had a delicate and natural grace of its own as well. The house was larger and more beautiful, the garden smaller and not less beautiful, than I had imagined. I had not thought it was so shy, so rustic a place. It is very difficult to get any clear view of the house. By the road are cottages, and a big building, half storehouse, half wheelwright's shop, to serve the homely needs of the farm. Through the open door one could see a bench with tools; and planks, staves, spokes, waggon-tilts, faggots, were all stacked in a pleasant confusion. Then came a walled kitchen-garden, with some big shrubs, bay and laurustinus, rising plumply within; beyond which the grey house, spread thin with plaster, held up its gables and chimneys over a stone-tiled roof. To the left, big barns and byres—a farm-man leading in a young bull with a pole at the nose-ring; beyond that, open fields, with a dyke and a flood-wall of earth, grown over with nettles, withered sedges in the watercourse, and elms in which the rooks were clamorously building. We met with the ready simple Berkshire courtesy; we were referred to a gardener who was in charge. To speak with him, we walked round to the other side of the house, to an open space of grass, where the fowls picked merrily and the old farm lumber, broken coops, disused ploughs, lay comfortably about. "How I love tidiness!" wrote Morris once. Yet I did not feel that he would have done other than love all this natural and simple litter of the busy farmstead.

Here the venerable house appeared more stately still. Through an open door in a wall we caught a sight of the old standards of an orchard, and borders with spikes of spring-flowers pushing through the mould. The gardener was digging in the gravelly soil. He received us with a grave and kindly air; but when we asked if we could look into the house, he said, with a sturdy faithfulness, that his orders were that no one should see it, and continued his digging without heeding us further.

MR. BENSON THE POET.

He devotes three or four pages to an appreciation of William Morris, poet and Socialist. He says:—

All that afternoon, among the quiet fields, with the white clouds rolling up over the lip of the wolds, I was haunted with the thought of that burly figure; the great head with its curly hair and beard; the eyes that seemed so guarded and unobservant, and that yet saw and noted every smallest detail; the big clumsy hands, apt for such delicacy of work; to see him in his rough blue suit, his easy rolling gait, wandering about, stooping to look at the flowers in the beds, or glancing up at the sky, or sauntering off to fish in the stream, or writing swiftly in the parlour, or working at his loom; so bluff, so kindly, so blunt in address, so unaffected, loving all that he saw, the tide of full-blooded and restless life running so vigorously in his veins; or, further back, Rossetti, with his wide eyes, half-bright, half-languorous, pale, haunted with impossible dreams, pacing, rapt in feverish thought, through the lonely fields. The ghosts of heroes! And whether it was that my own memories and affections and visions stirred my brain, or that some tide of the spirit still sets from the undiscovered shores to the scenes of life and love, I know not, but the

place seemed thronged with unseen presences and viewless mysteries of hope.

FROM SOCIALISM TO ROMANCE.

In 1880 Mr. Morris' mind was full of the great change which he hoped was slowly coming over the world:—

And so he plunged into Socialism. He gave up his poetry and much of his congenial work. He attended meetings and committees; he wrote leaflets and pamphlets; he lavished money; he took to giving lectures and addresses; he exposed himself to misunderstandings and insults. He spoke in rain at street corners to indifferent loungers; he pushed a little cart about the squares selling Socialist literature; he had collisions with the police; he was summoned before magistrates; the "poetic upholsterer," as he was called, became an object of bewildered contempt to friends and foes alike. The work was not congenial to him, but he did it well, developing infinite tolerance and good humour, and even tactfulness, in his relations with other men. The exposure to the weather, the strain, the neglect of his own physical needs, brought on, undoubtedly, the illness of which he eventually died; and worst of all was the growing shadow of discouragement, which made him gradually aware that the times were not ripe, and that even if the people could seize the power they desire, they could not use it.

Half gratefully and half mournfully he disengaged himself, not because he did not believe in his principles, but because he saw that the difficulties were insuperable. He came back to the old life; he flung himself with renewed ardour into art and craftsmanship. He began to write the beautiful and romantic prose tales, with their enchanting titles, which are, perhaps, his most characteristic work. He learnt by slow degrees that a clean sweep of an evil system cannot be made in a period of a lifetime, by an individual, however serious or strenuous he may be; he began to perceive that, if society is to put ideas in practice, the ideas must first be there, clearly defined and widely apprehended; and that it is useless to urge men to a life of which they have no conception, and for which they have no desire.

IF BELGIUM ANNEXES THE CONGO.

WHAT THEN?

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. E. D. Morel publishes a vigorous but brief exposition of the disaster that will befall Belgium if she annexes the Congo on lines that perpetuates in its essentials the existing system that Lord Lansdowne defines as bondage under the most barbarous and inhuman conditions imposed for mercenary motives of the most selfish character. If Belgian politicians with no mandate from the nation annex the Congo on the terms insisted upon by the King, Belgium becomes at once one of the greatest of African Powers and the heir of a system which is an exhibition of the grossest bad faith and chicanery towards all the great Powers that signed the Berlin Act which brought the Congo State into existence.

The present policy of the Congo State which Belgium is to be asked to perpetuate is a flagrant violation of Article V., which declares that there shall be no monopolies in matters of trade. If this system is not revolutionised Belgium will be exposed any day, on any pretext, to a serious quarrel with her neighbours, especially Germany:—

A powerful, genuine, honest trading company is formed in Germany to carry on commercial intercourse with the

natives of the Congo, which, by the Act of Berlin, is free commercial land. Belgium seeks to parry the danger by offering the directors of the Company a territorial concession conferring upon the *concessionnaire*, in accordance with the new dispensation, proprietorship over the produce of the soil. They decline any such concession. They merely wish to trade with the people of the land; as they do in Nigeria, for instance. What is Belgium going to do under the present system, which denies that the native has any rights in land, or in the produce of the soil, and insists that the said produce belongs to the Belgian State, or to *concessionnaires*, that it is the raw material not of commerce, but of "taxation"? A conflict would immediately arise; and Germany would be in the right. Moreover, her hands are clean; she established the same system in the Cameroons, but she soon saw that it was at variance in practice with the most elementary notions of right in relationship with the natives and with Europeans, and she has declined to permit trade to be interfered with.

Not only is Belgium exposed to the risk of a war with Germany by the annexation of the Congo, but she will have to face the responsibility of holding the country literally by force. A more or less perpetual state of war has endured for the last fifteen years in the Congo, and a persistence in the present system—

means the conversion of an enormous portion of Central Africa into an armed camp, erected over a powder magazine of native hatred; an armed camp in which European control must necessarily be limited. It is a perpetual threat to the peace of Africa and to the legitimate self-interest, as Lord Percy rightly stated in the House two years ago, of the Congo's neighbours—Belgium's neighbours of the future.

Hence, Mr. Morel argues:—

To allow the present condition of things to continue, and to wash our hands of the terms under which Belgium, if she annexes, decides to take over the Congo, is not only to confer a signal disservice upon the Belgian people, but is to imperil the peace of the world—at least to imperil it far more than by taking the straightforward course which common sense and duty alike demand.

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

The January number of the *United Service Magazine* reprints a poem which Mr. Swinburne contributed to its pages in May, 1890. It is entitled "England: An Ode," and in reference to it the editor says that nearly eighteen years have gone by since Mr. Swinburne "gave forth this stirring invocation to an inly-blind people, then as now forgetful alike of its past and of its destiny. What hope is there of a timely awakening, whereby high and low, rich and poor, may be aroused to a proper sense of national duty?" asks the editor. "Too likely is it that when the great call for a demonstration of practical patriotism comes to be made, as soon as it will be, the ancient spirit of our race will be found to have given place to mere ecstasies of music-hall vulgarity, followed by craven despair, and the tumults usually resorted to in such cases by degenerate peoples." To what does the editor specially allude as the great call which is at hand?

Mr. Swinburne says the sun in heaven beholds

England immortal and girdled with life by the sea:—

All our past acclaims our future: Shakespeare's voice and Nelson's hand,
Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust in this our chosen and chainless land,
Bear us witness: come the world against her, England yet shall stand.

The poet bids the faith of our fathers endure in us, that the glory of England may endure to the last:—

A light that is more than the sunlight, an air that is brighter than morning's breath.
Clothes England about as the strong sea clasps her, and answers the word that it saith;
The word that assures her of life if she change not, and choose not the ways of death.

In *Blackwood* Mr. Alfred Noyes continues the publication of his "Drake: An English Epic," the most ambitious poem that has appeared in any periodical of late years. Embedded in this month's instalment there is a love lyric entitled "Love will find out the way," from which I quote the first three verses:—

Ye that follow the vision
Of the world's weal afar,
Have ye met with derision
And the red laugh of war;
Yet the thunder shall not hurt you,
Nor the battle-storms dismay;
Tho' the sun in heaven desert you,
"Love will find out the way."

When the pulse of hope falters,
When the fire flickers low
On your faith's crumbling altars,
And the faithless gods go;
When the fond hope ye cherished
Cometh, kissing, to betray;
When the last star hath perished,
"Love will find out the way."

When the last dream bereaveth you,
And the heart turns to stone,
When the last comrade leaveth you
In the desert, alone;
With the whole world before you
Clad in battle-array,
And the starless night o'er you,
"Love will find out the way."

In the *Westminster Review* for January are published some interesting letters by Richard Cobden on Secular Education. Mrs. Elmy continues her invaluable *chronique* of the struggle for justice between the sexes; and Lucy Gardner Paget, in an article entitled "Nemesis," prophesies that as motherhood is the primary and fatherhood but the adjunctive cause, man must, in matters appertaining to the health of the race, do as the mother directs or perish.

SALVINI'S INTERPRETATION OF HAMLET.

The December *Putnam* publishes Signor Tommaso Salvini's views of the interpretation of "Hamlet." The actor, who describes the enigmatical tragedy as a work commenting on the destiny and the events of our world, says the artist from the first should impress the public with the beautiful, pure, moral nature, so full of sentiment, so loving and affectionate, of the Prince of Denmark; but after the scene with the ghost the dignified and sorrowful melancholy, inclining towards gentleness at the beginning of the play, should be delicately transformed into the impulsive feeling of hatred toward the King.

HOW HAMLET SHOULD BE ACTED.

Signor Salvini is convinced that Shakespeare's aim was to portray in Hamlet's character the idea that constant thought causes doubt; in other words, the power of thought over action. The actor does not believe there has ever existed, or ever will exist, a man of Hamlet's temperament, and he thinks this may account for the innumerable different interpretations of the character on the stage. At the opening of the scene with the ghost, Hamlet should be violently excited, he writes; at the appearance of his father's spirit he should be seized with a terrible shuddering. When the mysterious form beckons to him he should follow it as though impelled by a supernatural force. During the revelation of his uncle's crime he should listen attentively, and with veneration, as if almost afraid to move. The actor should make his audience realise the seriousness and gravity of the scene without any useless gestures, such as walking up and down the stage; but as soon as the ghost disappears Hamlet should feel the reaction, and in his great exaltation should call up all his strength to avenge, for his father's sake, his uncle's infamous crime. Had Shakespeare written his play in modern times, he would, adds Signor Salvini, have omitted the appearance of the ghost on the stage, leaving all to the imagination of the public. The scene grows far more impressive by excluding the ghost from the stage, thinks Signor Salvini.

As to Hamlet's insanity, Signor Salvini says the mania he assumes is a mixture of truth and illusion, and in adopting it he has the advantage of being able to scrutinise the souls of those who surround him. If he were really mentally deranged, he would not find comfort in relaxing his madness.

"I WILL PLAY HAMLET!"

The great actor often tells the following anecdote regarding Hamlet. He was once booked to play Hamlet in London, but on his arrival he learnt that Irving was performing in the same play, and he therefore asked his manager to cancel Hamlet from his *répertoire*, but he would not do so. One evening, two days before Signor Salvini was to appear in the part, he bought a ticket for the gallery, and went to see Irving. He said to himself, "I will not play Hamlet!" After the second

scene he said the same thing; but when the act came with Ophelia and the closet scene with the Queen, he said to himself, "I *will* play Hamlet!"

IMPRESSIONS FROM THE HAGUE.

BY MEN WHO WERE THERE.

In the *American Review of Reviews* for December, Mr. Hill, late Minister of the United States at the Hague, and now the newly appointed American Ambassador at Berlin, writes on "The Results of the Second Conference."

AMBASSADOR D. J. HILL.

Mr. Hill, answering the question, What has the Second Conference done? says:—

It has demonstrated, first of all, not only that a universal congress of this character is possible, but that certain great principles—or postulates of constructive action, as we may call them—are now beyond dispute. Among these are the propositions that peace is the normal and war the abnormal condition of civilised nations; that the relations of sovereign States are properly based on principles of justice, and not upon force; that really sovereign States should have equal rights before the bar of international justice, independently of their size or military strength; that disputes between governments should be settled, as far as possible, by judicial methods, and not by war; and that war, if inevitable, is an evil whose disastrous consequences—especially as regards neutrals, non-combatants, the sick and the wounded—should by general agreement be reduced to a minimum. What, then, has the Conference done to give practical effect to these principles? It has concluded thirteen conventions, made two declarations, passed one resolution, emitted five *vœux*—which the irreverent characterise as "pious wishes"—and offered one special recommendation.

OBLIGATORY ARBITRATION.

Mr. Hill points out that the work of the Conference not only registers the exact stage that has been reached in international development, but renders it apparent what ought to be done to carry forward the movement of which it forms a part. For instance, on the question of obligatory arbitration:—

The state of the question, then, is this: all accept the principle of obligatory arbitration in certain classes of cases, thirty-two Powers are prepared to make definite engagements with all the rest, nine prefer to make them only with States on whose responsibility they can rely, and three decline at present to commit themselves.

As to a Permanent Court, the project requires for completion nothing but an agreement as to the choice of judges. The serious labour expended on it is not lost, though its fruits may be late in maturing. It only remains for the Powers to take up the project at the proper time to carry it forward to its completion.

MR. STEAD'S IMPRESSIONS.

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Stead describes the impressions left upon his mind after his four months' sojourn at the Hague. The first, and perhaps the deepest of these, was the truth of St. Paul's saying, "He hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of

the earth." The text came to Mr. Stead on finding all equal, socially and politically. Their manners, their morals, and their intelligence were so much the same. The second impression was the existence of a common ethical conception among the members of the Conference, which did not seem to be materially affected by the nominal religions which they professed. Religion of the devotional or dogmatic sort was absolutely non-existent. Of a practical religion of that rudimentary sort which recognises that we ought not to slay our brother until adequate time and opportunity have been afforded for ascertaining whether there is no other way of settling our differences, there was as much, or as little, among the non-Christians as among the Christians. Evidence as to the direct influence of any of the Churches on the deliberations of the Conference he failed to discover. It was emphatically a secular Conference, concerned with things seen, and not sparing a thought for the things not seen which are eternal. And enthusiasm of any kind, even the enthusiasm of humanity, was singularly absent. The third characteristic was the fact that in the realm of international politics woman has most emphatically not yet arrived. Woman may not have arrived, but what most emphatically has arrived is Latin-America. This, from many points of view, was the most noticeable feature of the Second Conference. The Conference, said one delegate, has done at least one great thing, for it has discovered South America. M. de Nelidoff wrote: "South America has been a revelation to us." One real result of the advent of Latin-America was the immense change which it effected in the position of Spain and Portugal.

PERSONALITIES OF THE CONFERENCE.

The two most conspicuous personalities were Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the German, who was the tallest delegate; and Dr. Ruy Barbosa, of Brazil, who was the smallest. These two men left the deepest impression of their individuality upon the Conference. Baron Marschall's sun rose to its zenith in July and then suffered a disastrous eclipse. Dr. Barbosa's reputation steadily mounted from month to month and was in its zenith at the close of the Conference. The third place is given to M. Bourgeois and the fourth to Count Tornielli, whose extraordinary adroitness enabled him to dance among eggs without making a single mistake. He was the most valuable ally that the Germans possessed, and his support was all the more valuable because he appeared to dwell in the opposite camp. After came M. Renault, who was the first of the jurists:—

Sir Edward Fry would have been a great success if he had been strictly confined to juridical duties. As technical member of the delegation he would have been a pillar of strength to the Conference. As first delegate it was his misfortune to occupy a position for which he was singu-

larly unfitted by his age, his temperament, and his training on the English Bench. M. Asser was, as in 1890, one of the most respected and most active members of the Conference.

Mr. Stead says:—

Whatever may be thought of the actual output of the work of the Conference, and it is much more important than is popularly realised, the Conference itself, regarded as the first attempt ever made to assemble the representatives of the whole world in a single Chamber, must be pronounced a remarkable success. The Conference lasted twice as long as its predecessors, but the relations between the delegates became more cordial month after month. As a demonstration of the possibility of managing the common affairs of the world by an assembly representing the whole human race, the Conference of 1907 must be regarded as a conspicuous landmark in the progress of mankind towards the realisation of the Federation of the World.

THE KAISER AS DIABOLUS.

THE VISIONS OF CASSANDRA MAXSE.

The *National Review* for this month is very entertaining reading. Cassandra Maxse, as might have been expected, has been provoked to excel himself by the reception of the Kaiser to England.

"EXECUTOR OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE."

He declares with most absolute conviction that Germany is perfidious with a scientific thoroughness of mendacity which casts the worst exploits of *perfidie Albion* into the shade. Judging from these visions of our Cassandra Maxse, the Father of Lies himself would seem to have abdicated and left his throne to be occupied by the potentate to whom John Bull has been extending such hearty hospitality. Colonel Maxse tells that war with England is an obsession of the Kaiser, who considers himself the divinely appointed executor of the British Empire. Possibly executor is a misprint for executioner. Every chancery is aware that William II. is working for a German-American naval alliance, and that Great Britain is the sole objective of these frantic preparations set forth with such cynical contempt by the publication of a naval programme. The Kaiser's grandfather went to Paris in 1867 as a guest, and in 1871 he was crowned in Versailles as German Emperor in the heart of conquered France. Will history repeat itself, asks Cassandra:—

Will the future historian record that "in the year 1907 the German Emperor paid a State visit to England, where he was received by his amiable inhabitants with their proverbial hospitality. In the year —, this mighty monarch returned to England at the head of 200,000 men, and entered London without encountering any serious resistance, as the British people had never been trained in the first duty of citizenship, and both Army and Navy had been criminally neglected by successive Governments. The German Emperor imposed a tribute of £500,000,000, besides appropriating the choicest British possessions." Will this also be written? Wilhelm II. hopes so.

Mr. Stephen Bonsal contributes a capital illustrated character sketch of "Raisuli, the famous Bandit," to *Munsey's Magazine* for January.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Every American abroad, and all other persons who desire to keep in intelligent touch with the movement of events in the United States of America, should subscribe to the *American Review of Reviews*. It is the one indispensable magazine for all who wish to keep themselves *en rapport* with the development of the great American Republic.

The new number for January opens with a series of papers of great interest and value, which discuss the various phases of the financial crisis, such as The Creation of a Central Bank in Connection with Currency Reform, Gold and the Currency Outlook, and the Story of the Hoarders. There is an appreciative Character Sketch of Professor William James, who has just retired from the Chair of Philosophy of Harvard University, King Oscar of Sweden, and Professor Michelson of Chicago University, to whom was awarded one of the Nobel Prizes. An article of very wide and general interest, copiously illustrated, deals with the Conquest of the Air—the progress that has been made by man towards flying. The article on the whole, which is most encyclopædic in its information, and most suggestive from its contents, is that which describes how the newspapers of America are devastating its forests. This, however, is so important that I have noticed it elsewhere.

The editor's survey of the Progress of the World from the American standpoint is as judicial and as exhaustive as ever. The survey of the contents of other magazines, periodicals, and caricatures of the New World is maintained as usual. It is an admirable first number of the leading periodical of America.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The ninety-third year of this review ends with an excellent number. Articles on Whittier, Egyptian gold hoarding, and preparation for conversation have been already noticed. Mark Twain's autobiography is chiefly notable for his account of the failure of a rather audacious speech he delivered on the occasion of the seventieth birthday of Whittier.

FICTION IN THE NATIONAL LIFE

Sir Gilbert Parker writes on fiction, its place in the national life. For 150 years, he maintains, fiction has played a part in the "criticism of life" which is as definite, if not as profound, as that played by poetry. It reveals the central, moral, and intellectual attitude towards all the grave questions which make the real history of a nation and the real position of the great sociological problems. He rejoices to think that we have masters of fiction yet alive who hold the flag high—in England, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Humphry Ward; in America, Mark Twain and W. D. Howells. Fiction in the United States has represented the birth of an intellectual life among the masses. While fiction should be a recreation of the noblest design, it must, like all other works of art, make for beauty and for peace. Above all, it should make for character.

U.S.A. EAST AND WEST.

Henry C. Ide, recently Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, argues against evacuation or neutralisation of these islands, and concludes that no

other course is yet possible for dealing with them than that of tutelage, with high and sympathetic guidance. Mr. G. G. Hill discusses the eastern coast defences of the United States, in the absence of the fleet in the Pacific, and while pointing out certain places where the defences require strengthening, declares that the nation's fortifications, compared with those of other countries, are highly creditable.

A NEW ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

A very sanguine paper by Mr. Charles Johnston discusses what he calls the Catholic reformation and the authority of the Vatican. He asks, Is Italy to give birth to a new Renaissance, and to repeat the superb gifts which she bestowed on the world in the Middle Ages? There were signs of a new birth in the stirrings of spiritual life so evident in the last year or two. He urges that the principle of domination so long asserted by the Papacy should be withdrawn, and then the way would be open for the repair of the rending of Christendom. "Then we shall see a Church truly Catholic, united by a common obedience to the spirit of the Master, and recognising that that spirit is expressed through the whole body of those who obey the Master, the Light lightening every heart."

"HALF-BREEDS" INDEED!

Mr. M. W. Hazeltine, discussing the Second Hague Conference, adopts a tone of race ascendancy which, if prevalent in the United States, augurs ill for the future of the Western Hemisphere. He says, "We concur in the opinion that the spectacle of a half-breed lawyer deciding upon the justice of a British seizure would be ludicrous in any case," but thinks the idea of the said half-breeds administering a law elaborated by themselves and others is patent folly. He thinks that the easiest way of solving the problems left unsolved would be to substitute for an ecumenical conference a congress of the great Powers.

THE ECONOMIC JOURNAL.

The December number is really distinguished. It contains several articles of eminent value. Professor W. J. Ashley's survey of the present position of political economy is alone sufficient to confer distinction. He thinks that while much of the labour devoted to economics in English-speaking countries during the last quarter of a century has been less fruitful than one could desire, yet the outlook is more encouraging than ever before. Only of late years has the teaching of economics begun to be so organised in the Universities as to offer a career. Professor von Halle's discussion of the causes of German maritime expansion, Professor H. B. Lees Smith's study of the consequences of a legal minimum wage, and Professor Gustav Cohn's investigation of the alternative supplies of revenue from direct taxation or from governmental trading, as in the Prussian railways, have all been separately noted. The reviews, notes and memoranda form an indispensable part of the apparatus of the economist.

In the *Revue de Paris* Dr. G. Dumas gives an account of several saints who during life or after death exhaled from their bodies agreeable odours.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The first four articles in the *Fortnightly Review*, and the article on Whittier, have been separately referred to.

THACKERAY'S ADDITIONS TO THE LANGUAGE.

Mr. Walter Jerrold, in an article on Titmarsh and the Dictionary, comments on the number of words which he finds in Thackeray and not in the dictionary. One of these words is familiar enough to anyone acquainted with Australasian slang—"bally." Another most useful word, for which we have no equivalent, and which surely ought to be in the dictionaries, is "bumptious," for bumpiousness we shall certainly have always with us. "Diffugient snows" also we sometimes have. We do not, however, "fistify" nor "militate," though we "militate" against, nor do we "portify ourselves." "Protemporaneous" is a word Mr. Jerrold regrets, and he thinks a "thanatography" preferable to an "obituary notice." So it might be—if we knew what it was.

THE HUDSON BAY DISPUTE.

Mr. P. T. McGrath sets out the American case and the Canadian case in the Hudson Bay dispute. The similarity of this question to that of the Alaskan boundary is, he says, quite striking. The United States whalers have certainly enjoyed unrestricted access to Hudson Bay for seventy years; but the Canadian contention is that that access ought to have been and might have been restricted by them, for the American whalers have no shadow of right of entry. As the writer points out, this Hudson Bay difficulty may acquire considerable importance, because the waterway might be made an alternative sea route for shipping Canadian wheat to Europe. The claims to the ownership of Hudson Bay date back to 1610, and there are the provisions of the Treaty of Washington (1818), which give Canada a very strong case. Much hinges upon the question whether the territorial boundary follows the windings of the coast or, as the British contend, is drawn from headland to headland. But the uninterrupted pursuit of the whale fishery by the Americans during so many years establishes a substantial moral, if not legal, claim for consideration. Canada, of course, as usual, is afraid that her interests will be sacrificed to the British desire to conciliate Uncle Sam.

OTHER ARTICLES.

I have not space to notice at length Miss Low's excellent reply to Miss Smedley's article "The Hedda Gabler of To-Day." Miss Low entitles her paper "The Parlour Woman or the Club woman." She laughs at the notion that it is too domestic too look after your own dustbin, but meritorious to look after the municipal dustbin. The paper on "Two Imperial Democrats" deals with two recent lives of Mr. Seddon and Sir George Grey, but not, apparently, with any first-hand knowledge of either. People who knew Mr. Seddon did not usually call him "King Dick." Mr. Holt Schooling's paper, hard to summarise briefly, on "Our Trade in Manufactured Goods," contends that the Free Traders judge of our national prosperity by the volume of our foreign trade, saving that increased imports mean increased exports to pay for them, whereas what we judge by is the increase of power of production, since it is upon that, not upon profit in exchange of goods, that national welfare depends. Many tables illustrate the author's theory. Mr. Havelock Ellis, writing on "Spanish Ideals To-day," comments on the fact that while all thinking Spaniards are agreed as to Spain's suffering from moral disease, they disagree as to the diagnosis. "If," says the writer, "Spaniards could but realise the unused reservoir of

original energy which is stored up within their race . . . their problem would be solved."

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

The *National Review* for January contains several interesting articles. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett reviews "The Foreign Policy of Queen Victoria," and Sir Horace Rumbold writes on the Recent Developments in Foreign Policy. Sir Horace Rumbold, whose article was written before the publication of the German Naval Programme, says that this so far happy reign bids fair to usher in an era of general peace and concord such as has scarcely blessed the world since the close of the great wars of the last century.

Mr. J. L. Garvin, in an article entitled "The Boom—and After," exults in what he regards as the Confession of the *Daily Chronicle* and others as to the power which foreign trusts can exercise in the controlling of the English market.

The Bishop of Carlisle writes on Canon Law and the Deceased Wife's Sister Marriage Act. The new Act of Parliament, he maintains, makes more clear than ever before the necessity for the revision of the Canons of 1603.

R. N. pleads for the cutting of a ship canal between the Forth and the Clyde, chiefly for Naval reasons. He does not give us an estimate as to its cost.

Evelyn Underhill takes up the cudgels in defence of the novel, "The Helpmate," in opposition to Lady Robert Cecil's criticisms in an article entitled "The Cant of Unconventionality."

"As Others See Us" is a paper by Mildred Iremonger, in which she gives us the opinions of an Indian prince and Princess concerning British administration in India.

Dr. Stephen Paget summarises the evidence given before the Royal Commission on experiments on animals. Dr. Paget is strong in favour of vivisection, and he appeals to the Royal Commission to express in very plain English its opinion of these Anti-Vivisection Societies.

Mr. J. A. Lovat Fraser, a member of the Cardiff Town Council, writes a character sketch of Mr. Lloyd George, which, considering it is written by a political opponent, is by no means unsympathetic.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.

In the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* for Michaelmas Term there is much of living interest. Haeckel and Haeckelism are exposed by J. Butler Burke as deficient in philosophy. Blatchford's theory of determinism is bombarded by F. C. S. Schiller. "Jam Senior" presses for a reform of Oxford's antiquated machinery. Mr. W. H. Beveridge, late Sub-Warden of Toynbee Hall, treats of settlements and social reform, and considers the settling of households, apart from institutional forms, the ideal. At present, however, Settlements have their function by remaining as centres to which men may first come to discover their abilities, and to give shape to social effort. I. B. J. Sollas laments that the influence of the movement for the higher education of women is at present almost confined to the provision of better equipped teachers, but hopes that women's colleges may become centres for turning out good artists of life. Canon Lyttelton rejoices in the growth of biometry, and in especial in the careful measurement of all entrants into Eton, as a proof of the belief in knowledge for its own sake. Colonel Gordon McCabe recalls the travels of Captain John Smith, first British settler in Virginia.

THE ALBANY REVIEW.

The January number has in it much of suggestive interest. Mr. Havelock Ellis's prognostication of the passing of Greater Britain and of Europe, along with Mr. Penty's "Fallacies of Collectivism," have been separately noticed.

TO SOLVE THE BALKAN PROBLEM.

Mr. C. R. Buxton makes a stern appeal to the conscience of Christendom on behalf of Europe Unredeemed, as he calls Macedonia. He finds the problem easy of solution. Form a wide southern strip, together with the three-pronged Chalcidic peninsula, into a Greek province. Separate Albania on the west. Mark off the north-western corner as Servian. The residue is homogeneous and Macedonian: a race as capable of self-government as many European peoples.

BISHOP OF TRURO'S SMALL HOLDINGS.

Rev. A. E. Newman tells how the Bishop of Truro, when vicar of a Bucks village, broke up a twenty-two acre field into half-acre allotments, and succeeded so well that two other fields have been similarly disposed. The labourers have gone on to acquire as much as three acres, giving all their time to their holding as soon as it reached two acres; and their character has greatly advanced. Small holdings, the writer urges, will succeed best where there is already abundance of allotments. Only by allotment does the labourer develop into a small farmer.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Elizabeth Godfrey roasts modern novelists for their slavish adhesion to certain ancient conventions, such as the heroine always carrying letters in her bosom, as though there were no pockets, and blouses didn't button up behind. Mr. Bertrand Russell, as an empiricist, criticises the pragmatist, Mr. William James, under the scoffing title, "Transatlantic Truth." Mr. Stephen Gwynn, M.P., recounts the irritating delays to be encountered in a Moorish seaport. Professor Tyrrell culls choice passages from "The Life of Sir Richard Jebb." The great Jena industry, which maintains minimum wage, profit-sharing, and dividends to be spent on the University, is described by the late Kirkham Gray. Jane Harrison reviews Gilbert Murray's book on the Greek epic, and pronounces it a most untraditional book, one half of it "pure work of the imagination."

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

Several articles from the *Contemporary* claim separate notice. Of those remaining, two or three require a paragraph.

THE COMING FAMINE IN INDIA.

Mr. Benjamin Aitken, the writer of this article, seems to have no doubt that another Indian famine is coming, though he has also no doubt that, like modern Indian famines, it will only last about a year, not, as former famines have done, for five and even ten and twelve years. His article is chiefly interesting as showing how difficult and perplexing is the problem of famine relief in India. You provide the people with work; but they will die cheerfully rather than do work to which they are unaccustomed. You put district officers over the relief works, and the slackness is "both pitiful and ridiculous." You pay the labourers weekly, and they spend the money at once, and must be paid again or starve. You pay them daily, and it takes the native overseers all night to count out the money. These are less known difficulties. Everyone has heard of native troublesomeness in regard to lack of ordinary precautions when cholera or other disease breaks out. Caste also complicates difficulties; and the people often do not ask for relief till

too late. Indian paupers, says the writer, are as brutal as they are perverse. They will not only pollute water supplies, but rob the dying of food and blankets, and throw away food if they see something better given to the sick. One great cause of the mortality at relief camps is "the callousness and indifference of the native staff." A most depressing article to read.

THE RELIGIONS OF GREECE AND ROME.

Agnes Haigh's article on this subject aims at destroying the popular notion that the deities of Greece and Rome are identical. She says:—

Many important differences between the deities of Greece and Rome have been sufficiently established; native elements in the religion of Rome have been distinguished from foreign loans, and the dominant note of Greek religion—reverence and imagination—has been shown to be in direct contrast to the practical spirit of the Romans.

The Greeks believed in personal and protecting divinities; the Roman divinities were neither personal nor protecting; and Greek religion was essentially anthropomorphic, which Roman religion never was.

POETRY AND SYMBOLISM.

Mr. J. Churton Collins, writing on this subject, deals chiefly with "The Tempest." Of this play, which he agrees with other critics in regarding as probably Shakespeare's last, he says:—

Before Prospero arrives on the island pure nature reigns; the inhabitants, Sycorax and Caliban, are mere beasts; intelligence and genius, or at least the potentialities of each as symbolised in Ariel, pegged up by brute force in a pine, have mere vegetable life. With Prospero comes order and the dawn of civilisation. It is a place full of beauty and mystery, spirit powers float about, weird snatches of music are heard everywhere, it is "full of noises, sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not." Then it becomes peopled. What is this but the world?

Ariel, he says,

In his unwillingness to work, in his pining for freedom, in his tricky caprices and in his uselessness except when under the control of a firm and wise will, is only too symbolic of genius, that perilous possession so potent under such control, so futile without it.

For the spiritual charm of "The Tempest" the writer accounts by saying that he believes it to come largely from a suffusion of purely Christian sentiment, which is not to be taken as meaning that Shakespeare accepted Christianity as a creed, but merely as a philosophy.

LA REVUO.

THE INTERNATIONAL LITERARY MONTHLY.

December commences and January continues the translation by Dr. Zamenhof of the *Psalmes*—commenced, as he says in his preface, not as a religious study, but as a human document, and worked at with many national versions as well as the Hebrew original beneath his eyes. M. Lambert's clever article upon the "Relation of Words to Ideas" is very informing. It deals, of course, with many languages and the influence of their words upon their customs. The biography of Claes Adelskold, the engineer of the first Swedish railway, which was commenced in 1849, is contributed by Paul Nylen.

Vita Femminile Italiana, the able women's review, edited by Sofia Bisi Albini, celebrates this month its first birthday, and has every cause for self-congratulation. It has proved itself a thoroughly readable magazine, taking a wide and sane view of women's interests.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The January *Nineteenth Century* starts well. It republishes Lord Curzon's Birmingham address on "The True Imperialism." Carmen Sylva's Christmas meditation, "On Earth Peace," recommends the learning of languages and the practice of foreign travel. She deplores that music can never furnish common ground for international amity. There may, however, be some universal art. Mr. H. V. Gill airs the theory that one earthquake makes many.

PARTY POLITICAL SPECULATIONS.

Mr. Masterman, M.P., writing on "Politics in Transition," insists that the social question is now dominating politics:—

To the Liberal party, as the party in possession, is offered the greatest opportunity. If it can realise the magnitude of the challenge now presented and go forward boldly in some large and far-reaching scheme of social reform—in universal old-age pensions, in a national unemployed policy, in the shifting of local imposts from the houses and factories to the land—it may find itself not inadequate to the needs of the newer time.

Mr. Kebbel, writing on Parliament and Party, comforts himself by the reflection that

so far from being on the verge of extinction, the two-party system is about to enjoy a renewed lease of life. The "fundamental questions" ahead of us to which the present Government are pledged, involving as they do some of the most important principles which can agitate civilised society, will find plenty of work for the party system for at least another generation, if not much longer.

AN EX-CONVICT ON PRISON REFORM.

Sir A. Wills having advocated the perpetual imprisonment of habitual criminals, Mr. de Montgomerie, as one who has had the misfortune to spend three and three-quarter years within the walls of His Majesty's prisons, replies to him with spirit. He asks:—

How are these ruffians of our boasted civilisation evolved or developed? I will answer this question: they have been largely manufactured by the English prison system. When a man has once come under the ban of the criminal law in this country, the difficulty really is to avoid becoming one of the criminal class. This is the way the professional criminal classes in this country are perpetually being recruited, and one of the first steps to put a stop to the constant acceleration to their ranks is to bring about a change in the treatment of the prisoner when in gaol and in the attitude of Society.

During the period of my incarceration I availed myself of the opportunity to discuss this and other matters with criminals of every kind and degree, and I most solemnly assert that I never came across a single instance of a man, however long he had been a criminal, who did not loathe and detest his occupation. But while loathing and detesting it, he was sensible of the fact that, as things were, it was his only possible occupation, that Society had, rightly or wrongly, made him a social pariah, and that, having been made such, he could only act as such.

THE ONE REMEDY FOR IRELAND'S ILLS.

Mr. Ian Malcolm, writing on the "horrors" let loose in Ireland by Mr. Birrell, in an article entitled "The Heart Disease of the Empire," says:—

A firm and consecutive policy, independent of party, has saved India and has established Egypt; the same must be found for Ireland. This way lies redemption and hope and prosperity. If, within the next six months, law and order were to be re-established; and if, thereafter, it could be stated officially by the predominant partner that no amount of violence or agitation in Ireland would bring the Nonconformists of the United Kingdom nearer to Home Rule, nor the

lovers of a United Empire closer to Home Rule, I feel confident that the warring sections of Irish agitators would soon be brought to their knees by the poor population of Ireland, who are hungering first of all for material prosperity. Confidence would be restored; money in millions would be invested in the country.

HOW TO MAKE THE NEGRO WORK.

Sir H. H. Johnston, quoting from the evidence of a Belgian engineer who made the Congo railway, says it is an open secret. Put the negro on piecework, pay him in good money, and see that he is not cheated, and he will work as well as any other man. Sir H. H. Johnston says:—

Public works have been recently carried out in Sierra Leone, the Ivory Coast, Lagos, Rhodesia, and Nyasaland—railways, roads, bridge-building, planting—which have suffered from no lack of willing labour, simply because payments were made in cash, and those directing the enterprise took good care that the negro should not be cheated.

THE NEW KHARTOUM.

Mr. M. F. Mievile gives a glowing account of the new Khartoum, which, he says, has already 100,000 inhabitants, and will soon have 500,000:—

The value of building plots in the last five years has increased twenty-fold. Besides the Government offices, barracks, clubs, banks, cafes, and stores—many of which are striking, substantial buildings—Khartoum boasts some churches; a magnificent mosque, for which eight thousand pounds was subscribed; spacious market-places, and numerous bazaars.

He recommends the importation of Indian-Mohamedans to supply the demand for labour.

MIDWIFERY AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

Miss Alice Gregory, writing from the Deanery of St. Paul's, says:—

If the testimony of one who has tried it, in a remote district, and for eight consecutive years, is of any value, it is entirely to the service of her country; and it is this: That if any English woman loves Nature, loves humanity, loves an independent active existence, in close touch with the primal forces of life, in hand to hand fight with ignorance and superstition, let her become a district midwife; she is not likely to regret it.

SYSTEM.

A very interesting department in that most useful magazine *System* is one devoted to the events of the month which vitally affects business interests—a sort of Progress of the World of business. It is well illustrated, and is a new feature. A plan of the proposed new docks on the Thames accompanies a lucid description of the new scheme. The editor applauds the new Prevention of Corruption Act which was fathered through the House by Mr. Haldane. He says "that many large firms will welcome an Act which will allow them to withdraw without loss of prestige from a practice that is an intolerable burden."

System is always full of hints and striking articles. The January number lags in no way behind its predecessors. Business men will turn with interest to Jean Cogwell's account of how by a "master stroke of merchandising," Marshall, Field and Co. sprang to the foremost place in the retail store business of America. W. A. Field tells how the human element is instilled into the attitude and methods of a working force of 11,000 men. He is superintendent of the huge Illinois Steel Company, and knows of what he writes. Of great value to employers is Mr. Byles' account of the "suggestion system" employed by Messrs. Cadbury at Bourneville. Suggestion boxes are fixed all over the factory, and employees drop any

suggestions which occur to them into these. All suggestions are acknowledged by weekly notices. They are considered by a committee, and for every suggestion accepted, actually carried out and found practicable, a prize is given ranging from one shilling upwards. The total yearly prizes average £300. In addition to special illustrations, a list of suggestions with the committee's answers is given. Most informing it is too.

THE DUTCH REVIEWS.

Vragen des Tijds opens with an extremely interesting article on colour-photography and colour-printing. The writer describes the different methods, and enters fully into the scientific and technical difficulties and details: he speaks of the photogram, reviews past ideas and prophecies on the subject, and concludes by telling us that Lumière has solved a problem which has taxed the efforts of generations to settle.

In the same review is a contribution on "A School System for Large Towns." After dealing with the Dutch school system, and remarking that the school period is not long enough and should be extended to seven years, the author gives an account of the Mannheim scheme, wherein pupils take a turn in a repetition class, and derive great benefit therefrom. The objection raised to this scheme was that parents would think that their children were rewarded as backward if sent to the repetition class, and that the young people themselves would have their susceptibilities wounded, but the reverse has proved to be the case. The youngsters get on so well that they like the scheme. Our British system of term examinations is somewhat similar, but not quite so beneficial.

Onze Eeuw continues the story of the young Frenchwoman of more than a century ago, giving French quotations and rhymes. In another contribution on Curacao at the commencement of the last century we have a full account of the circumstances which led to the place being besieged by the English. There are many mistaken ideas concerning the cause of this little war, and the writer seeks to provide authentic information.

There is a very readable article on the Early Days of Willem II. of Holland, and what occurred from 1840 onward. The King proved to be quite a different man from his father, and acted firmly. He did not dismiss all his Ministers on his accession, as he was expected to do, but only made slight changes; he was a great advocate of the extension of education, and did a great deal to further it in the Netherlands. He instituted schools which were a distinct advance on anything that had been done before, and Holland owes much of its educational progress to his initiative.

Photography claims the attention again in the form of an illustrated article in *Elsevier* on "The Progress of Modern Photography." This article may be said to speak for itself (to use a hackneyed expression) in its pictures. Another instalment of the contribution on "Dutch Caricatures of the Nineteenth Century" is as amusing as the first. One of the most entertaining of the illustrations is that which shows a certain important personage declaring that within a very brief time he will produce an army of more than sixty thousand soldiers; he is represented as

making toy soldiers and ranging them on the table in companies. One can imagine that this was a very sarcastic reference to the conditions that existed at the time of the separation of Holland and Belgium.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

Between indignation at the Government and white fury against the Modernists the *Ucilita Cattolica* continues to display much bitterness of temper. The recent attempts of the Ministry and of certain Socialist municipalities to exclude the Church Catechism from the elementary schools naturally produces a vigorous protest.

THE RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTY IN ITALY.

The attempt, however, seems foredoomed to failure if the remarkable figures given of the *referendum* of parents held in certain towns are typical of the whole of Italy. In Venice, with 10,000 scholars, only 196 parents were opposed to the catechism; in Turin, with 26,000, only 31; in Genoa, with 18,000, only 208. In an article on "Theosophy and Modernism" it is asserted that many of the ideas current among Modernists are borrowed, consciously or not, from "that pseudo-mystical pantheism known as Theosophy." The writer declares that theosophical societies are now to be found in all large Italian cities, that the meetings are frequented by Catholics, and that some fifty theosophical works have been published in Italian within the last year or two.

SWISS DISESTABLISHMENT.

To the *Rassegna Nazionale* the Abbé Vercesi contributes an instructive account of the recent *referendum* in Geneva, in obedience to which the "national churches," both Calvinistic and "Old Catholic," have been disestablished. The reform, however, has been effected without bitterness or injustice. The State will no longer recognise any Church, but neither will she interfere in their internal organisation nor attempt to hamper their development with petty and galling restrictions. The Abbé suggests, not unnaturally, that France might learn much in these matters from her Swiss neighbour.

WOMAN A SPECIALIST.

Two English subjects are treated in the *Nuova Antologia* for December. R. Badoglio writes with much enthusiasm of the Letchworth Garden City, and A. Agresti contributes a well-informed sketch of the work of W. Morris and the beginnings of the pre-Raphaelite movement. Princess A. di Strongoli describes her technical and professional school for girls at Naples, and pleads with the Government for a grant with which to develop a training-college for technical teachers. Woman, she asserts, excels in specialisation, and is by nature the teacher and fashioner of youth, hence every effort should be made to bring her teaching capacities up to the highest point of perfection. P. Bessi writes of Grazia Deledda and her novels, and in the course of a very laudatory article compares her genius more than once to that of Shakespeare. Senator Pasquale Villari deplores once again the seriousness of the agrarian situation in South Italy, whence every year over 800,000 able-bodied peasants emigrate to America owing to the impossibility of earning a livelihood on their native soil.

ESPERANTO.

Dresden is now definitely fixed upon as the place for the next Esperanto Congress. The time settled is from the 16th to the 22nd August, as being the most convenient for the greatest number. A delightful suggestion that a pretty village not very far from Dresden should be the scene of a holiday rest-cure before or after the work of the Congress has been highly approved, and already plans for music, dramatic entertainments, etc., are in train. Needless to say, the many "outside congresses"—educationalists, pacifists, and the like—are also preparing their programme.

Amongst the last new books *La Faraono* is remarkable; only two volumes of this translation of the well-known work of *Prus* have as yet been issued; the third is to follow. There is a subtle joy in such life-like imagery of our old acquaintances the Pharaohs, seen, as it were, through Polish glasses, green-tinted by Esperanto. Certain it is that few of us would have been able to read the author in the original, but those few who are, assure us that the story loses nothing in translation. Another delightful little work is called "The First Reading Book"—the stories being of course more interesting than the ordinary English "Reader" because the compiler and translator, Dr. Bein, had the world's books to draw upon. Mr. Wackrill's "Concordance to the Ekzercaro," price 1s., is invaluable; no student of

style should be without it. This index contains every important word, with a numbered reference to the exercise from which it is taken.

The December issue of *La Revuo*, the Esperanto literary gazette, is a very good one. It opens with the first portion of Dr. Zamenhof's translation of the Psalms. As the doctor is known to be an eminent Hebrew scholar, his translation has been eagerly looked for. Pujula Valjes has a delightful monologue on "solitude." Gaston Moch contributes a translation from Anatole France. The Psalms are continued in this month's issue.

LA NASKIGHO KAJ LA MORTO.

Vi, jhus naskita, sur genuo sidis
Plorante, dum la che-estantoj ridis;
Jiel vivadu ke je l'morta horo
Vi ridu, kaj che ili estu l'ploro,

BIRTH AND DEATH.

Rocked on a mother's knee, a new-born child,
You shed hot tears while those around you smiled.
So live that when Death sends his final sleep
He'll see you smile, while those around you weep.

—Translated by Percy R. Meggy.

Some time ago we received a letter from Mr. Sol. Blumenthal, who asked us to address our reply to "c/o G.P.O., Singleton, N.S.W." Our letter has been returned to us through the Dead Letter Office, although we gave the address requested. Will Mr. Blumenthal kindly communicate with us.

Supplies of the wonderful Nitro-Bacterine, full particulars of which were given in the January and February issues of the "Review of Reviews," will be to hand at the end of February. We find, however, that, owing to freight and other charges, the cost in Australasia will be 7s. 6d. per packet posted. (See Article on page 307.)

Orders for the Bacterine may be sent to the Manager, "Review of Reviews," Swanston Street, Melbourne. They will be filled in order of receipt immediately supplies from London arrive. In ordering, state what the culture is required for, as a different culture is used for different plants.

£5**NITRO-BACTERINE.****for 7/6**

The articles on Nitro-Bacterine which appeared in the two last numbers of "The Review of Reviews" have created widespread interest. This is just what we expected. There are millions of acres of land in Australasia which are waiting for the Bacterine in order to give out prodigious results. Our supply will arrive by the "China," towards the end of

February, and intending purchasers will need to send along orders quickly, for they will be filled in the order of their arrival. We urge those who use it to make careful tests of the Bacterine, and to plant whatever it is being used upon in two sets, some with and some without it, so that it may be thoroughly tested.

We previously announced that the price would be 5s. a packet. We have been advised, however, that this—the English price—will not suffice for Austrasia on account of freights and other charges, so the price in Australasia will be

7s. 6d. per packet.

We shall be pleased to do business with agents, and invite correspondence.

In order to show what can be done by Nitro-Bacterine in the way of improving vegetation or of increasing the productiveness of poor soils, we give a report from the Department of Agriculture in the Orange River Colony, the youngest self-governing State in the Empire. We quote from it:—

INOCULATED VERSUS UNINOCULATED LUCERNE.

The test of advantages accruing from the use of Alfalfa culture experiments were conducted with and without inoculation. The inoculated test was treated twice with the culture; the first application of the bacteria was made previous to the planting of the seed, and the second when the plants were well developed, otherwise the plots received the same cultivation throughout the season.

TABLE SHOWING RESULTS.

		Date of cutting.	Weight per acre.
Without inoculation—			
1st cutting	...	23-1-07	6,300
2nd cutting	...	26-2-07	2,850
3rd cutting	...	22-4-07	2,275
Total			11,425 lbs.
With inoculation—			
1st cutting	...	23-1-07	9,500
2nd cutting	...	26-2-07	3,350
3rd cutting	...	22-4-07	3,100
Total			15,950
			11,425
Difference in favour of inoculation			4,525 lbs.

Two examinations of the plants in the field tests failed to establish the presence of the bacterial infection on any but the plants from the inoculated area.

The department made tests in pots with equally satisfactory results.

DOUBLE INOCULATION.

The department was well rewarded for giving the inoculated crop the best chance by watering with the culture as well as inoculating the seed. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the great thing is to get the bacteria into the soil. The more there is the better, and the more nodules will be formed.

HELPING THE FARMER.

The Agricultural Department in the Orange River Colony, having demonstrated that the inoculation of seed and soil increases the resultant crop by over 40 per cent., may well be regarded as a benefactor by all the farmers in South Africa. The cultivation of lucerne is enormously on the increase there. People are realising more and more every day that the future of that great country will be in the hands of the farmer and not of the miner. The soil is productive, but what farmer, or, indeed, what sane man could refuse to increase his yield thirty, forty, or even fifty per cent. by the use of the cheapest and best inoculating material obtainable? A gallon packet of Nitro-Bacterine costs only seven shilling and sixpence, but it will, under favourable conditions, increase the value of his crops by £5 an acre.

IN CANADA.

A special report published by the Ontario Department of Agriculture gives a succinct account of the surprising and gratifying results of seed and soil inoculation. We quote a couple of the reports:—

POT EXPERIMENTS.

(Clover sown May 6th, three cuttings.)

	Grams.
Total weight of green crops from untreated seed	374.7
Total weight of green crops from inoculated seed	450.7
A difference of 76 grammes in favour of inoculated.	

PLOT EXPERIMENTS.

(Clover sown May 9th. Each plot 22 by 33 feet.)

	lbs. oz.
Hay crop from untreated seed (2 cuttings)	46 11
Hay crop from inoculated seed (2 cuttings)	59 13
(A difference of 13 lbs. 2 oz. in favour of inoculated seed.)	

These two examples show what is being done in other parts of the world by agricultural boards and departments.

WHAT IS NITRO-BACTERINE?

For the benefit of those readers who know nothing about Nitro-Bacterine and the miracles it works, we give a brief account of what it is.

There are ten essential elements of food necessary for the healthy development of a plant. Seven of these are generally present in the soil in far

greater abundance than is required to supply the small amounts necessary for plant growth. The remaining three elements—nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium—are, however, present in most soils in strictly limited amounts, and as plants require these in considerable quantities, constant cropping of the land soon exhausts the soil, and the farmer has to restore these elements to his soil in the form of natural or artificial manures.

There is little cause for alarm of famine as regards phosphates and potash, for there are practically unlimited and cheap sources of supply of these elements to draw upon for restoring the loss due to cropping. With nitrogen, however, it is quite different. The supply of combined nitrogen in the universe is limited, and the two richest sources—guano and nitrate beds—are being rapidly exhausted.

What is wanted is a cheap supply, and modern science has revealed this by showing the ability of leguminous plants, when in association with certain bacteria, to utilise the inexhaustible store of atmospheric nitrogen, and add large quantities of combined nitrogen to the soil.

It has been calculated that there is about £2,000,000 worth of nitrogen above every acre of land, free and waiting to be utilised.

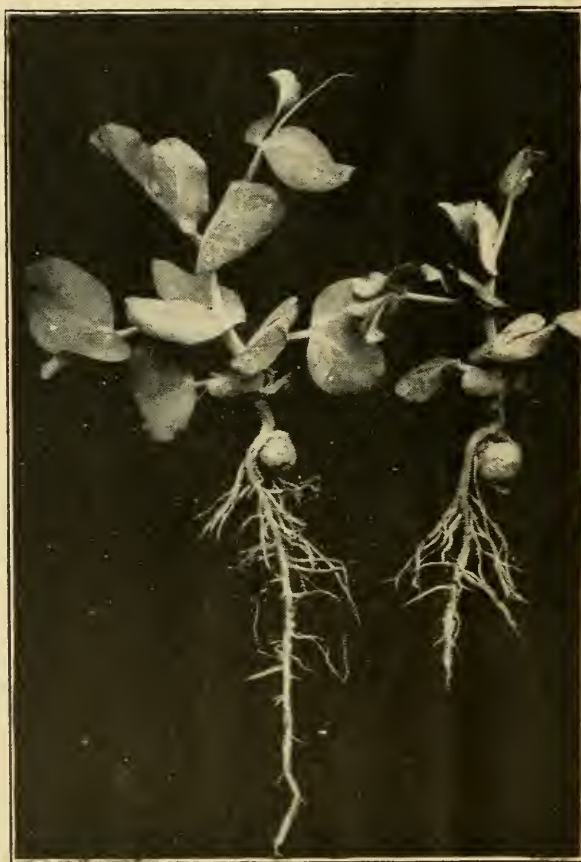
How can it be done? Well, Nature has revealed to us the way, and shows how by means of those wonder-working agents of hers—bacteria—it is possible to obtain practically unlimited quantities of nitrogen from the air for the use of farm crops, at a very small cost. These bacteria live in the nodules or tubercles which are found upon the roots of all leguminous plants (peas, beans, clover, lucerne, etc.). There they multiply and absorb the free nitrogen from the air, and cause it to unite with other elements to form compounds which are suitable for plant food. Professor Bottomley has perfected a method whereby these bacteria can be kept in the form of a dry powder, which when dissolved in water and applied to the seeds of leguminous plants greatly increases their growth and nitrogenous-producing qualities. This culture he has called Nitro-Bacterine.

The culture will keep for from two to three years, is not affected by the cold, and only harmed if placed in direct sunshine in a hot climate. Nitro-Bacterine packets can be sent by post without in any way harming the culture. All orders received

will be executed as promptly as possible, as the culture will keep perfectly well until required. Full instructions are sent with each packet.

Please note in sending order that a different culture is supplied for—

Broad Beans	Red Clover	Alsike
Field Peas	White Clover	Cow Peas
Field Beans	Lucerne	Soy Beans
Runner Beans	Vetches (tares)	Pigeon Peas
Garden Peas	Trefoil	Indigo
Sweet Peas	Sanfoin	Matikolai
	Lupins	Tomatoes



Peas—A Contrast.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

EGYPT: WONDERLAND AND HOLIDAY RESORT.*

Egypt I am afraid has been somewhat neglected of late in "The Review of Reviews." With the exception of the Character Sketch which my dear son contributed to the May "Review," of Lord Cromer, we have said but little of the marvellous work of regeneration which has been going on in the Nile Valley all these years. The Assouan dam itself deserved more notice than half the political squabbles which have filled so much space while it was building. This is the more unnatural because the scheme was a pet project of my own long before the Government took it in hand. I urged its construction as an ideal investment for a great millionaire, for in those days the Government seemed slow to move. The result has more than justified the estimate then formed as to its commercial value. The dam cost £3,250,000, and it has already raised the sale value of the irrigated lands by £24,300,000.

NITRO-BACTERINE.

The dam has done wonders for Egypt. But I am not so sure that Professor Bottomley's nitro-bacterine may not do even more to increase the fertility of the land of the Pharaohs. The cotton crop of Egypt covers 1,500,000 acres, and its annual value is estimated at £30,000,000. Cotton exhausts the soil so much that one crop every three years is as much as it can stand. In the intermediate years the soil is either left fallow or cropped with leguminous plants which replenish the nitrogen of the soil. Egyptian clover (*Trifolium alexandrinum*), called by the Arabs "berseem," is the best nitrate producer. It does very well by itself. But if it were inoculated with nitro-bacterine at 1s. per acre, still more if it were sprayed with nitro-bacterine at 5s. per acre, it would not only add 30 to 50 per cent. to the yield of the clover crop, but it would add to the soil an additional quantity of nitrogen equal in value to two pounds' worth of nitrate of soda per acre. The Assouan dam cost three millions and increased the value of the land by twenty-four millions, equal to an annual return at 5 per cent. of £1,200,000. The expenditure of £500,000 on nitro-bacterine ought to produce a return in increased value of clover and of increased fertility to the soil of at least £3,000,000 per annum. Of course, this presupposes that the necessary phosphorus,

potash and lime are in the soil, which they must be, otherwise the land would not yield her increase. But I confess I am half inclined to make any intelligent Egyptian agriculturist a sporting offer to supply him with nitro-bacterine for nothing if he would honestly return to me 50 per cent. of the increased value of his crops. I know no shorter cut to becoming a millionaire. That the soil of Egypt, like all other soils, needs to be replenished with nitrogen goes without saying. In M. Adolphe Bogdadly's interesting paper on "Cotton Culture in Egypt" we read:—

Of the nitrogen fertilisers of chemical origin, chiefly Chile nitrate and sulphate of ammonia are used. Both have their purchasers. The Chile nitrate easily assimilates itself, and produces, therefore, a rapid effect. But it is said to be liable to sink into the lower levels or to be carried away by the water. If the fertiliser is repeatedly employed in small quantities, however, it is possible to avoid the above disadvantages and get the whole nourishment out of it. The sulphate of ammonia has a slower but more lasting effect, is not carried away by water, and does not sink into the soil. A combination of the two above-named fertilisers proves very satisfactory, especially when the sulphate of ammonia is used during the sowing and the Chile nitrate during the growing.

Better than either Chile nitrate or sulphate of ammonia is the store of nitrogen conveyed from the air by the wonder-working microbes contained in nitro-bacterine.

MR. WEINTHAL.

The publication by Mr. Leo Weinthal of two admirably illustrated works on Egypt of to-day afford me an opportunity of overtaking two neglected duties. One is due to Egypt, the other to Mr. Weinthal himself. Mr. Weinthal is, of all journalists in London, the journalist who possesses the rarest gift of effectively illustrating the publications for which he is responsible. He is an excellent editor also as to the letterpress. But as to illustrations he is *facile princeps*. His African Annuals year after year register the high-water mark of artistic illustration and effective advertising. His two books on Egypt (for books they are to all intents and purposes) although issued in paper covers, are the latest and best account of the ancient wonderland and modern health-resort that can be found in any language. His fascinating "Egypt" is published in French, English and German. When I contemplate these masterpieces of journalistic skill how contemptible appear the miserable jealousies of third-rate craftsmen who, from a professional point of view, are not fit to black Mr. Weinthal's boots, but who were able last year to inflict a most unjust

*Egypt, 1907-1908. "Fascinating Egypt." 1s. The African World, Copthall Avenue.

"Khartoum: a Winter Holiday," by Marie van Vorst. Pall Mall Magazine, January.

"The Rise of Civilisation in Egypt," by Professor Flinders Petrie. "Harmsworth's History of the World," Part II.

slight upon the man, but for whom the Anglo-German editorial visit would never have taken place.

THE KHEDIVE.

In Cairo Mr. Weinthal seems to be appreciated as he deserves. He opens his "Egypt" by a character sketch of the Khedive, whom he has frequently met, and of whom he speaks in the highest terms:—

Anyone who has had the honour to have met the Khedive in intimate personal intercourse is almost in the first moments struck by the unique lingual capacity he displays. His Highness converses and writes equally well in excellent English, faultless French and German—the latter he talks with a most agreeable Austrian accent. It is also known that he has a great knowledge of various Oriental languages—is, in fact, a learned scholar both in Arabic and Turkish. It does not take long to find out that this gifted young ruler is absolutely devoid of anything which may be termed as approaching religious bigotry, narrowness of thought, or ignorance of the ways of the outside world. In private and friendly conversation it is quickly noticed that the Khedive has a remarkable memory, and that he can converse effectively on almost any topic of the day. With an almost abnormal energy for an Oriental, Khedive Abbas Pasha has done wonderful work on his fine estate. At six o'clock in the morning he may often be seen in the saddle riding about in company with his trusted superintendent and estate manager, Mr. Thomas Wright, a most able agricultural expert of Caledonian birth, visiting the various stud farms, plantations, and giving his orders, exactly as an English gentleman farmer would in superintending his own domains.

Breakfast is served at eight o'clock, after which correspondence is passed, and then his Highness departs for town to attend to official work at Abdin Palace.

For the wants of his workpeople the Khedive is indefatigable. At Koubbeth there is a model village with mosques, schools, and meeting places, and a most modernly equipped fire brigade—all supported by his Highness to demonstrate to his own people the benefits of European order, cleanliness and community of interests.

His Highness's great charm is undoubtedly the genial manner in which he greets his visitors the moment they enter. The Khedive has a very pleasant face, with a healthy, weather-bronzed complexion, and in certain lights his full *en face* conveys an impression not unlike that of the German Emperor. His eyes, when he is talking in a lively manner, reflect each thought and emotion, and photographs, no matter how good, cannot possibly convey the exceptional kindly glance which flashes from them. His personality throughout is remarkably magnetic, and most agreeable.

To really grasp the mind of the Khedive properly you must have visited some of his estates. Only then can you realise the tremendous efforts made by him in reclaiming extensive tracts of desert land, and turning them most successfully within a few years into fertile farms—accomplished solely by his own invincible faith in the Nile Delta as a vast agricultural centre, and backing that conviction by an almost limitless expenditure of capital from his own resources. Egypt to-day has reasons to congratulate herself on having such a distinguished and highly accomplished Ruler, whose regard and admiration for modern European methods are doing so much to keep her in the front rank of the countries of the near Orient.

I was informed by an old and intimate lady friend of His Highness that the home life at Koubbeth Palace is quite an exceptionally happy one, and that his charming consort, the Khediva, is a tall and a handsome lady, with a delicate, pale complexion and fine sparkling eyes illuminating her long oval face. Before her marriage the Khediva knew no European language, but she now speaks both English and French with perfect fluency. Of a sunny nature and endowed with a natural gaiety, she rapidly conquers the sym-

pathies of all those who are privileged to approach her, and is a most affectionate wife and mother to her family of six children, two of whom are boys, and has particularly during the past few months nursed them most devotedly through a very serious illness.

In *Badminton* for January, Mr. E. Alexander Powell supplements Mr. Weinthal's estimate of the Khedive by a glowing description of Montazah, his country seat.

SIR W. FLINDERS PETRIE.

After the Khedive the most interesting personality in Egypt is Sir W. Flinders Petrie, the indefatigable excavator, who is bringing to light year by year the buried treasures of an extinct civilisation. Gerald Massey devoted the last twenty years of his life to the study of the philosophy and psychic lore to be found inscribed on the Egyptian monuments. But a whole world of literature, history, art and religion lies entombed beneath Egyptian soil. Professor Petrie says:—

The most brilliant prize of last year was the discovery of a tomb at Thebes, with objects of Queen Thyi, found by Mr. Ayrton in the work of Mr. Theodore Davis. A plain rough passage in the rock led to an equally rough chamber. In that lay a richly decorated mummy with a queen's culture-headress of gold on the head, but the body proves to be that of a young man. As the name of the celebrated monotheist King Akhenaten was upon the coffin, it has been claimed as his body and not his mother's. But the age seems impossibly young, as it is put at twenty-five, whereas Akhenaten lived eleven years after the birth of his first child. However this may be, the funeral vases bore portraits of Queen Thyi, and great wooden panels of a shrine covered with gold, and incised with various scenes of the queen's life, stood in the tomb.

THE RECOVERY OF MEMPHIS.

All that has been discovered is as nothing to that which still awaits the enterprise of the spade-using archæologist. Give them £3000 a year for fifteen years, and they promise to bring to light the four great temples which were the centre of the life of ancient Memphis, but which now lie buried twenty feet below the surface of the soil. Memphis, the greatest city of the most ancient culture on the Mediterranean, once as large as London, still sleeps invisible beneath the shroud of loam. The fellahs pasture their cattle and ply their ploughs above buried palaces and treasure-houses of ancient learning. The history of six thousand years is written on the walls of the buried capital. Mr. Carnegie, whose zeal for libraries knows no limit, might recover the lost libraries of ancient Egypt for civilisation by an annual subsidy only equal to the grant which he makes for the building of a single free library. And if Mr. Carnegie fails there are others.

OLD WHEN ROME WAS YOUNG.

There is something awe-inspiring in the thought of these long-gone-by millenniums, during which men and women loved, wedded, reared their children, and buried their dead, even as we are doing to-day. How modern they were; how their carvings still palpitate with actuality! How many thousand



years have come and gone since the arms of the royal lover encircled the waist of his queen, and bade the sculptor preserve in eternal rock that moment of delight! Compared with buried Egypt, Rome was but of yesterday:—

What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way

O'er steps of broken thrones and temples; Ye

Whose agonies are evils of a day,

A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

EGYPT AS A WINTER RESORT.

Egypt ten thousand years ago is, however, less of a magnet than Egypt of to-day. What the Riviera was Egypt is. The wealthy world, which has all the world to choose from where to spend the winter, has decided that, pending the construction of the trans-Morocco railway, which will bring Brazil within a week of Paris, there is no place like Egypt in which to spend the opening months of the year. In these two books of Mr. Weinthal the would-be travellers find full information as to how to get there and how to enjoy themselves when they arrive. There is an ideal climate, there is the atmosphere of the desert, and there is the novelty of another world. The unchanging East is affected but little by the bustle and the rush of the railway and the express steamer. For a complete rest, those who have made the experiment declare that there is absolutely nothing on earth to equal, much less excel, the *dolce far niente* provided for all those who trust themselves to Messrs. Cook and spend a month upon the Nile. The "Heliopolis," the new turbine steamer, will land the traveller in Alexandria three days after leaving Marseilles; but if he prefers to vary his route, there are no fewer than six other shipping companies competing for his custom. In

less than five days after leaving Charing Cross he can stand beneath the Pyramids and gaze into the inscrutable visage of the Sphinx.

TO THE FAR SOUDAN.

The Cape to Cairo Railway is not yet completed, but the line is so far constructed as to make Khartoum almost an annexe of Cairo.

Marie van Voorst contributes to the *Pall Mall Magazine* for January a brilliant description of "A Winter Holiday in Khartoum." She speaks enthusiastically of the capital of the Soudan as a winter resort. But those who wish to enjoy the place at its best should not postpone their visit too long. She says:—

Soudan, of which Khartoum is the jewel, is full of delicious enchantment. The aspect of the country is ephemeral, and if one would see any remains of the old civilisation in what still exists of national forms and characteristics, the journey should be made before schemes for the opening up of the province are carried out.

It seems but the other day that Gordon held the hosts of the Mahdi at bay in the place which is advertised as the tourist's paradise. So the old order changeth, giving place unto the new. That, too, will wax old as doth a garment; and a thousand years hence who can say what trace will survive of all the ephemeræ whom "Fascinating Egypt" will attract to the waters of the Old Nile?

In *Scribner's* for January Mr. Charles M. Pepper begins a series of papers on "The West in the Orient." Mr. Pepper, who is a Foreign Trade Commissioner of the American Department of Commerce and Labour, begins his survey by giving a very appreciative account of the great dam at Assouan.

Several Letters from Correspondents are Held Over for Next Issue.

Topics of the Day in the Periodicals of the Month.

Under this head the reader will find a ready reference to the more important articles in the periodicals on the Topics of the Month.

HOME AFFAIRS, SOCIAL AND POLITICAL.

AGRICULTURE, LAND :

- Small Holdings, by Rev. A. E. T. Newman, "Albany Rev," Jan.
- Dollar Wheat, by H. Vanderhoof, "World To-Day," Dec.
- Wheat: the Wizard of the Canadian North, by Agnes D. Cameron, "Atlantic Monthly," Dec.
- Fruit-Growing in Vancouver, by Settler, "World's Work," Jan.

ALCOHOL IN INDUSTRY, by L. Sardet-Girardault, "Rev. de Paris," Dec. 1.

ANGLO-SAXON CHARACTER, by Havelock Ellis, "Albany Rev," Jan.

ARMIES :

- The German Manual of Field Artillery Fire, by Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Bethell, "United Service Mag," Jan.
- The New Infantry Regulations in France and Germany, by Gen. Bonnal, "Deutsche Rev," Dec.
- The Increase of French Artillery, by Captain * * *, "Rev. de Paris," Dec. 15.
- The New Army of France, by Vance Thompson, "World's Work," Jan.
- The Swiss Military System, by Lieut.-Colonel C. Delmé Radcliffe, "Journal Royal United Service Inst," Dec.
- American Coast Defences, by G. G. Hill, "North Amer. Rev," Dec.

BALLOONING, AERIAL NAVIGATION :

- The Coming Conquest of the Air, by E. La Rue Jones, "Amer. Rev. of Revs," Jan.
- War Balloons, "Deutsche Rundschau," Dec.
- Aerial Navigation in War, by Capt. C. B. de Boone, "United Service Mag," Jan.

CATHOLIC CHURCH (see also France) :

- The Catholic Reformation and the Authority of the Vatican, by C. Johnston, "North Amer. Rev," Dec.

CRIME, PRISONS :

- Criminals and Crime, by H. J. B. Montgomery, "Nineteenth Cent," Jan.
- The Criminal Problem To-day, by H. Joly, "Rev. des Deux Mondes," Jan. 1.
- Hypnotism and Crime, by Professor H. Münsterberg, "McClure's Mag," Jan.
- Can Criminals be Cured by Surgical Operation? by B. Hollander, "Strand Mag," Jan.
- The "Cruelty" Women in Our Prisons, by Miss C. Smith-Rossie, "Sunday at Home," Jan.

EDUCATION :

- Oxford Finance, by W. R. Lawson, "Nineteenth Cent," Jan.
- Cobden and Secular Education, by W. E. A. Axon, "Westminster Rev," Jan.
- The People and the Schools, by J. J. Findlay, "London Qrly," Jan.
- The Call of the Children, by R. C. Cowell, "London Qrly," Jan.

FINANCE :

- Our Trade in Manufactured Goods, by J. H.

Schooling, "Fortnightly Rev," Jan.

British Preference, by Hon. Alfred Deakin, "Empire Rev," Jan.

Government and Public Finance, by Prof. G. Cohen, "Economic Journal," Dec.

Free Trade and National Finance, by Harold Cox, "Financial Rev. of Revs," Jan.

The Boom and After, by J. L. Garvin, "National Rev," Jan.

The Ethics of Speculation, by C. F. Dole, "Atlantic Monthly," Dec.

The American Panic; Various Views by—

Boies, W. J., "Amer. Rev. of Revs," Jan.

Cochery, G., "Grande Rev," Dec. 10 and 25.

Ireton, R. E., "Amer. Rev. of Revs," Jan.

Laughlin, J. L., "Amer. Rev. of Revs," Jan.

Lévy, R. G., "Amer. Rev. of Revs," Jan.

Norton, J. Pease, "Amer. Rev. of Revs," Jan.

Noyes, A. D., "North Amer. Rev," Dec.

Welby, Lord, "Contemp. Rev," Jan.

FOOD :

The Blanzey Mining Company and Milk for Babies, "Réforme Sociale," Dec. 1.

The Fight for Pure Milk, by B. W. Wylot, "World's Work," Jan.

HOUSING PROBLEMS :

Cottages at the Lowest Possible Cost, by Home Counties, "World's Work," Jan.

IRELAND IN 1907, by Ian Malcolm, "Nineteenth Cent," Jan.

LABOUR PROBLEMS :

The State as an Employer, by C. Prévot, "Réforme Sociale," Dec. 16.

A Legal Minimum Wage, by Prof. H. B. Lees Smith, "Economic Journal," Dec.

Labour Insurance in Germany, by Dr. Schiele, "Preussische Jahrbücher," Dec.

Sickness and Old Age Insurance in Belgium, by A. Tibbaut, "Rev. Générale," Dec.

Compulsory Insurance Against Unemployment, by T. Good, "World's Work," Jan.

Home Workers Without Rights, by J. Timm, "Sozialistische Monatshefte," Dec.

Abbe's Theory of Industry, by B. K. Gray, "Albany Rev," Jan.

MARRIAGE: Canon Law and the Deceased Wife's Sister Marriage Act, by Bishop Diggle, "National Rev," Jan.

NAVIES :

An Inquiry into the State of the Navy, by A. Hurd, "Fortnightly Rev," Jan.

The Colonies and Imperial Defence, "United Service Mag," Jan.

The North Sea and Torpedo Operations, by P. A. Hislam, "United Service Mag," Jan.

Speed and Armament, by Lieut. E. V. F. R. Dugmore, "Journal Royal United Service Inst," Dec.

Germany as a Naval Power, by Vice-Adm. Valois, "Deutsche Rev," Dec.

The New German Naval Proposals, by D., "Preussische Jahrbücher," Dec.

Needs of the American Navy, by H. Reuterdaahl,

"McClure's Mag," Jan.

The American Coast Defences, by G. G. Hill,
"North Amer. Rev," Dec.

OLD AGE PENSIONS:

Beesly, Prof. E. S., on, "Positivist Rev," Jan.
Spender, H., on, "Contemp. Rev," Jan.

PARLIAMENTARY, Etc.:

Politics in Transition, by C. F. G. Masterman,
"Nineteenth Cent," Jan.
Parliament and Party, by T. E. Kebbel, "Nine-
teenth Cent," Jan.
David Lloyd George, by J. A. Lovat Fraser, "Na-
tional Rev," Jan.
Lord Lansdowne, "Blackwood," Jan.

SHIPPING:

Port-Building on the Humber, by W. C. Platts,
"World's Work," Jan.
A Forth and Clyde Ship Canal, by R. N., "Na-
tional Rev," Jan.
The Ports of France, by Capt. A. Davin, "Corres-
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Halle, "Economic Journal," Dec.

SOCIOLOGY, SOCIALISM, etc.:

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BALKAN STATES, see Bulgaria, Macedonia (under
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 The New Mayor of Rome, by Raqueni, "Nouvelle Rev," Dec. 15.
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 Unsigned Article on, "Amer. Rev. of Rers," Jan.
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 Roosevelt v. Rockefeller, by Ida M. Tarbell, "Amer. Mag," Jan.
 Street Railway Financiers, by B. J. Hendrick, "McClure's Mag," Jan.
 The Financial Crisis (see under Finance).

NEW ZEALAND'S LAND LAWS.

Mr. B. Brankston writes:—

In reply to the Rev. G. Wilks in your December issue I should like to say: Our land laws are all right. Strange as it may appear, it is not the farmers that are calling out for the freehold of the land, but people who have money to lend. They ask, "Why is not the freehold given?" This is because they like to invest their money in good freehold security. Many impoverish themselves taking up the freehold, then they must mortgage, and the freehold falls into the hands of the money-lender or in many cases the leasehold does not suit. They can't close on the land. This is the secret of the agitation for freehold.

What nonsense to talk about serfs of the Government. I am a farmer and leaseholder under the Government "lease in perpetuity," or 999 years' lease. The owner would be foolish to exchange it for a freehold. He has the land for 999 years without any revaluation, and no land tax to pay. Where is the freehold to compare with this? I find the Government don't interfere with you beyond seeing that the improvements are carried out, and the rent is

low, with 10 per cent. off for prompt payment of rent. Surely this is better than a private landlord. The reason people don't come out here in large crowds is because it is too far, and costs too much money, and Canada advertises much more than we do. The so-called Socialistic land laws have nothing to do with it.

I quite agree the land laws are of "class description." They are made to suit the class settled on the land.

There has been no pandering to Trades Councils that I am aware of, and I have kept a sharp look out. I deny that Mr. McNab is deterring people from coming here or driving away the sons of our farmers. On the contrary we are gaining population fast, attracted by our good land laws. Many say they are the best in the world. I never see the wastrels Mr. Wilks talks about. He ought to know that there are more people coming here now, and of a good stamp, than for many years past.

The land laws may not suit the land monopolist and the money-lender, but they suit the working farmer all right

Manukau Heads, Awhitu, Auckland, N.Z.

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CARETTE OF SARK

By JOHN OXENHAM

Author of "White Fire," "Barbe of Grand Bayou," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW I WALKED INTO THE TIGER'S MOUTH.

Cherbourg was at that time a town of mean-looking houses and narrow streets, ill-paved, ill-lighted, a rookery for blackbirds of every breed. It was a great centre for smuggling and privateering, the fleet brought many hangers-on, and the building of the great *digue* drew thither rough toilers who could find, or were fitted for, no other employment.

Low-class wine-shops, and their spawn of quarrellings and sudden deaths, abounded. Crime, in fact, attracted little attention so long as it held no menace to the public peace. Life had been so very cheap, and blood had flowed so freely, that the public ear had dulled to its cry.

Le Marchant led the way through the dark, ill-smelling streets to a café in the outskirts.

The Café Au Diable Boiteux looked all its name and more. It was as ill-looking a place as ever I had seen. But here it was that the free-traders made their headquarters, and here, said Le Marchant, we might find men from the Islands, and possibly even from Sercq itself, and so get news from home.

The café itself opened, not directly off the road, but off a large courtyard surrounded by a wall, which tended to privacy and freedom from observation.

It was quite dark when we turned in through a narrow slit of a door in a larger door which was chained and bolted with a great cross beam. There were, doubtless, other outlets known to the frequenters.

Le Marchant led the way across the dark courtyard, which was lighted only by the red-draped windows of the café, and opened a door, out of which poured a volume of smoke and the hot reek of spirits and a great clash of talk and laughter.

The room was so thick with smoke that coming in out of the darkness, I could only blink, though there was no lack of lamps, and the walls were lined with mirrors in gilt frames which made the room look almost as large as the noise that filled it, and multiplied the lights and the smoke and the people in a bewildering fashion.

Three or four men had risen in a corner, and were slowly working their way out, with back-thrown jests

to those they were leaving. Following close on Le Marchant's heels, I stepped aside to let them pass, and in doing so bumped against the back of a burly man who was leaning over the table in close confidential talk with one opposite him.

"Pardon!" I said, and, looking up, saw two grim eyes scowling at me, through the smoke, out of the looking-glass in front.

I gave but one glance, and felt as if I had run my head against a wall or had received a blow over the heart—for those fierce black eyes were full of menace. They had leaped to mine as blade leaps to blade, touches lightly, slides along, and holds your own with the compelling pressure that presages assault. They were like thunderclouds charged with blasting lightnings. They were full of understanding and dreadful intention, and all this I saw in one single glance.

"I gripped Le Marchant's jacket.

"Out, quick!" I whispered, and turned and went.

"What——?" he began.

"Torode of Herm is there."

"Did he see you?"

"I think so. Yes, he looked at me through the looking-glass."

"No time to lose, then!" and he sped down the yard, and through the slit of a door, and down the dark road, and I was not a foot behind him.

"You are quite sure, Carré?" he panted, as we ran.

"Quite sure. His eyes drew mine, and I knew him as he knew me."

"Never knew him to go there before."

I think it no shame to confess to a very great fear, for, of a surety, now, the earth was not large enough for this man and me. I held his life in my hand as surely as though he were but a grasshopper, and he knew it. And he was strong, with the strength of many purposeful men behind him, every man as heartless as himself, and Le Marchant and I were but two. My head swam at thought of the odds between us, and hope grew sick in me.

My sole idea of escape, under the spur of that great fear, had been to get to the boat and make for home. But Le Marchant, having less at stake—so far as he knew, at all events—had his wits more

in hand, and used them to better purpose. For supposing we got away all right in the dark, Torode's schooner could sail four feet to our one, and if he sighted us we should be completely at his mercy, a most evil and cruel thing to trust to. Then, too, there was La Hague with its fierce waves, and beyond in the wild Race of Alderney with its contrarities and treacheries—ill things to tackle even in a ship of size. La Marchant thought on these things, and before we were into the town he panted them out, and turned off suddenly and made for the open country.

"We'll strike right through to Carteret," he jerked. "The boat must go. . . . He'll look for us in the town, and the wind's against him for La Hague. . . . We must get across before he can get round."

"How far across?"

"Less than twenty miles. . . . There soon after midnight. . . . Steal a boat if necessary."

We settled down into a steady walk and got our wind back, and my spirits rose, and hope showed head once more. If we could get across to Sercq before Torode could lay us by the heels, we would be safe among our own folks, and, unless I was very much mistaken, he would no more visit Herm and away before I could raise Peter Port against him.

Neither of us had travelled that land before, but we knew the direction we had to take, and the stars kept us to our course.

We pressed on without a halt, for every moment was of importance, and for the most part we went in silence. For myself, I was already, in my thoughts, clasping my mother and Carotte in my arms once more, and then speeding across to Peter Port to rouse them there with the news of Torode's murderous treachery.

Le Marchant was the more practical man of the two. As we passed some windmills, and came swinging down towards the western coast, soon after midnight, he gave a cheerful "Hourra!" and in reply to my stare, cried, "The wind, man! It's as dead as St. Magloire. Monsieur Torode will never get round La Hague like this."

"It will come again with the sun, maybe," I said.

"Then the quicker we get home the better," and we hurried on.

When we came out at last on the cliffs the sea lay below us as smooth as a clouded mirror. It would mean a toilsome passage, but toil was nothing compared with Torode. We walked rapidly along, till we came to a village, which we learned afterwards, was not Carteret, but Surtainville. There were boats lying on the shore, and we slipped down the cliff before we reached the first house, and made our way towards them. One of those boats we had to use if we had to fight for it, but we had no desire

to fight, only to get away at once, without dispute and without delay.

We fixed on the one that seemed the least heavy and clumsy, though none were much to our liking, and while Le Marchant hunted up a pair of spare oars in case of accident, I found a piece of soft white stone, and scrawled on a board—"Boat will be returned in two days, keep this money for hire"—and emptied all I possessed on to it. Then we ran the clumsy craft into the water, and settled down to a long, seven hours' pull.

But labour was nothing when so much—everything—waited at the other end of the course. We bent to it with a will, and I do not suppose that old boat had ever moved so rapidly since she was built.

We had been rowing hard for, we reckoned, close on three hours when the sun rose. The gray shadows drew slowly off the face of the sea, and we stood up and scanned the northern horizon anxiously. But there was no flaw upon the brimming white rim. Torode had evidently not been able to get round La Hague, and a man must have been blind indeed not to see therein the hand of Providence; for a capful of wind, and he would have been down on us like a wolf on two strayed lambs. But now Sercq lay straight in front of our boat's nose, like a great gray whale nuzzling its young, and every long pull of the oars brought it nearer.

There was time, indeed, for catastrophe yet, and our anxieties would not be ended till Creux harbour was in sight. For, from Cherbourg to Sercq was but forty miles; but, fortunately for us, forty miles which included La Hague and The Race, and if Torode could pick up a fair wind he could do it in four hours—or, with all obstacles, in five, or at most six—whereas, strain as we might, and we were not fresh to begin with, we could not possibly cover the distance in less than seven hours. So, given a wind, the race might prove a tight one, and, as we rowed, our eyes were glued to the northern sky-line, where La Hague was growing dimmer with every lurch of the boat, and our hearts were strong with hope, if not entirely free from fear.

We toiled like galley-slaves, for though the danger was not visible, as yet, for aught we knew it might appear above the horizon at any moment, and then our chances would be small indeed. Had any eye watched our progress it must have deemed us demented, for we rowed across a lonely sea as though death and destruction followed close in our wake.

For myself, I know my heart was just one dumb prayer for help in this hour of need.

Sercq at last grew large in front of us, and our hearts were high. When we jerked our head over our shoulders we could see the long green slopes of the Eperquerie beckoning us on, and the rugged brown crests of the Grande and Petite Moies bobbing cheerfully above the tumbling waves, and Le

Tas on the other side standing like a monument of Sercq's unconquerable stubbornness.

Then, of a sudden, Le Marchant jerked a cry, and I saw what he saw—the topsail of a schooner rising white in the sun above the sky line, and to our hearts there was menace in the very look of it.

We looked round at Sercq, at the cracks in the headlands, and the green slopes smiling in the sunshine, and the white tongues of the waves as they leaped up the cliffs.

"Five miles!" gasped Le Marchant.

"She must be twelve or more. We'll do it."

"Close work!"

And we bent and rowed—as we had never rowed in our lives before.

The schooner had evidently all the wind she wanted. She rose very rapidly. To our anxious eyes she seemed to sweep along like a sun-gleam on a cloudy day. . . . Both her topsails were clear to us. . . . We could see her jibs swollen with venom, and past them the great sweep of her mainsails with the booms well out over the side to take the full of the wind. . . . The sweat poured down us, the veins stood out of us like cords.

Once, in the frenzy of my thoughts, the gleaming white sails on our quarter, and the crisp green waves alongside, and the dingy brown boat, and Le Marchant's fiery crimson neck, all shot with red for a moment, and I loosed one hand and drew it over my brow to see if it was blood or only sweat that trickled there.

On and on she came, a marvel of beauty, though she meant death for us. Her long black hull was clear to us now, and still we had a mile to go. The breath whistled through our nostrils. Le Marchant's face, when he glanced across his shoulder, was twisted like a crumpled mask. We swung up from our seats and slewed half round to get every pound we could out of the thrashing cars.

We rushed in between the Moie des Burons and the Burons themselves and drove straight for the harbour. For a moment the schooner was hid from us. Then she came racing out again. The tide was running like a fury. We drove swirling through it.

"Ach!" burst out from both of us, as a puff of white smoke whirled from the schooner's bows, and a crash behind told us that a point of rock had saved us. . . . The coils of the current, which runs there like a mill-race, gripped our rounded bottom and dragged at us like the very devils. . . . It was life and death and a question of seconds. . . . We were level with the remnant of the old breakwater. . . . As we tore frantically at the oars to round it, the puff of smoke whirled out again. . . . a crash behind us, and chips of granite came showering into the smooth water inside, and a boat that lay just off the shore in a line with the opening scattered into fragments before our straining eyes. . . . We lay doubled over our

cars, panting and sobbing and laughing. We had escaped—but as by fire.

A moment for breath, and we slipped over the side, grateful for the cold bracing of the water on our sweltering skins, struggled through the few yards to the mouth of the tunnel, and crept through to the road. We lay there prone till our strength came back, and one full heart, at all events—nay, I will believe two—thanked God fervently for escape from mighty peril. For no man may look death so closely in the face as that without being stirred to the depths.

"A close thing!" breathed Le Marchant, as we got on to our feet and found the solid earth still rolling beneath us.

"God's mercy!" I said, and we sped up the steep Creux Road, among the ferns and flowers and overhanging trees.

My heart was leaping exultantly. For Carette and my mother and home and everything lay up the climbing way, and I believed, poor fool! that I had got the better of a man like Torode of Herm.

At sight of us one came running down from Les Lâches where he had gone at sound of firing, and greeted us with amazement.

"Phil Carré! And we thought you dead! And Helier Le Marchant! Where do you come from? Where have you been all the time?"

"Prisoners of war. We came across from France there. There's a boat in the harbour, Elie, that we borrowed and promised to return. Will you see to it for us?" and we sped on, to meet many such welcomes, and staring eyes and gaping mouths, till we came to Beaumanoir, and walked into the kitchen.

"Oh, *bon Dieu!*" gasped Aunt Jeanne, and sat down suddenly on the green bed at sight of us, believing we were spirits bearing her warning. . . .

But I flung my arms round her neck and kissed her heartily, and asked only, "Carette?—and my mother?"

And she said, "But they are well, *mon gars*," and regarded me with somewhat less of doubt, but no less amazement. And I kissed her again, and said, "Helier will tell you all about it, Aunt Jeanne," and ran off across the knoll, past Vieux Port, to Bel-fontaine.

I looked across at Brecqhou as I came in sight of the western waters, and said to myself, "In an hour I will be over there to see Carette," and my heart leaped with joy. Away up towards Rondellerie I thought I saw my grandfather in the fields. I jumped over the green bank and came down to the house through the orchard. The door stood wide, and I went in. My mother looked up in quick surprise at a visitor at so unusual an hour, and in a moment she was on my neck.

"My boy!—my boy!" she cried. "Now God be praised!" and sobbed and strained me to her, and I felt all her prayers thrill through her arms into my own heart.

It was quite a while before we could settle to reasonable talk, for, in spite of her repeated assertions that she had never really given me up, she could still hardly realise that I was truly alive and come back to her, and every other minute she must fling her arms round my neck to make sure.

Then up she jumped and set food before me, in quantity equal almost to the time I had been away, as though she feared I had eaten nothing since I left home. And I had an appetite that almost justified her, for the night had been a wasteful one.

And while I ate, I told her briefly where I had been, and what had kept me so long, and touched but lightly on the matter of Torode, for I saw that was not what she would care to hear.

"And Carette?" I asked. "I know she is well, for Aunt Jeanne told me so," and she looked up quickly, and I hastened to add, "We had to pass Beaumanoir, and I left Helier Le Marchant there. I only stopped long enough to ask if you were all right—and Carette." If I had told her I had kissed Aunt Jeanne before herself, I really believe she would have felt hurt, though I had never thought of it so when I did it.

But her nature was too sweet, and her heart too full of gratitude, to allow long harbourage to any such thoughts.

"Carette," she said, with a smile, "has been much with me. But—" and her face saddened—"you do not know what has befallen them."

"Helier feared they were wiped out."

"Almost. Monsieur Le Marchant and Martin, the eldest boy, got home sorely wounded. They are still there on Brecqhou, and Carette is nursing them back to life. But I think"—and there was a touch of pride in her pleasure at it—"she has been here every time she has come across to see Jeanne Falla. She is a good girl. . . . and I think she is prettier than ever."

"And my grandfather?—and Krok?"

"Both well, only much troubled about you. I do not think they ever expected to see you again, my boy. Krok gave you up too, I think, but he has never ceased to keep an eye on Carette for you."

"God bless him for that!"

And even as I spoke the door opened and Krok came in, but a Krok that we hardly knew.

He was in a state of most intense agitation. I thought at first that it was on my account—that he had heard of my arrival. But in a moment I saw that it was some greater thing still that moved him.

At sight of me he stopped, as if doubting his senses—or tried to stop, for that which was in him would not let him stand still. He was bursting with some news, and my heart told me it was ill news. His eyes rolled and strained, his dumb mouth worked, he fairly gripped and shook himself in his frantic striving after communication with us.

My mother was alarmed, but yet kept her wits.

Truly it seemed to me that unless he could tell us quickly what was in him something inside must give way under the strain. She ran quickly to a drawer in her dresser, and pulled out a sheet of paper and a piece of charcoal, and laid them before him on the table. He jumped at them, but his hand shook so that it only made senseless scratches on the paper. I heard his teeth grinding with rage. He seized his right hand with his left, and held it and quieted himself by a great effort. And slowly and jerkily he wrote, in letters that fell about the page—"Carrette—Torode"—and then the charcoal fell out of his hand, and he rolled in a heap on the floor.

My heart gave a broken kick and fell sickly. It dropped in a moment to what had happened. Failing to end us, Torode had swung round Le Tas and run for Brecqhou, where Carrette, alone with her two sick men, would be completely at his mercy. He would carry her off, gather his gear on Herm, and be away before Peter Port could lift a hand to stop him. If I held his life in my hand, he held in his what was dearer far than life to me. And I had been pluming myself on getting the better of him!

"See to him, mother. I must go. Carrette is in danger," and I kissed her and ran out.

I went down the zig-zag at Port à la Jument in sliding leaps, tumbled into the boat from which Krok had just landed, and once more I was pulling for life and that which was dearer still.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW THE HAWK SWOOPED DOWN ON BRECQHO.

The Race was running furiously through the Gouliot, but I would have got through it if it had been twice as strong. There was a wild fury in my heart, at thought of Carrette in Torode's hands, which ravened for opposition—for something, anything, to rend and tear and overcome.

If I had come across Torode himself I would have hurled myself at his throat, though all his ruffians stood between, and had I clutched it they had hacked my hands off before I had let go.

I whirled up to the Galé de Jacob before prudence told me that two men armed are of more account than one man with nothing but a heart on fire, and that it would have been good to run round for Le Marchant. But my one thought had been to get to the place where Carrette was in extremity, and the fire within me felt equal to all it might encounter.

I climbed the rocky way hot-foot, and sped down through the furze and golden-rod to the house. The door was open, and I ran in. A drawn white face, with grizzled hair, and drooping white moustache, and two dark eyes like smouldering fires, jerked feebly up out of a bunk at the far end, and then sank down again. It was Jean Le Marchant.

There was no sign of disorder in the room. In the next bunk lay another man apparently asleep.

"Where is Carette?" I asked hastily, but not without hope, from the lack of signs of disturbance.

"Where is she?" he asked feebly, with a touch of impatience.

"Is she not here?"

"She went out. I thought I heard a shot. Where is she?"

"I will go and see," and I ran out again, still not unhopeful. It might be that Krok had seen Torode's ship, and his fears for Carette had magnified matters.

I searched quickly all round the house. I cried, "Carette! Carette!" But only a wheeling gull squawked mockingly in reply. Then I ran along the trodden way to their landing-place. There was a boat lying there with its nose on the shore—no sign of outrage anywhere. Could Krok be mistaken? Could Carette just have rowed over to Havre Gosse-*lin* for something she was in need of?

I went down to the boat, doubtful of my next move.

In the boat that nosed the shore lay *Helier Le Marchant*, my comrade in prison, in escape, in many perils, with a bullet-hole in his forehead—dead. And I knew that Krok was right, and my worst fears were justified.

Torode had landed, had caught Carette abroad, in carrying her off they had met *Le Marchant* hastening to her assistance, and had slain him—the foul cowards that they were.

There was nothing I could do for him. I lifted him gently out on to the shingle, and turned to and pulled out of the harbour. Others I knew would soon be across to *Brecqhou*, and would see to him and the rest. My work lay on *Herm*, and as like as not might end there, for death as sudden and certain as *Helier Le Marchant's* awaited me if Torode set eyes on me, and that I knew full well.

Had my brain been working quietly I should probably have doubted the wisdom of crossing to *Herm* in daylight. But all my thoughts were in a vast confusion, with this one thought only overtopping all the rest—Carette was in the hands of Torode, and I must get there as quickly as possible.

There are times when foolish recklessness drives headlong through the obstacles which reason would bid one avoid, and so come desperate deeds accomplished while reason sits pondering the way.

I have since thought that the only possible reason why I succeeded in crossing unseen was that the boiling anxiety within drove me to the venture at once. I followed so closely on their track that they had not yet had time to take precautions, which presently they did. But at the time, my one and only thought, the spring and spur of all my endeavour, was this—Carette was on *Herm*, and I must get there too.

The toil of rowing, however, relieved my brain by degrees to the point of reasonable thinking. One

unarmed man against a multitude must use such strategy as he can devise, and so such little common sense as was left me took me in under the *Fauconnière* by *Jethou*, and then cautiously across the narrow channel to the tumbled masses of dark rock on the eastern side of *Herm*. Here were hiding-places in plenty, and I had no difficulty in poling my boat up a ragged cleft where none could see it save from the entrance. And here I was safe enough, for all the living was on the other side of the island, the side which lay towards *Guernsey*.

Instinct, I suppose, and the knowledge of what I myself would have done in Torode's place, told me what he would do. And crawling cautiously about my hiding-place, and peering over the rocks, I presently saw a well-manned boat row out from the channel between *Herm* and *Jethou*, and lie there in wait for anything that might attempt the passage from *Sercq* to *Peter Port*.

Nothing would pass that day, that was certain, for Torode would imagine *Sercq* buzzing with the news of his treacheries and bursting to set *Peter Port* on him. I had got across only just in time.

On the other side of the island I could imagine all that was toward; the schooner loading rapidly with all they wished to take away, the bustle and traffic between shore and ship, and Carette prisoner either on board or in one of the houses—or, as likely as not, to have her out of the way, in my old cleft in the rock.

I wondered how long their preparations would take, for all my hopes depended on that. If they cleared out before dark I was undone. If they stayed the night I might have a chance.

It was about midday now. Could they load in time to thread their way through the maze of hidden rocks that strew the passages to the sea, and try the skilful pilot even in the daytime? I thought not. I hoped not. He would be a reckless, or a sorely pressed man who attempted it. And with his boat on the watch there, and no word able to get to *Peter Port* unless after dark, and the time then necessary for an organised descent on *Herm*, I thought Torode would risk it and lie there quietly till perhaps the early morning.

It was a time of weary waiting, with nothing to do but think of Carette's distress, and watch the white clouds sailing slowly along the blue sky, while my boat rose high and fell low in the black cleft, now ten feet up with a rush and a swirl, then as many feet down with deep gurglings and rushing waterfalls from every ledge. She was getting sorely bruised against the rough rock walls, in spite of all my findings, but there was no help for it.

I could make no plans till I knew where Carette was lodged, and that I could not learn until it was dark, and I remembered gratefully that the new moon was not due for several days yet.

In thinking over things while I lay waiting, I took

blame to myself, and felt very great regret, that I had not taken the time to see my grandfather, and tell him about Torode. For if the night saw the end of me, as it very well might, no other was cognisant of the matter, and Torode would go unpunished. But go he would, I felt sure, for he would never believe that it was all still locked up in me. Of course Helier Le Marchant might have told Jeanne Falla. But even then Jeanne Falla would only have on hearsay from Helier what he had heard from me, whereas I was an eye-witness, and could swear to the facts. And yet I could not but feel that if I had not got across to Herm when I did, I should not have got across at all.

At last the red beams struck level across the water, and all the heads of Sercq and the black rocks of

Brecqhou were touched with golden fire. I could see the Autelets flaming under the red Saignie cliffs; and the green bastion of Tintageu; and the belt of gleaming sand in Grande Grève; and the razor back of the Coupée; and the green heights above Les Fontaines; and all the sentinel rocks round Little Sercq.

And then the colours faded and died, and Brecqhou became a part of Sercq once more, and both were folded softly in a purple haze, and soon they were shadows, and then they were gone. And I could not but think that I might never see them again; and if I did not, that was just how I would have wished to see them for the last time.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO GAG THE JINGO PRESS.

AN APPEAL TO COMPOSITORS IN THE "WORLD'S WORK."

Mr. Matthew Davoren makes a somewhat startling suggestion in an article entitled "Languages and Peace." Mr. Davoren pleads earnestly that every child should be taught at least one foreign language. He maintains there is no difficulty about this, but says:—

Languages, taught in the easy, conversational style, come under this head, and six months' tuition would, as I know from experience, be quite sufficient to enable young children to acquire as much familiarity with a foreign tongue as would enable them to make their way intelligently amongst the people who spoke that tongue, and make further study a pleasure instead of a labour. The number of words in ordinary use is very small, and, the idiomatic forms of expression once wedded to the tongue, the rest becomes easy. A native teacher would, of course, be a necessity, but one might be made to serve for three or even half a dozen schools. Then the phonograph might be brought in as an auxiliary, to talk French or German, with an excellent accent, to the children, and even to sing them pleasant little songs in the same tongues.

He admits that the admirable experiment of a new language made by the inventor and propagators of Esperanto is worthy of all encouragement; but it possesses neither historical glamour nor an original literature, and in addition to this there is a psychological side to the question which puts anything in the shape of a new language entirely outside the competition when one of the objects of the study is international peace. From which it would seem that Mr. Davoren has only imperfectly mastered the subject with which he is dealing. If in all the schools of the world every child were taught Esperanto, it would certainly contribute more to international peace than could possibly be effected by merely teaching any one of the existing languages selected at random from those in use by civilised man. But this by the way. The bold and original suggestion which is the feature of Mr. Davoren's article is that in which he proposes to employ the compositors of the world as a means of checking their Jingo editors. He says:—

I will take one trade alone, that of compositors, the men who put into plain type the worst as well as the best words written for publication in the world, and see how much, were they so disposed, they could do towards bringing about a universal peace. As before, I will take Germany as the representative foreign country, and suppose that the compositors of that enlightened nation have been able to enter into a friendly correspondence with that highly intelligent body of men, the British compositors. They pair off, split into partners, an Englishman writes to a German, and the latter returns the courtesy; they exchange pledges that each in his own sphere will do all he can in the interests of peace, that he will abstain from doing or saying anything that would tend to provoke a war between the two nations. Why, if they could only realise the power that lies in their hands, the compositors of the world might vie with Cabinets in the influence they could exercise over political events!

Well organised, with a distinct policy defined to a constitution; rules, calculated to meet any possible contingency, reduced to black and white; and, above all, a membership imbued with the overwhelming importance of peace to the happiness of the world—the compositors would have it in their power at the critical moment to compel the silence of the firebrands on either side, to allow only the moderating voice to be heard. The idea of turning the compositors into the censors of the Press is, of course, a revolutionary one, and to some it will no doubt appear fantastic; but, after all, why should the opinion of a couple of editors whom accident, perhaps, has placed in a position of power, be permitted to override the opinions of thousands of other Press workers, many of whom are quite as intelligent—all equally interested in the ultimate issue? Anyone who has studied modern history will recall more than one instance where the silence of the newspapers, however brought about, might have averted war, and it is not at all difficult to foresee a state of affairs when the clamour of the newspapers would provoke a war. A spirited foreign policy, which according to Leslie Stephen means simply "making fools of ourselves," will always find its partisans amongst a certain class of editors or proprietors who, with the best intentions, are ever ready in moments of crisis to run the risk of ruining a nation for the sake of making a newspaper.

The idea of converting compositors into censors is not altogether new. When Mr. Stead was in St. Petersburg two years ago, the compositors on some Russian newspapers did actually usurp the right of dictating what should go into the paper by absolutely refusing to set up articles which they thought were hostile to the people's cause. The usurpation did not last long; but while it lasted it was certainly very effective.

INSURANCE NOTES.

A decision of great interest to accident insurance companies has been given in a test case brought before the Supreme Court of the United States under the Employers Liability Act. The bench of nine judges decided by a majority of five to four that the Act passed by Congress in 1906 relating to the liability of common carriers to their employees was unconstitutional. The decision has created dissatisfaction among members of the Labour Party, who have resolved to agitate to secure the passing of a law which will provide proper protection to the workers.

The Companies Acts of the various States of Australia, except New South Wales, require that the sanction of the Supreme Court be given to the amalgamation of the Mutual Life Association and the Citizens' Life Assurance Company, particulars of which were recently given in these columns. The date fixed for the hearing in each of the States is May 5th next. Policyholders will be placed in possession of full particulars of the scheme of amalgamation, and as there has been ample time for discussion, there is little doubt that the merits of the arrangement will have their approval.

During the dense smoke haze which enveloped the coast on the 22nd ult., the Norwegian steamer "Thode Fagelund" ran ashore on Rocky Point at the northern end of Cronulla Beach. Several attempts had been made to refloat the vessel, and those who knew the coast were of opinion that the steamer would never come off the rocks, but early on the morning of 1st inst., assisted by an unusually high spring-tide, the vessel was successfully refloated and towed to dock. The "Thode Fagelund" is very badly damaged, the bottom being practically torn out of her. The weather had been in her favour since the stranding, but had she remained for 12 hours longer further endeavours to get her off would have been useless. The vessel cost £43,000, and was insured in Norway, but for what amount has not been ascertained.

The recent alarming and destructive "earth creeps" which visited Newcastle in New South Wales have been followed by a most disastrous conflagration, which at an early hour on the 20th ult. seized Messrs. D. Cohen and Co.'s splendid warehouse in the heart of the city, to which, and adjoining premises, it wrought damage estimated at £150,000. Newcastle, though a large town of great commercial importance, is served only by a volunteer fire brigade, and as the alarm was sounded about 3 a.m., it was necessarily some time later before the brigade commenced operations. The volunteer firemen when they did arrive acted systematically and with promptitude, but it soon became apparent that all their strength must be used to protect the adjoining properties. Their efforts in this direction were fairly successful, and the principal damage done outside the destruction of

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Cohen's was caused by the falling walls of those premises. Messrs. D. Cohen and Co.'s warehouse was the property of Mr. A. A. Dangar, and was insured for £14,000 in the Lancashire Co. Stock valued at £100,000 is said to be covered in the United Co.

A sensational fire is reported from New York. The Parker-building, a "skyscraper" of thirteen stories, became ignited and burned for 14 hours, damage being done to the extent of £300,000. A statement has been made by a New York paper that the fire was the work of a revolutionary society.

A fire attended by dreadful loss of life occurred in Boyertown, Pennsylvania, about the 13th ult. A number of children were taking part in a performance at the Rhoades Opera House, when one of their number, becoming alarmed at the hissing sound of hydrogen gas escaping from a tank, accidentally kicked over an oil-lamp which served as one of the footlights. Instantly there was a blaze, which caught the scenery, and within five minutes the theatre was a roaring furnace. The audience of about 700 people, principally women and children, rushed for the exits, but escape for all was hopeless, and about 170 perished in the flames, whilst many more were seriously injured.

An outbreak of fire occurred in the establishment of Messrs. W. Sinclair and Co., general grocers, ironmongers and machinery agents of Horsham, on 16th ult. The firemen were promptly at work, but their efforts were greatly handicapped by an inadequate water supply, and the work rendered risky in consequence of quantities of kerosene and gunpowder being stored in the buildings. The fire was, however, confined to Sinclair's buildings, which, with their contents, were completely destroyed, and it is estimated that the total damage exceeds £6500.

The Queensland Brewery Co.'s premises at Brunswick-street, Brisbane, were very badly damaged by fire on 20th ult. The loss has not been fully assessed, but it is estimated to run to several thousand pounds. The insurances on stock, plant and machinery amount to £12,375, the companies affected being Yorkshire, £4575; Liverpool and London and Globe, £2000; Manchester, £4800; Atlas, £500; and National, £500.

A fire occurred in the Christchurch, N.Z., Hospital on the 22nd ult., and extensively damaged the newer portion of the buildings. The patients in the wards affected were all removed without difficulty, and it is not anticipated that the results to them will be serious in any case.

The danger arising from the damaged walls at the scene of the late fire in Wallach's Buildings, Melbourne, has at last been removed. Delay and uncertainty arose as to the responsibility for their re-

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moval owing to the numerous changes of hands through which the property had passed. Eventually the ground landlord, Mrs. Hazlitt, applied to the court for re-possession of the property, which was granted her. Instructions were then given immediately for the removal of the walls, the dangerous portions of which have now been pulled down.

On the 21st ult. the barque "Hinemoa," inward bound from London, went ashore in a thick haze at 2 a.m. on the Victorian coast, off Lorne. Great heat had been experienced on shore, and this, added to the smoke from bush-fires, obscured the coast. The Cape Otway light was passed without being seen, and the vessel struck the rocks in a calm sea, and remained firm within 50 yards of the shore. She evidently ran on to a shelving ledge of rock, although the spot is a rough one. The wind remained light and tugs were despatched to her rescue. The following day at high water the ship was successfully towed off, and was making practically no water. She was brought safely to Melbourne, and discharged cargo.



Lepracaun.]

[Dublin.

JOHN BULL: "Off out o' this and emigrate. I want the land or the cattle."

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